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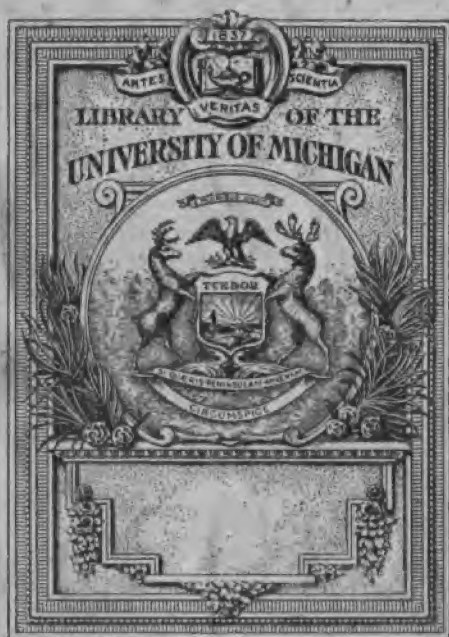
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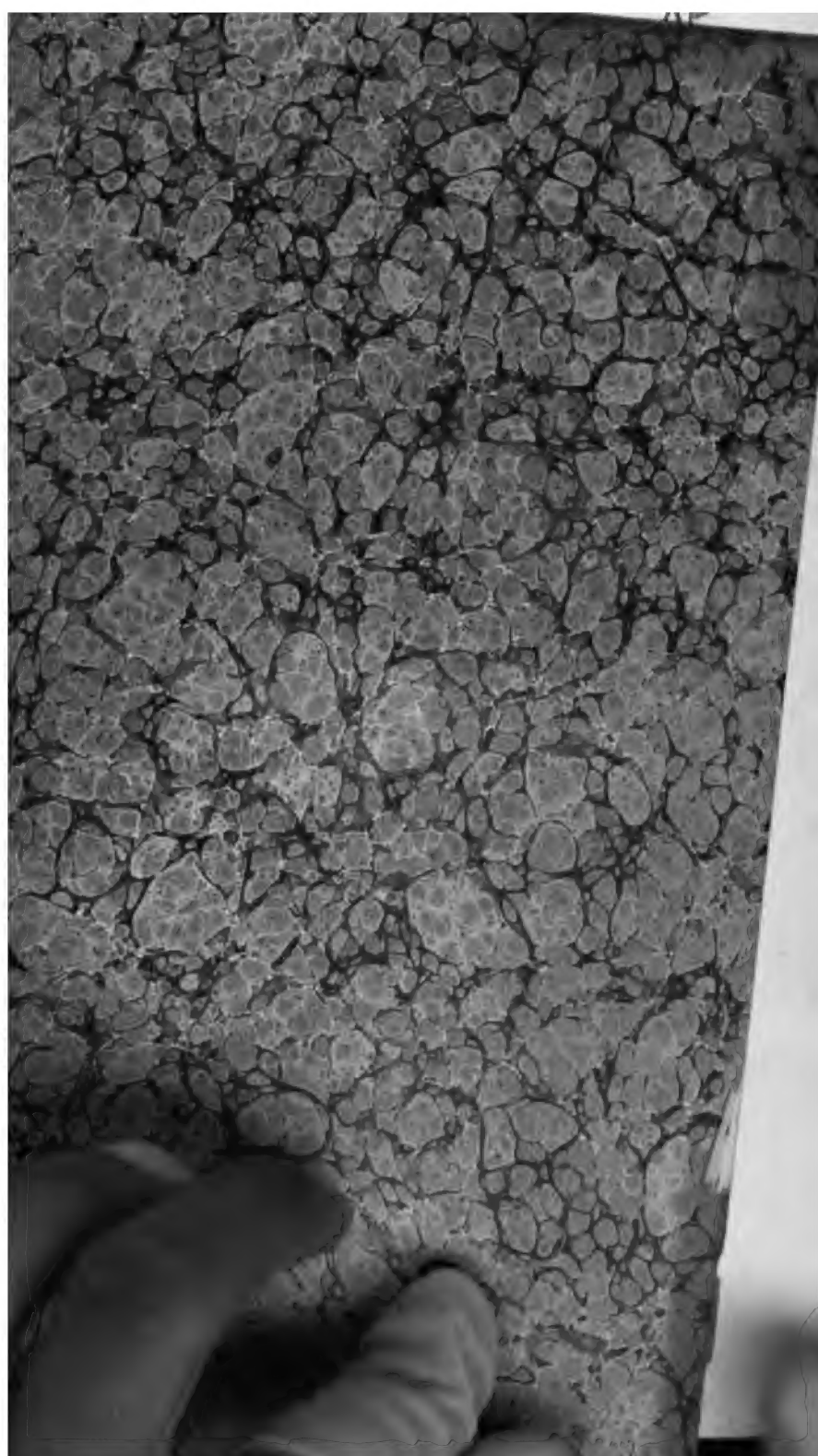
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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

JUNE--DECEMBER 1864.

VOL. XLI.

EDINBURGH:
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.
1864.

EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY THOMAS CONSTABLE,

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

LONDON	HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
CAMBRIDGE	MACMILLAN AND CO.
DUBLIN	M'GLASHAN AND GILL.
GLASGOW	JAMES MACLEHOSE.

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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

AUGUST 1864.

ART. I.—*Wordsworth : The Man and the Poet.*

THE great stirring of men's minds, with which the last century closed, and the present set in, expressed itself in no way more conspicuously than in its prodigality of poetic genius. What gave the impulse to the broader, profounder, more living spirit, which then entered into all regions of thought, who shall determine? To recount the common literary commonplaces on this subject, to refer that great movement of mind to the French Revolution, or to the causes of that Revolution, is easy; but such vague talk does not really increase our knowledge. Perhaps it may be for the present enough to say, that the portentous political outbreak in France was itself but one manifestation of the new and changed spirit, which throughout Europe had penetrated all departments of human thought and action. Whatever the causes, the fact is plain, that with the opening of this century there was in all civilized lands a turning up of the subsoil of human nature, a laying bare of the intenser seats of action, thought, and emotion, such as the world had seldom, if ever before, known. The new spirit reached all forms of literature, and changed them; in this country it told more immediately on poetry than on any other kind of literature, and recast it into manifold and more original forms. The breadth and volume of that poetic outburst can only be fully estimated by looking back to the narrow and artificial channels in which English poetry since the days of Milton had flowed. In the hands of Dryden and Pope, that which was a natural, free-wandering river became a straight-cut, uniform canal. Or, without figure, poetry was withdrawn from country life, made to live

exclusively in town, and affect the fashion. Forced to appear in courtly costume, it dealt with the artificial manners and outside aspects of men, and lost sight of the one human heart, which is the proper haunt and main region of song. Of nature it reproduced only so much as may be seen in the dressed walks and gay parterres of a suburban villa. As with the subjects, so with the style. Always there was neatness of language, and correctness, according to a conventional standard; often there was terseness, epigrammatic point, manly strength; but along with these there was monotony, constraint, tameness of melody. Those who followed,—Collins and Gray, Goldsmith and Thomson,—though with finer feeling for nature, and more of melody, could not shake themselves wholly free of the tyrant tradition, and throw themselves unreservedly on nature. Burns, if in one sense an anticipation of the nineteenth century poetry, is really, in reference to his contemporaries, to be regarded as an accident: he grew so entirely outside, and independently, of the literary influences of his time. Yet, though little affected by contemporary poets, he was powerful with those who came after him. Wordsworth owns that it was from Burns he learnt the power of song founded on humble truth. It was Cowper, however, who first of English poets brought poetry back from the town to the country. His landscape, no doubt, was the tame one of the English midland counties; there was in it nothing of the stern wild joy of the mountains. His sentiment moved among the household sympathies, not the stormy passions. But in Cowper's power of simple narrative and truthful descriptions, in his natural pathos, and religious feeling, more truly than elsewhere, may be discerned the dawn of that new poetic era with which this century began. When we remember, that during its first thirty years appeared all the great works of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, not to mention many a lesser name, we may be quite sure, that posterity will look back to it as one of the most wonderful eras in English literature. What other age in this, we had almost said in any country, has been, within the same space of time, so lavish of great poets? In England, at any rate, if the Elizabethan and the succeeding age had each one greater poetic name, no age can show so goodly a poetic company. Those who began life, while many of those poets were still alive, and who can perhaps recall the looks of some of them, while they still sojourned with us, may not perhaps value to the full the boon which was bestowed on the generation just gone. Only as age after age passes, and sees no such company again appear, will men learn to look back with the admiration that is due to that poetic era. To sum up in one sentence the manifold import of all that

those poets achieved, we cannot perhaps do better than borrow the discriminative words of Mr. Palgrave in his *Golden Treasury*. They "carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human passion and character in every sphere, and impassioned love of nature: whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers; lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the soul, and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger and a wiser humanity, hitherto hardly attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius."

It is now our purpose to call attention for a little to one of that poetic brotherhood, the eldest born, and the hardiest, most original innovator of them all. For a survey of Wordsworth and his poetry there would seem to be now the more room, because his popularity, which during his lifetime underwent so remarkable vicissitudes, has during the fourteen years since his death receded, and seems now to be at the ebb.

It would form a strange chapter in literary history to trace the alternat   rise and fall in poetic reputations. To go no farther back than the contemporaries of Wordsworth, how various have been their fortunes! Some, as Byron, were received, almost on their first appearance, with a burst of applause which posterity is not likely fully to reverberate. Some, as Scott (we speak only of his poetry), were at first welcomed with nearly equal favour, afterwards for a time retired before a temporary caprice of public taste, but have since resumed what was their earliest, and is likely to be their permanent place; others, as Campbell, had at once the poetic niche assigned them, which they are likely hereafter to fill; while others, as Shelley and Keats, received little praise of men, till they themselves were beyond its reach. Wordsworth had a different fortune from any of these. For more than twenty years after his earlier poems appeared, he experienced not simply neglect, but an amount of obloquy, such as few poets have ever had to encounter. But cheered by his own profound conviction that his work was true and destined to endure, and by the sympathy of a very few discerning men, he calmly and cheerfully bode his hour. In time the clamour against him spent itself, the reaction set in between the years 1820 and 1830, reached its culmination about the time of his Oxford welcome in 1839, and may be said to have lasted till his death

in 1850. Since then, in obedience to that law which gives living poets a stronger hold on the minds of their own generation than any poet, even the greatest, of a past age, Wordsworth may seem to have receded somewhat in the world's estimate. But his influence is, in its nature, too durable to be really affected by these fashions of the hour. It is raised high above the shifting damps and fogs of this lower atmosphere, and shines from the poetic heaven with a benign and undying light. The younger part of the present generation attracted by newer, but certainly not greater luminaries, may not yet have learnt fully to recognise him. But there are many now in middle life, or past it, who look back to the time of their boyhood or early youth, when Wordsworth first found them, as a marked era in their existence. They can recall, it may be, the very place and the hour, when, as they read this or that poem of his, a new light, as from heaven, dawned suddenly within them. The scales of custom dropped from their eyes, and they beheld all nature with a splendour upon it, as of the world's first morning. The common sights and sounds of earth became other than they were. Man and human life, cleared of the highway dust, came home to them more intimately, more engagingly, more solemnly, than before. For their hearts were touched by the poet's creative finger, and new springs of thought, tenderer wells of feeling broke from beneath the surface. And though time and custom may have done much to dim the eye, and choke the feelings, which Wordsworth once unsealed, no time can ever efface the remembrance of that first unveiling, nor destroy the grateful conviction that to him they owe a delicate and inward service, such as no other poet has equally conferred.

Something of this service Wordsworth, we believe, is fitted to render to all men with moderately sensitive hearts, if they would but read attentively a few of his best poems. But to receive the full benefit, to draw out, not random impressions, but the stored wisdom of his capacious and meditative soul, he, above all modern poets, requires no cursory perusal, but a close and consecutive study. It was once common to call him mystical and unintelligible. That language is seldom heard now. But many, especially young persons, or those trained in other schools of thought, or in no school at all, will still feel the need of a guide in the study of his poetry. For what is best in him lies not on the surface, but in the depth. It is so far hidden, that it must needs be sought for. Not that his language is obscure; what he has to say is expressed, for the most part, as clearly, and as adequately, as it is possible for thoughts and feelings of this kind to be expressed. But a large portion of these

are of such a nature, so near, yet so hidden from men's ordinary ways of thinking, that the reader, if he is to apprehend them at all, must needs himself go through somewhat of the same processes of feeling and reflection, as the poet himself passed through. The need of this reflective effort on the part of the reader is inherent in the nature of many of Wordsworth's subjects, and cannot be dispensed with. No doubt the effort is rendered much lighter to us, than it was when his poems first appeared; so much of what was then new in Wordsworth, has since passed into current literature, and found its way to most educated minds. Still, with all this, there remains a large—perhaps the largest—portion of Wordsworth's peculiar wisdom unabsorbed, nor likely to be soon absorbed, by this excitement-craving, unmeditative age. A thorough and appreciative commentary, which should open the avenues to the study of Wordsworth, and render accessible his imaginative heights, and his meditative depths, would be a boon to the younger part of this generation. The opening chapter of such a commentary would first set forth the facts and circumstances of the poet's life, would show what manner of man he was, how and by what influences his mind was matured, from what points of view he was led to approach nature and human life, and to undertake the poetic treatment of these. A portion of such a chapter we propose to place now before our readers, at least so far as to describe the facts of Wordsworth's early life, and the influences among which he lived, up to the time when he settled at Grasmere, and addressed himself to poetry as the serious business of his life.

Wordsworth was sprung from an old North-Humbrian stock, as contrasted with the South-Humbrian race, a circumstance which has stamped itself visibly on his genius. The name of Wordsworth had been long known in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about the course of the Dove and the Don. Of old they had been yeomen, or landed gentry, for both of these they call themselves in old charters, at Penistone, near Doncaster. In this neighbourhood they can be traced back as far as the reign of Edward III. From Yorkshire the poet's grandfather is said to have migrated westward, and to have bought the small estate of Sockbridge, near Penrith. His father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney, and having been appointed law-agent to the then Earl of Lonsdale, was set over the western portion of the wide domain of Lowther, and lived in Cockermouth, in a manor-house belonging to that noble family. John Wordsworth married Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer in Penrith, whose mother, Dorothy, was one of the ancient northern family of Crackenthorpe, a name of note, both in logical and theological lore.

These facts may be of little moment in themselves ; but they serve to show that in the wisdom of Wordsworth, as in so many another poet, the virtues of an ancient and worthy race were condensed, and bloomed forth into genius. In that old mansion-house at Cockermouth, William was born on the 7th of April 1770, the second of four sons. There was only one daughter in the family, Dorothy, who came next after the poet. Cockermouth, their birthplace, though beyond the hill country, stands on the Derwent, called by the poet, " fairest of all rivers," and looks back to the Borrowdale mountains, among which that river is born. The voice of that stream, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. When five years old, he used to spend the whole summer-day in bathing in a mill-race, let off the river, now in the water, now out of it, to scour the sandy fields, naked as a savage, while the hot, thundery noon was bronzing distant Skiddaw ; and then to plunge in once more.

His mother, a wise and pious woman, told a friend that William was the only one of her children about whom she felt anxious, and that he would be " remarkable either for good or evil." According to the Scottish proverb, he would either " mak' a spoon or spoil a horn." This was probably from what he himself calls his " stiff, moody, and violent temper." Of this, which made him a wayward and headstrong boy, all that he seems afterwards to have retained was that resoluteness of character, which stood him in good stead when he became a man.

Of his mother, who died when he was eight years old, the poet retained a faint but tender recollection. At the age of nine, William, along with his elder brother Richard, left home for school. It would be hard to conceive a better school-life for a future poet, than that in which Wordsworth was reared at Hawkshead. This village lies in the vale, and not far from the lake, of Esthwaite, a district of gentler hill-beauty, but in full view, westward and northward, of Kirkstone Pass, Fairfield, and Helvellyn. Hawkshead school, as described in the " Prelude," must have been a strange contrast to the highly-elaborated school-systems of our own day. High pressure was then unknown ; nature and freedom had full swing. Bounds and locking-up hours they had none. The boys lived in the cottages of the village dames, in a natural friendly way, like their own children. Their play-grounds were the fields, the lake, the woods, and the hill-side, far as their feet could carry them. Their games were crag-climbing for ravens' nests, skating on Esthwaite Lake, setting springes for woodcocks. For this latter purpose they would range the woods late on winter nights, unchallenged. Early on summer mornings, before a chimney was smoking, Wordsworth would make the circuit of the lake.

There were boatings on more distant Windermere, and, when their scanty pocket-money allowed, long rides to Furness Abbey and Moorcombe Sands. In Wordsworth's fourteenth year, when he and his brother were at home for the Christmas holidays, their father, who had never recovered heart after the death of his wife, followed her to the grave. The old home at Cocker-mouth was broken up, and the orphans were but poorly provided for. Their father had but little to leave his children. For large arrears were due to him by the strange, self-willed then Earl of Lonsdale, and these his lordship never chose to make good. But the boys, not the less, returned to school, and William remained there till his eighteenth year, when he left for Cambridge.

From Hawkshead, Wordsworth took several good things with him. In book-learning, there was Latin enough to enable him to read the Roman poets with pleasure in after years; of mathematics, more than enough to start him on equality with the average of Cambridge freshmen; of Greek, we should suppose not much, at least we never hear of it afterwards. It was here that he began that intimacy with the English poets which he afterwards perfected; while for amusement he read the fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage. But neither at school, nor in after life, was he a devourer of books.

Of actual verse-making his earliest attempts date from Hawkshead. A long copy of verses, written on the second centenary of the foundation of the school, was much admired, but he himself afterwards pronounced them but a "tame imitation of Pope." Some lines composed on his leaving school, with a few of which the edition of his works of 1857 opens, are more noticeable, as they, if not afterwards changed, contain a hint of his maturer self. But more important than any juvenile poems, or any skill of verse-making acquired at Hawkshead, were the materials for after thought there laid up, the colours laid deep into the groundwork of his being. In the "Evening Walk," composed partly at school, partly in college vacations, he notices how the boughs and leaves of the oak darken and come out when seen against the sunset. "I recollect distinctly," he says nearly fifty years afterwards, "the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances, which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age." Not a bad resolution for fourteen! And he kept

it. It would be hardly too much to say that there is not a single image in his whole works which he had not observed with his own eyes. And perhaps no poet since Homer has introduced into poetry, directly from nature, more facts and images which had not hitherto appeared in books.

But more than any book-lore, more than any skill in verse-making, or definite thoughts about poetry, was the free, natural life he led at Hawkshead. It was there that he was smitten to the core with that love of nature which was the prime necessity of his being; not that he was a moody or peculiar boy, nursing his own fancies apart from his companions. So far from that, he was foremost in all schoolboy adventures,—the sturdiest oar, the hardest cragsman at the harrying of the raven's nest. Weeks and months, he tells us, passed in a round of school tumult. No life could have been every way more unconstrained and natural. But school tumult though there was, it was not in a made playground at cricket or rackets, but in haunts more fitted to form a poet, on the lakes and the hill-sides. Would that some poets, who have since been, had had such a boyhood, had walked, like Wordsworth, unmolested in the cool fields, not been stimulated at school by the fever of emulation and too early intellectuality, and then hurled prematurely against the life-wrecking problems of existence! Whatever stimulants Wordsworth had, came from within, awakened only by the common sights and sounds of nature. All through his school-time, he says, that in pauses of the "giddy bliss" he felt

" Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth
And common face of nature spake to him
Rememberable things."

And as time went on, and common school pursuits lost their novelty, these visitations grew deeper and more frequent. At nightfall, when a storm was coming on, he would stand in shelter of a rock, and hear

" Notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant sounds."

At such times he was aware of a coming in upon him of the "visionary power." On summer mornings he would rise, before another human being was astir, and alone, from some jutting knoll, watch the first gleam of dawn kindle on the lake:—

" Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes

Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared *like something in myself*, a dream,
A prospect of the mind."

Is not this the germ of what afterwards became the "Ode on intimations of Immortality?" or rather it is of hours like these, that that Ode is the glorified remembrance.

In October 1787, at the age of eighteen, Wordsworth passed from Hawkshead School to St. John's College, Cambridge. College life, so important to those whose minds are mainly shaped by books and academic influences, produced on him no very lasting impression. On men of strong inward bias the University often acts with a repulsive rather than a propelling force. Recoiling from the prescribed drill they fall back all the more entirely on their native instincts. The stripling of the hills had not been trained for college competitions; he felt that he was not "for that hour, and for that place." The range of scholastic studies seemed to him narrow and timid. The college dons inspired him with no reverence, their inner heart seemed trivial; they were poor representatives of the Bacons, Barrows, Newtons of the old time. As for school honours, he thought them dearly purchased at the price of the evil revelries and narrow standard of excellence, which they fostered in the eager few who entered the lists. Altogether, he had led too free and independent a life to put on the fetters which college contests and academic etiquette exacted. No doubt he was a self-sufficient, presumptuous youth, so to judge of men and things in so famous a University. Such, doubtless, he appeared to the college authorities; very disappointing he must have been to his friends at home. They had sent him thither, with no little trouble, not to set himself up in opposition to authority, but to work hard, and thereby to make his livelihood. And perhaps home friends and college tutors were not altogether wrong in their opinion of him, if we are to judge of men not wholly by after results. Wordsworth at this time may probably enough have been a headstrong, disagreeably independent lad. Only there were latent in him other qualities of a rarer kind, which in time justified him in taking an independent line.

When he arrived in Cambridge, a northern villager, he tells us that there were other poor, simple schoolboys from the north, now Cambridge men, ready to welcome him, and introduce him to the ways of the place. So, leaving to others the competitive race, he let himself, in the company of these, drop quietly down the stream of the usual undergraduate jollities:—

"If a throng were near,
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy."

It sounds strange to read in the pompous blank verse of the "Prelude," how, while still a freshman, he turned dandy, wore hose of silk, and powdered hair. And again, how in a friend's room in Christ's College, once occupied by Milton, he toasted the memory of the abstemious Puritan poet, till the fumes of wine reached his brain—the first and last time when the future water-drinker experienced this sensation. During the earlier part of his college course he did just as others did, lounged and sauntered, boated and rode, enjoyed wines and supper parties, "days of mirth and nights of revelry;" yet kept clear of vicious excess.

When the first novelty of college life was over, he grew dissatisfied with idleness. Sometimes, too, he was haunted by prudent fears about his future maintenance. He withdrew somewhat from promiscuous society, and kept more by himself. Living in quiet, the less he felt of reverence for those elders whom he saw, the more his heart was stirred with high thoughts of those whom he could not see. As he lay in his bedroom in St. John's, he could look into the ante-chapel of Trinity, and, on moonlight or starlight nights, would watch the great statue there—

"Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone."

He read Chaucer under the hawthorn by Trompington Mill, and made intimate acquaintance with Spenser. Milton he seemed to himself almost to see moving before him, as, clad in scholar's gown, that young poet had once walked those same cloisters in the angelic beauty of his youth.

So his time at Cambridge was not wholly lost. Two advantages at least he gained, noble thoughts about the great men who of old had tenanted that "garden of high intellects," and free intercourse with his fellow-men of the same age and of varied character—a special gain to one whose life, both before and afterwards, was passed so much in retirement.

During the summer vacations he and his sister Dorothy, who had been much separated since childhood, met once more under the roof of their mother's kindred in Penrith. With her he then had the first of those rambles—by the streams of Lowther and Emont—which were afterwards renewed with so happy results. Then, too, he first met May Hutchison, his cousin, and his wife to be:—

"By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid tender countenance, first endeared."

It was during his second or third year at Cambridge, when

he had somewhat withdrawn from society, and lived more by himself that he first seriously formed the purpose of being a poet, and dared to hope that he might leave behind him something that would live. His last long vacation, to reading men often the severest labour of their lives, was devoted to a walking tour on the Continent along with a college friend from Wales. For himself he had long cast college studies and their rewards behind him, but friends at home, it may readily be imagined, could not see such foolhardiness without uneasy forebodings. What was to become of a penniless lad who thus played ducks and drakes with youth's golden opportunities? But he had as yet no misgivings, he was athirst only for nature and freedom. So with his friend Jones, staff in hand, he walked for fourteen weeks through France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. With four shillings each daily they paid their way. They landed at Calais, on the eve of the day when the king was to swear to the new constitution. All through France, as they trudged along, they saw a people rising with jubilee to welcome in the dawn of, as they thought, a new era for mankind. Nor were they onlookers only, but sympathizers in the intoxication of that time, joining in the village revels and dances of the frantic multitude. But these sights did not detain them, for they were bent rather on seeing nature than man. Over the Alps, along the Italian lakes, they passed with a kind of awful joy. As they hurried down the southern slope of the Alps, Wordsworth tells us that the woods "decaying, never to be decayed," the drizzling crags, the cataracts, and the clouds, appeared to him no longer material things, but spiritual entities, "characters in a dread Apocalypse."

In January 1789, Wordsworth took a common degree and quitted Cambridge. The crisis of his life lay between this time and his settling down at Grasmere. He had resolved to be a poet, but even poets must be housed, clothed, and fed; and poetry has seldom done this for any of its devotees, least of all such poetry as Wordsworth was minded to write. But it was not the question of bread alone, but a much wider, more complex one, which now pressed on him,—the same which so many a thoughtful youth, on leaving the University, with awakened powers, but no special turn for any of the professions, has had to face,—the question, What next? In fact the more gifted the querist, the harder becomes the problem.

This mental trial, incident at all times to early manhood, how must it have been aggravated to a youth such as Wordsworth, turned loose on a world, just heaving with the first throes of the French Revolution! He had seen it while it still wore its earliest auroral hues, when the people were mad with

joy, as at the dawn of a regenerated earth. That he should have staked his whole hope on it, looked for all good things from it, who shall wonder? Coleridge, Southey, almost every high-minded young man of that time, hailed it with fervour. Wordsworth would not have been the man he was, if he could have stood proof against the contagion. On leaving Cambridge he had gone to London. The spring and early summer months he spent there, not mingling in society, for probably he had few acquaintances, but wandering about the streets, noting all sights, observant of men's faces and ways, haunting the open book-stalls. During these months he tells us that he was preserved from the cynicism and contempt for human nature which the deformities of crowded life often breed, by the remembrance of the kind of men he had first lived amongst, in themselves a manly, simple, uncontaminated race, and invested with added interest and dignity by living in the same hereditary fields in which their forefathers had lived, time out of mind, and by moving about among the grand accompaniments of mountain storms and sunshine. The good had come first, and the evil, when it did come, did not stamp itself into the groundwork of his imagination. The following summer he visited his travelling companion Jones in Wales, made a walking tour through that country, and beheld at midnight on Snowdon, that marvellous moonlight vision, which toward the end of the "Prelude" he employs as an emblem of the transmuting power, which resides in a high imagination, and which it exerts on the visible universe.

When in London he had heard Burke speaking from his place in the House of Commons on the great debates called forth by the revolution then in full progress; but he had listened, unconvinced. In November 1791, he passed to Paris, and heard there the speeches that were made in the Hall of the National Assembly, while Madame Roland and the Brissotins were in the ascendant. A few days he wandered about Paris, surveyed the scenes rendered famous by recent events, and even picked up a stone, as a relic from the site of the demolished Bastille. This rage for historic scenes he however confesses to have been in him more affected than genuine. From Paris he went to Orleans, and sojourned there for some time to learn the language. His chief acquaintance there was Beaupois, a man, according to Wordsworth's description, of a rarely gifted soul, pure and elevated in his aims. In youth he had been devoted to the service of ladies, with whom beauty of countenance, grace of figure, and refined bearing made him a great favourite. But now, though by birth one of the old French noblesse, he had severed himself from his order, and given himself

with chivalrous devotion to the cause of the poor. One day, as Wordsworth and he were walking near Orleans, they passed a hungry-looking girl leading a half-starved heifer by a cord tied to its horn. The beast was picking a scanty meal from the lane, while the girl with pallid hands and heartless look was knitting for her bread. Pointing to her, Beaupois said with vehemence, "It is against that we are fighting." As they two wandered about the old forests around the city, they eagerly discussed, both the great events that were crowding on each other, and also those abstract questions about civil government, and man's natural rights, which the times naturally suggested. Wordsworth owns that he threw himself headlong into those questions without the needful preparation, knowing little of the past history of France and of her institutions, and wholly unversed in political philosophy. He only saw that the best ought to rule and that they don't. In his boyhood, he says, he had lived among plain people, had never seen the face of a titled man, had therefore no respect for, nor belief in, such. He therefore now became a patriot and republican, determined that kings and aristocracies should cease, and longed for "a government of equal rights and individual worth," whatever that may mean. In the days that were coming, abject poverty was to disappear, equality was to bring in a golden time of happiness and virtue. After some months, spent together in sharing dreams like these, they parted, Wordsworth for Blois, and then for the "fierce metropolis;" Beaupois to perish ere long—

"Fighting in supreme command
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire."

When, in the autumn of 1792, Wordsworth came from Blois to Paris, the September massacre had taken place but a month before; the king and his family were in prison; the Republic was proclaimed, and Robespierre in power. The young Englishman ranged through the city, passed by the prison where the king lay, visited the Tuileries, lately stormed, and the Place de Carrousel, a month since heaped with dead. As he lay in the garret of a hotel hard by, sleepless, and filled with thoughts of what had just taken place, he seemed to hear a voice that cried aloud to the whole city, "Sleep no more." Years after, those scenes still troubled him in dreams. He had ghastly visions of scaffolds with innocent victims on them, or of crowds ready for butchery, and mad with the levity of despair. In his sleep he seemed to be pleading in vain for the life of friends, or for his own, before a savage tribunal. A page of the "Prelude" is filled with the somewhat vague reflections that came to him as he lay sleepless in his

garret. The most definite of these is, that a nation's destiny often hangs on the action of single persons, and that the bonds of one common humanity transcend those of country and race. These vague truisms Lockhart, glad no doubt to make the young republican poet look ridiculous, condenses into this: "He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and, taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation and conduct the revolution to a happy issue." What authority for this interpretation Lockhart had, except his wish to ridicule Wordsworth, it is not easy to guess. But just at this crisis, when the young poet, whatever line he had taken, was in imminent danger of falling along with his friends, the Brissotins, in the then impending massacres of May, he was forced—by what he then thought a "harsh necessity," but afterwards owned to be a "gracious Providence"—to return to England. Lockhart suggests that his friends at home, becoming aware of the peril he was in, prudently recalled him by stopping the supplies.

Returning to England at the close of 1792, he spent some time in London in great unsettlement and mental perplexity. He was horrified with the excesses in which the Revolution had landed, yet not the less he clung to his republican faith, and his hope of the revolutionary cause. When at length Britain interposed, his indignation knew no bounds; this step, he said, was the first great shock his moral nature received. With an evil eye he watched, off the Isle of Wight, the fleet that was to transport our armies to the Continent,—heard of the disasters of our arms with joy, and of our success with bitterness. When every month brought tidings of fresh enormities in France, and opponents taunted him with these results of equality and popular government, he retorted that these were but the overflow of a reservoir of guilt, which had been filling up for centuries by the wrongdoings of kings and nobles. Soon France entered on a war of conquest, and he was doomed to see his last hopes of liberty betrayed. Still striving to hide the wounds of mortified presumption, he clung, as he tells us, more firmly than ever to his old tenets, while the friends of old institutions goaded him still further by their triumphant scorn. Overwhelmed with shame and despondency at the shipwreck of his golden dreams, he turned to probe the foundations on which all society rests. Not only institutions, customs, law, but even the grounds of moral obligation, and distinctions of right and wrong, disappeared. Demanding formal proof, and finding none, he abandoned moral questions in despair. This was the crisis of his malady.

The mental gloom into which he had fallen, and the steps by which he won his way back to upper air, are set forth in the concluding Books of the "Prelude," and are partly described in the character of the Solitary in the "Excursion." These self-descriptions, though somewhat vague, are yet well worth attention, for the light they throw on Wordsworth's own mental history, and as illustrating by what exceptional methods one of the greatest minds of that time was floated clear of the common wreck in which so many were entangled. His moral being had received such a shock that both as regards man and nature, he tried to close his heart against the sources of his former strength. The whole past of history, he believed, was one great mistake, and the best hope for the human race was to cut itself off for ever from all sympathy with it. Even the highest creations of the old poets lost their charm for him. They seemed to him mere products of passion and prejudice, wanting altogether in the nobility of reason. He tried by narrow syllogisms, he tells us, to unsoul those mysteries of being which have been through all ages the bonds of man's brotherhood. This is rather vague; but perhaps we are not wrong in supposing it to mean that he grew sceptical of all those higher faiths which cannot be demonstrably proved. This moral state reacted on his feelings about the visible universe. It became to him less spiritual than it used to be. Turning on it the same microscopic, unimaginative eye which he had turned on the moral world, he learnt, by an evil infection of the time, alien to his own nature, to compare scene with scene, to search for mere novelties of form and colour, dead to the moral power and the sentiment that resides in each individual place. He fell for a time under a painful tyranny of the eye, that craves ever new combinations of form, uncounteracted by the reports of the other senses, uninformed by that finer influence that streams from the soul into the eye.

In this sickness of the heart, this "obscuration of the master vision," his sole sister Dorothy came, like his better angel, to his side. Convinced that his office on earth was to be a poet, not to break his heart against the hard problems of politics and philosophy, she led him away from perplexing theories and crowded cities into the open air of heaven. Together they visited, travelling on foot, many of the most interesting districts of their native England, and mingled freely with the country people and the poor. There, amid the freshness of nature, his fevered spirit was cooled down, earth's "first diviner influence" returned, he saw things again as he had seen them in boyhood. It was not merely that nature acted on his senses, and so restored his mind's health. His understanding saw in the processes of earth

and sky, going on by steadfast laws, a visible image of right reason. His overwrought feelings were cooled and soothed by the contemplation of objects in which there is no fever of passion, no impatience, no restless vanity. His imagination, dazzled erewhile with the whirl of wild and transitory projects, found here something to rest on that was enduring. This free intercourse with nature in time brought him back to his true self, so that he began to look on life and the framework of society with other eyes, and to seek there too for that which is permanent and intrinsically good. At this time, as he and his sister wandered about various out-of-the-way parts of England, where they were strangers, he found not delight only, but instruction, in conversing with all whom he met. The lonely roads were open schools to him. There, as he entered into conversation with the poorest, often with the outcast and the forlorn, and heard from them their own histories, he got a new insight into human souls, discerned there a depth and a worth, where none appear to careless eyes. The perception of these things made him loathe the thought of those ambitious projects which had lately deceived him. He ceased to admire strength detached from moral purpose, and learned to prize unnoticed worth, the meek virtues, and lowly charities. Settled judgments of right and wrong returned, but they were essential, not conventional judgments. In his estimate of men he set no store by rank or station, little by those "formalities," which have been misnamed education. For he seemed to himself to see utter hollowness in the talking, so-called intellectual world, and little good got by those who had held most intercourse with it. He now set himself to see whether a life of toil was necessarily one of ignorance; whether goodness was a delicate plant requiring garden culture, and intellectual power a thing confined to those who call themselves educated men. And, as he mingled freely with all kinds of people, he found a pith of sense and a solidity of judgment here and there among the unlearned, which he had failed to find in the most lettered; from obscure men he had heard high truths, words that struck in with his own best thoughts of what was fair and good. And love, true love and pure, he found was no flower reared only in what is called refined society, and requiring leisure and polished manners for its growth. Excessive labour and grinding poverty, he grants, by pre-occupying the mind with sensual wants, often crush the finer affections. And it is difficult for these to thrive in the overcrowded alleys of cities, where the human heart is sick, and the eye looks only on deformity. But in all circumstances, save the most abject, sometimes even in these, he had seen the soul triumphing over sensible things, the heart beating

all the truer from living in contact with natural wants, and with the reality of things. In our talk of these things we mislead each other, and books mislead us still more,—books, which in that day more than now, being written mostly for the wealthy, put things in artificial light; lower the many for the pleasure of the few, magnify external differences and artificial barriers that separate man from man, and neglect the one human heart. In opposition to all this, he himself had found “love in huts where poor men lie,” the finest bloom of the affections where the outward man was rude to look upon; under the humblest guise had seen souls that were sanctified by duty, patience, and sorrow:—

“Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things. . . . My theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live—
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Not uninformed by books, good books, though few—
In nature’s presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To think of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.”

Then follows a passage, perhaps the most finely thought, most perfectly expressed in the whole “Prelude,” in which he describes the different kinds of power, the different grades of nobleness, which he had found among the poor. It is too long to quote here, but those who care for these things will find it worth turning to.

His mind being thus restored to tone, and able to look once more on common life with love and imaginative delight, the visible world re-assumed the splendour which it had worn for him in childhood, with that which only thought could have added—a fuller consciousness of the sources of this beauty. His eye now looked on nature with the wonder of the world’s childhood, informed with the reflectiveness of its mature age.

But here we must pause. For in this account of Wordsworth’s unhingement and restoration, given almost in his own words, we have somewhat outrun the order of dates and places. This restoration, though summed up in the concluding books of the “Prelude,” could not have taken place in a few months, but must have been the work of at least several years. Though this inward fermentation working itself to clearness was the most important, the bread question must, at the same time, have been tolerably urgent. To meet this, he had, as far as

appears, simply nothing, except what was allowed him by his friends. Of course, neither they nor he could long tolerate such a state of dependence. What, then, was to be done? Three or four courses were open to him—the bar, taking orders, teaching private pupils, and writing for a London newspaper. All passed under his review, but to each and all he was nearly equally averse. It must have been at this time that he felt so keenly those forebodings, afterwards beautifully described in his poem of “Resolution and Independence,” when the fate of Chatterton and Burns rose mournfully before him, and he asked himself—

“How can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?”

In this juncture, the newspaper press, an effectual extinguisher to a possible poet, was ready to have absorbed him. He had actually written to a friend in London, who was supporting himself in this way, to find him like employment, when he was delivered from these importunities by a happy occurrence. In the close of the year 1794 and the beginning of 1795, he was engaged in attending at Penrith a friend, Raisley Calvert, who had fallen into a deep consumption. Calvert died early in 1795, and bequeathed to Wordsworth a legacy of £900. He had divined Wordsworth's genius, and believed that he would yet do great things. And indeed seldom has so small a sum produced larger results. It removed at once Wordsworth's anxiety about a profession, rescued him from the newspaper press, set him free to follow his true bent, and give free rein to the poetic power he felt working within him.

One of the first results of the legacy was to restore Wordsworth permanently to the society of his sister. Hitherto, though they met whenever occasion offered, they had not been able to set up house together; but now this was no longer impossible. And surely never did sister a more delicate service for a brother than she at this time did. De Quincey has given a full and engaging portrait of that lady, as she appeared some years later than this, but still in her fervid prime, when he first made acquaintance with her brother's family at Grasmere. He describes her as of “warm, even ardent manner,” now bursting into strong expression, now checked by decorous self-restraint, of profound sensibility to all things beautiful, with quick sympathy and deep impressibility for all he said or quoted, seemingly inwardly consumed by “a subtle fire of impassioned intellect.” And yet withal, so little of a literary lady, so entirely removed from being a blue-stocking, that she

was ignorant of many books and subjects which, to most educated persons, are quite commonplace. Such she was when De Quincey first saw her, more than ten years after the brother and sister began to live together. We have seen how, when Wordsworth returned from France, depressed with shame and despondency for his shipwrecked hopes, she turned him from dark and harassing thoughts, and brought him into contact with the healing powers of nature. In many places of his works the poet has borne thankful testimony to all she did for him. At this time, he tells us, it was she who maintained for him a saving intercourse with his true self, opened for him the obstructed passage between head and heart, whence in time came genuine self-knowledge and peace. Again, he says that his imagination was by nature too masculine, austere, even harsh; he loved only the sublime and terrible, was blind to the milder graces of landscape and of character. She it was who softened and humanized him, opened his eye to the more hidden beauties, his heart to the gentler affections:

“ She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.”

If there were no other records of her than those brief extracts from her journal during the Highland tour, which stand at the head of several of her brother's poems, these alone would prove her possessed of a large portion of his genius. Larger extracts from them occur in the poet's biography and in the edition of the Poems of 1857, and often they seem nearly as good as the poems which they introduce. Might not that wonderful journal, even yet, be given entire, or nearly so, to the world?

It was in the autumn of 1795, at Racedown in Dorsetshire, that the brother and sister, on the strength of the nine hundred pounds, set up house together. It was the first home of their own, and for this, Wordsworth always looked back to it with love. So retired was the place, that the post came only once a week. But the two read Italian together, gardened, and walked on the meadows on the tops of the combs. These for recreation. For serious work, Wordsworth fell first to writing *Imitations of Juvenal*, in which he assailed fiercely the vices of the time, but these he never published. Then he wrote in the Spenserian stanza the poem of “*Guilt and Sorrow*,” not published till long afterwards, but in which there is more of his real self than in anything he had yet done. Then followed his tragedy, “*The Borderers*,” which all, even his greatest admirers, feel to be a failure. Besides there were one or two shorter poems, in

his matured manner, such as the "Cumberland Beggar," which was written partly here, partly at Alfoxden. So many trials had Wordsworth to make, "The Evening Walk," the "Descriptive Sketches," "Imitations of Juvenal," "The Borderers," before he found out his true strength and his proper style. But more important than any poetry composed at Racedown was his first meeting there with S. T. Coleridge. Perhaps no two such men have met anywhere on English ground during this century. Coleridge when at Cambridge had read the "Descriptive Sketches," and finding in them something he had never found in poetry before, longed to know their author. Since leaving Cambridge, though two years and a half younger than Wordsworth, he had gone through half a lifetime of adventure, had served as a private in a cavalry regiment, been an enthusiast for the French Revolution, had tried to emigrate with Southey, and found a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, been stopped by want of funds, then turned Unitarian preacher, and was now a young poet and philosopher on the loose. Miss Wordsworth describes him as he looked on his first visit to Racedown. For the first three minutes he seemed plain: "Thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good, wide mouth, thick, lips, not very good teeth, longish, loose, half-curling, rough, black hair," a contrast to Wordsworth at this time, with his fine light brown hair and beautiful teeth. But the moment Coleridge began to speak, you thought no more of these defects. You saw him as his friend afterwards described him—

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

Or, as he elsewhere more fully portrayed him—

"A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Deprest by weight of brooding phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

During this visit Wordsworth read aloud to Coleridge nearly twelve hundred lines of blank verse, "superior," says Coleridge, "to anything in our language." This was probably the story of Margaret, or "The Ruined Cottage," which now stands at the opening of "The Excursion," and certainly, in blank verse, Wordsworth never surpassed that. When they parted Coleridge says, "I felt myself a small man beside Wordsworth;" while of Coleridge, Wordsworth, certainly not given to over-estimate other men, said, "I have known many men who have done wonderful

things, but the only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." Their first intercourse had ripened into friendship, and they longed to see more of each other. As Coleridge was at this time living at the village of Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, the Wordsworths removed in the autumn 1797 to the country-house of Alfoxden, in the immediate neighbourhood. The time he spent at Alfoxden was one of the most delightful of Wordsworth's life. The two young men were then one in their poetic tastes and principles, one too in political and social views, and each admired the other more than he did any other living man. In outward circumstances, too, they were alike; both poor in money, but rich in thought and imagination, both in the prime of youth, and boundless in hopeful energy. That summer as they wandered aloft on the airy ridge of Quantock, or dived down its sylvan combs, what high talk they must have held! Theirs was the age for boundless, endless, unwearied talk on all things human and divine. Hazlitt has said of Coleridge in his youth, that he seemed as if he would talk on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever. With him, as his youth, so was his age. But most men, as life wears on, having found that all their many and vehement talkings have served no lasting end of the soul, grow more brief and taciturn. Long after, Wordsworth speaks of this as a very pleasant and productive time. The poetic well-head, now fairly unsealed, was flowing freely. Many of the shorter poems were then composed from the scenery that was before his eyes, and from incidents there seen or heard. Among the most characteristic of these were, "We are seven," "The Mad Mother," "The Last of the Flock," "Simon Lee," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "Lines to his Sister," beginning "It is the first mild day of March," "Lines in Early Spring," beginning "I heard a thousand blended notes," the last containing these words, which give the key-note to Wordsworth's feeling about nature at this time—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

If any one will read over the short poems above named, they will let him see further into Wordsworth's mood during this, the fresh germinating spring-time of his genius, than any words of ours can. The occasion of their making a joint literary venture was curious. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister wished to make a short walking tour, for which five pounds were needed, but were not forthcoming. To supply this want they agreed to make a joint-poem, and send it to some magazine which would give the required sum. Accordingly, one evening as they trudged along the Quantock Hills, they planned "The

"Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream which a friend of Coleridge had dreamed. Coleridge supplied most of the incidents, and almost all the lines. Wordsworth contributed the incident of the shooting of the albatross, with a line here and there. The Ancient Mariner soon grew, till it was beyond the desired five pounds' worth, so they thought of a joint volume. Coleridge was to take supernatural subjects, or romantic, and invest them with a human interest and resemblance of truth. Wordsworth was to take common every-day incidents, and by faithful adherence to nature, and true but modifying colours of imagination, was to shed over common aspects of earth and facts of life such a charm, as light and shade, sunset and moonlight, shed over a familiar landscape. Wordsworth was so much the more industrious of the two, that he had completed enough for a volume when Coleridge had only finished the "Ancient Mariner," and begun "Christabel" and the "Dark Ladie." Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, was summoned from Bristol to arrange for the publication, and he has left a 'gossipy but amusing account of his intercourse with the two poets at this time, and his visit to Alfoxden. He agreed to give Wordsworth £30 for the twenty-two pieces of his which made up the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, while for "the Rime of the Ancient Marinere," which was to head the volume, he made a separate bargain with Coleridge. This volume, which appeared in the autumn of 1798, was the first which made Wordsworth known to the world as a poet, for the "Descriptive Sketches" had almost escaped notice. Of the ballads or shorter poems, which, as we have seen, were mostly composed at Alfoxden, and which reflect the feelings and incidents of his life there, we shall reserve what we have to say for a more general survey. The volume closes with one poem in another style, in which the poet speaks out his inmost feelings, and in his own "grand style." This is the poem on Tintern Abbey, composed during a walking-tour on the Wye with his sister, just before leaving Alfoxden for the Continent. Read these lines over once again, however well you may know them. Bear in mind what has been told of the way his childhood and boyhood had passed, living in the eye of nature, the separation that followed from his favourite haunts and ways, the wild fermentation of thought, the moral tempest he had gone through, the return to nature's places, and to common life and peaceful thoughts, with intellect and heart deepened, expanded, humanized, by having long brooded over the ever-recurring questions of man's nature, his true aims, and his final destiny; bear these things in mind, and, as you read, every line of that masterpiece will come out with deeper meaning and in exacter outline. And then the

concluding lines in which the poet turns to his sister, his fellow-traveller, with "the shooting lights in those wild eyes," in which he caught "gleams of past existence"—

"If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion."

What prophetic pathos do these words assume when we remember how long and mournfully ere the end of her life those wild eyes were darkened!

Before the volume appeared, Wordsworth and his sister had left Alfoxden, and sailed with Coleridge for Germany. It has been said that the reason for their leaving Somersetshire was their falling under suspicion as hatchers of sedition. A Government spy, with a peculiarly long nose, was sent down to watch them. Coleridge tells an absurd story, how, as they lay on the Quantock hills conversing about Spinoza, the spy, as he skulked behind a bank, overheard their talk, and thought they were talking of himself under the nickname of "Spy-nosey." Coleridge was believed to have little harm in him, for he was a crack-brained, talking fellow; but that Wordsworth is either a smuggler or a traitor, and means mischief. He never speaks to any one, haunts lonely places, walks by moonlight, and is always "*booming* about" by himself. Such was the country talk; and the result of it was, the agent for the owner of Alfoxden refused to re-let the house to so suspicious a character. So the three determined to pack up, and winter on the Continent. At Hamburg, however, they parted company. Their ostensible purpose was to learn German, but Wordsworth and his sister did little at this. He spent the winter of 1798-99, the coldest of the century, in Goslar, and there by the German charcoal burners, the poet's mind reverted to Esthwaite and Westmoreland hills, and struck out a number of poems in his finest vein. "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," "Lucy," or "Three years she grew in sun and shower," "Ruth," "The Poet's Epitaph," "Nutting," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "Matthew," are all products of this winter. So Wordsworth missed German, and gave the world instead immortal poems. Coleridge went alone to Göttingen, learned German, dived for the rest of his life deep into transcendental metaphysics, and the world got no more Ancient Mariners.

In the spring of 1799, Wordsworth and his sister set forth from Goslar on their return to England. As they left that city behind, and felt the spring breeze fan their cheeks, Wordsworth poured forth that joyful strain with which the "Prelude" opens. Arrived in their native land, they passed most of the remainder of the year with their kindred, the Hutchisons, at Sockburn-on-

Tees, occasionally travelling into the neighbouring dales and fells of Yorkshire. In September, Wordsworth took Coleridge, who also had returned from abroad, and had seen but few mountains in his life, on a walking tour to show him the hills and lakes of native Westmoreland. "Haweswater," Coleridge writes, "kept his eyes dim with tears, but he received the deepest delight from the divine sisters, Rydal and Grasmere." It was then that Wordsworth saw the small house at the Town end of Grasmere, which he and his sister soon after fixed on as their home. From Sockburn-on-Tees these two set forth a little before the shortest day, and walked on foot over the bleak fells that form the watershed of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. As side by side they paced the long dales, and set their faces to the Hamilton hills, the ground was frozen hard under their feet, and the snow-showers were driving against them. Yet they enjoyed the snow-showers, turned aside to see the frozen waterfalls, and stopped to watch the changing drapery of cloud, sunshine, and snow-drift as it coursed the hills. At night they stopped in cottages or small wayside inns, and there, by the kitchen-fire, Wordsworth gave words to the thoughts that had occurred to him during the day. A great part of "Heartleap Well" was composed during one of these evenings, from a tradition he had heard that day from a native. They reached Grasmere on the shortest day, and settled in the small two-storeyed cottage, which had formerly been a public-house, with the sign of the Dove and the Olive Bough, but was henceforth to be identified with Wordsworth's poetic prime. The mode of life on which they were entering was one which their friends, no doubt, and most sensible people, called a mad project. With barely a hundred pounds a year between them, they were turning their back on the world, cutting themselves off from professions, chances of getting on, society, and settling themselves down in an out-of-the-way corner, with no employment but verse-making, no neighbours but unlettered rustics. When a man makes such a choice, he has need to look well what he does, and to be sure that he can go through with his purpose. In the world's eyes nothing but success will justify such a recusant, and yet the world will not be too ready to grant that success has been attained. But Wordsworth, besides a prophet-like devotion to the truths he saw, had a prudence, self-denial, and perseverance, rare among the sons of song. To himself may be applied the words he uses in a letter to Sir George Beaumont, when speaking of another subject than poetry:—"It is such an animating sight to see a man of genius, regardless of temporary gains, whether of money or praise, fixing his attention solely upon what is interesting and permanent, and finding

his happiness in an entire devotion of himself to such pursuits as shall most ennoble human nature. We have not yet seen enough of this in modern times." He himself showed this sight, if any man of his age did. Plain living and high thinking were not only praised in verse, but acted out by him and his sister in that cottage home. This century was ushered in by a long storm, which blocked up the roads for months, and kept them much indoors. This put their tempers to the proof, but they stood the test. Spring weather set them free, and brought to them a much-loved sailor brother, John, who was captain of an Indiaman. In their frugal housekeeping the sister, it may be believed, had much to do indoors, but she was always ready, both then and years after, to accompany her brother in his mountain walks. Those who may wish to know more of their abode and way of life, will find an interesting sketch of these given by De Quincey, as he saw them seven years later. There was one small room containing their few books, which was called, by courtesy, the library. But Wordsworth was no reader; the English poets and ancient history were the only two subjects he was really well read in. He tells a friend that he had not spent five shillings on new books in as many years, and of the few old ones which made up his collection, he had not read one-fifth. As for his study, that was in the open air. "By the side of the brook that runs through Easedale," he says, "I have composed thousands of verses:"—

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Another favourite resort for composition at this time was the tall fir-wood on the hillside above the old road leading from Grasmere to Rydal. Society they found in the families of the "statesmen" all about. For Grasmere was then, like most of the neighbouring dales, portioned out among small but independent peasant lairds, whose forefathers had for ages lived and died on the same farms. With these men Wordsworth and his sister lived on terms of kindness and equal hospitality. He would receive them to tea in his home, or would go to sup in theirs. If the invitation was to some homestead in a distant vale, the ladies would travel in a cart, the poet walking by its side. Among these men, in their pastoral republic, the life was one of industry not too laborious; the manners were simple, manly, and severe. The statesmen looked after the sheep, grew hay on their own land in the valley, and each could turn out as many sheep to feed on the fell or common (as they call it) during the summer months, as they could provide hay for in

the winter. Their chief source of income was the wool from the flock, and this not sold in the fleece, but spun into thread by the wives and daughters. These, with their spinning-wheels, were in high esteem, for they did more to maintain the house than the spade or plough of the husbands. Wordsworth loved this manner of life, not only because he had been familiar with it from childhood; but also for that he knew what sterling worth and pure domestic virtues sheltered under these roofs. But he lived to see it rudely broken up. Machinery put out the spinning-wheel, and the statesmen's lands pass for the most part into other hands.

The few statesmen's families who survived in and around Grasmere retained an affectionate and reverent remembrance of the 'pawet,' as they called him in their Westmoreland dialect, long after he had left them for Rydal Mount. Many stories we have heard them tell of his ways, while living at the Town-end, how, alone, or oftener with his sister, at night-fall when other people were going to bed, he would be seen going forth to walk to Dunmailraise, or climbing that outlying ridge of Fairfield, which overhangs the forest-side of Grasmere, there to be alone with the stars till near the breaking of the day. When in their houses strangers have read aloud, or told in their own words, some of his shorter poems descriptive of incident and character, or the two books of the "Excursion" which describe the tenants of the churchyard among the mountains, we have heard old residents name many of the persons there alluded to, and go on to give more details of their lives.

The first months at Grasmere were so industriously employed, that some time in the year 1800, when a second edition of the first volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was being reprinted, he added to it a new volume containing thirty-seven new pieces. Among these were the poems already mentioned, as having been composed during the German winter, as well as some new ones which had been suggested since he settled at Grasmere. Such were the "Idle shepherd boys," "Poems on the naming of places," "The Brothers," "Michael," which all are redolent of the Westmoreland fells. These two volumes cannot be said to have failed, for they were reprinted in 1802, and again in 1805; and in 1807, Jeffrey, even when inveighing against a new and better volume of poems, speaks of the "Lyrical Ballads as unquestionably popular." We shall not, however, stay to comment on their contents, till we have done with narrative. Only a few facts stand out prominently from the happy and industrious tenor of the life at Grasmere. In 1802, that Earl of Lonsdale, who to the last refused to pay to the Wordsworths their due, died, and

was succeeded by a better-minded kinsman, who paid to them the original debt of £5000 due to their father, with £3500 of interest. This was divided into five shares, of which two went to the poet and his sister. This addition to his income enabled the poet to take to himself a wife, his cousin, and the intimate friend of his sister, Mary Hutchison, whom he had long known and loved. It is she whom he describes in his exquisite lines—

“ A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.”

They lived together in as great happiness as is allowed to human beings, till the poet had fulfilled his fourscore years, when she survived him a few years longer.

In the August of 1803, Mrs. Wordsworth having been kept at home by domestic duties, Wordsworth and his sister set out from Keswick with Coleridge on that memorable tour in Scotland. They travelled great part of the way on foot, up Nithsdale, and so on towards the Highlands. Coleridge turned back soon after they had reached Loch Lomond, being either lazy or out of spirits. Everywhere as they trudged along, they saw the old familiar Highland sights, as if none had ever seen them before ; and wherever they moved among the mountains, they left footprints of immortal beauty. He expressed what he saw in verse, she in prose, and it is hard to say which is the most poetic. Of all that has been, or may yet be, said or sung about the Highlands, what words can ever equal those entries in her journal ? what poems can ever catch the soul of things like the “Address to Kilchurn Castle,” “Glenalmain,” “Stepping westward,” and the “Solitary Reaper” ? The last of these, perhaps the most perfect of Wordsworth's poems, must have been suggested as they walked somewhere in the region about Loch Voil, between the braes of Balquhiddy and Strathire. What was the name of her who suggested it, and where is she now ? Who can tell ? But whether she be still alive in extreme old age, or long since laid in her grave, in that poem she will sing on for ever in eternal youth, to delight generations yet unborn.

In the beginning of 1805, the first great sorrow fell on Wordsworth's home, in the loss of his brother, Captain Wordsworth. He was leaving England, intending to make his last voyage, when his ship was run on the shambles of the Bill of Portland by the carelessness of a pilot, and he with the larger

part of his crew went down. For long Wordsworth was almost inconsolable, he so loved and honoured his brother. His letters at this time, and his poems long after, are darkened with this grief. In one of these letters this striking thought occurs:—“Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, if everything were to end here?” Captain Wordsworth had greatly admired his brother’s poetry, but saw that it would take time to become popular, and would probably never be lucrative. So he would work for the family at Town-end, he said, and William would do something for the world. “This is the end of his part of the agreement,” says the poet; “God grant me life and strength to fulfil mine!”

In 1807, Wordsworth came out with two more volumes of poetry, for the most part produced at Grasmere. He was now in his thirty-seventh year, so that these volumes may be said to close the spring-time of his genius, and to be its consummate flower. Some of his after works may have equalled these, and may even show an increased moral depth, and religious tenderness. But there is about the best of the Grasmere poems an ethereal ideality, which he perhaps never afterwards reached. Besides the Scottish poems already noticed, there were the earliest instalment of sonnets, some of them the best he ever wrote, as that “London seen from Westminster Bridge;” “It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;” “The World is too much with us;” “Toussaint L’Ouverture;” “Milton, thou should’st be living.”

These volumes contain also “The song of Brougham Castle;” “Resolution and Independence;” the poem to the cuckoo, beginning, “O blithe new-comer;” elegiac stanzas suggested by the picture of Peele Castle; and last, and chief of all, the “Ode on Intimations of Immortality.” The three last-named especially have that indescribable, unapproachable ideality, which we have spoken of as the characteristic of his best poems at this time. Indeed, the “Ode on Immortality” marks the highest limit which poetic inspiration has reached in England within this century, or indeed since the days of Milton. We have now traced the life of Wordsworth till he had reached his mature manhood. To this subject, therefore, we shall hardly again return, but shall give what space remains to a survey of his poetry.

The above account has been extracted mainly from “The Prelude,” and is meant to throw light on the aim and spirit of

his poetry. If a discriminating mental history of the poet could be given, followed by an edition of his works, in which the several poems were arranged, not in the present arbitrary manner, but chronologically according to the date of their composition, this would form the best of all commentaries. There were three epochs in Wordsworth's poetry, though these shade so insensibly the one into the other, that any attempt exactly to define them must be somewhat arbitrary. What we have already called the spring-time of his genius would reach from his first settling at Racedown, or at any rate his going to Alfoxden in 1797, till his leaving Grasmere Town-end in 1808. The second epoch, or full midsummer of his poetry, would include his time at Allan Bank and his first years at Rydal Mount, as far as 1818 or 1820. This was the time when "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," and the "Duddon Sonnets" were composed. The third epoch, or the sober autumn, reaching from about 1820 till he ceased from the work of composition, is the time of the ecclesiastical and other sonnets, of "Yarrow Revisited," and the Scottish poems of 1833; and lastly, of the memorials of his Italian tour in 1837.

But to return to the poems of the first epoch. It was the two volumes of 1807, those which, as we have seen, contained the very prime ore of his genius, that called forth Jeffrey's well-known vituperation. The unfairness of that review lay in this, that the weak parts of the book were brought out in strong relief, while the best were thrown as far as possible into the background. Over "the unfortunate Alice Fell," as it has been called, the critic makes himself merry, and by extracting a number of homely matter-of-fact lines and stanzas, which occur here and there in the other poems, he makes out what must have seemed to careless readers a telling case. But his verdict on the very best—those which all the world has since acknowledged—prove that to the Edinburgh lawgiver on matters of taste, true poetic excellence was as a picture to a blind man's eye. "Yarrow Unvisited" he calls a very tedious, affected performance. After quoting from and redescribing "Resolution and Independence," he thus concludes: "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey." In the same strain he quotes from the "Ode to the Cuckoo," in which he thinks that the author, striving after force and originality, produces nothing but absurdity. Lastly, the "Ode on Immortality" is "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication." The only parts of the two volumes quoted with approbation are the Brougham song and three sonnets. These facts we have alluded to, not

from a wish to disinter long-since buried strifes, but because the allusion to them is necessary to bring out the true force of Wordsworth both as a man and a poet. The result of this review was to stop the sale of his works for a number of years. But whoever else might be snuffed out by a severe review, Wordsworth was not to be. To a friend who wrote condoling with him on the severity of the criticism—and it must be remembered that in those days the verdict of the *Edinburgh* was all but omnipotent—he replied: “Trouble not yourself about their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous;—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldering in our graves.” Again: “I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier.” This language is not vanity, but the calm confidence of a man who feels the rock under his foot, knows that he is in harmony with the everlasting truth of things. In the issue between the critic and the poet, the world, long before his death, sided with the latter, and will continue on his side. It is instructive, however, to observe what a change in his feelings about posthumous fame thirty years made. In 1837, he thus writes to another correspondent: “I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I now am troubled by the thought of how long or how short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me.”

What, then, is there in these poems which there is not in any other? What is their peculiar virtue? To seize and set forth in words the heart of anything with which we have been long familiar is not easy; nevertheless something of this kind, however imperfectly, must now be attempted. In the opening of the “Prelude,” Wordsworth tells us that when he first seriously thought of being a poet, he looked into himself to see how he was fitted for the work, and seemed to find there “that first great gift, the vital soul.” In this self-estimate he did not err. The vital soul, it is a great gift, which, if ever it dwelt in man, dwelt in Wordsworth. Not the intellect merely, nor the heart, nor the imagination, nor the conscience, not any of these

alone, but all of them condensed into one, and moving all altogether. In virtue of this vital soul, whatever he did see he saw to the very core. He did not fumble with the outside or the accidents of the thing, but his eye went at once to the quick,—rested on its essential life. He saw what was there, but had escaped all other eyes. He did not import into the outward world transient fancies or feelings of his own, the pathetic fallacy, as it has been named; but he saw it, as it exists in itself, or perhaps rather as it exists in its permanent moral relations to the human spirit.

Again, this soul within him did not work with effort; no painful groping, or grasping. It was as vital in its receptivity as in its active energy. It could lie long in a “wise passiveness,” drawing the things of earth and sky and of human life into itself, as the calm, clear lake does the imagery of the clouds and surrounding hills:—

“Think not, ’mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing in itself will come,
But we must still be seeking.”

Those early spring poems at Alfoxden, from which these lines are taken, specially express what we mean,—the wonderful interchange that went on between him and all the things about him, they flowing into him, he going out into them. His soul attracted them to itself, as a mountain-top does the clouds, and at their touch woke up to feel its kinship with the mysterious life that is in nature, and in each separate natural object. This is the cardinal work of the imagination, to possess itself of the life of whatever thing it deals with. In the extent to which he did this, and the truthfulness with which he did it, lies Wordsworth's supreme power.

Hence we may observe that all genuine imagination is essentially truthful, and the purer it is, the more truthful. The reports it brings in, so far from being mere fancies, are the finest, most hidden truths. In Wordsworth, the higher his inspiration rises, the more penetrating is his truthfulness. What may be the relation between the truths which imagination reveals and those which are the result of scientific discovery, we cannot pretend to determine. It would be a fine inquiry for one who can to work out. But every one must feel that

“The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,”

gives the essence of a clear moonlight sky more truthfully in its relation to the human spirit, than any meteorologist can do.

What words, poetic or scientific, will ever render the mountain stillness like these few plain ones?—

“The sleep that is among the lonely hills;”

or the impression made by a solitary western peak, like—

“There is an eminence of these our hills,
The last that parleys with the setting sun.”

It is this rendering of the inner truth of things which Mr. Arnold has happily called the interpretative power of poetry. This must be that which Wordsworth himself means when, in his preface, he says that “poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.” And it is “the vital soul” in the poet which penetrates into this, and reads it off for other men. This, too, is what is meant when we find it said in the “Prelude” that imagination, in its highest use, is but another name for “absolute power, clearest insight, reason in her most exalted mood;” and that this imagination, exercised on outward nature and on human life, is the parent of love, or feeling intellect. This language will no doubt, to some, sound mystical. But it is the language of one who possessed that which he spoke of in larger mass, and of finer quality, than any Englishman since Shakspeare and Milton. It is the presence of this power in Wordsworth which is the source of that indescribable charm which many have felt in his poetry, and have found in none other before or since. They were brought by it for a moment soul to soul with truth, caught, as they read, a glimpse into the life of things such as no other poet of these days has given them. This clearness of vision, rare at all times, becomes much rarer as the ages go on. The naming era, when men could still give names to things, is long past, and with disuse the faculty has died out. Under heaps of words, which we receive without effort, dead metaphors, fossils of extinct poetic acts, the moulding power of imagination lies buried. And not only language has got stiff and hardened, but society has become complicated in a thousand ways; phrases, custom, conventionality, doubts, disputes, lie many layers thick above every new-born soul. The revolutionary age into which Wordsworth was born may have made some rents in these, and let the basement of truth be here and there seen through. But yet, even with this help, what power must have dwelt in that quiet eye to put all these obstructions aside, and see things anew for itself, as if no one had ever looked on them before!

This power manifests itself in Wordsworth especially in two directions, as it is turned on nature, and as it is turned on man.

Let us, for clearness' sake, examine them separately, though, in reality, they often blend. Between Wordsworth's imagination, however, as it works in the one direction and in the other, there is this difference. In dealing with nature, it has no limit; it is as wide as the world; as much at home when gazing on the little celandine, as when moving with the vast and multitudinous forces of earth and heaven. In human life and character his range is narrower, whether these limitations came from within, or were self-imposed. His sympathies embrace by no means all human things, but within the range which they do embrace, his eye is no less penetrating and true. About nature, it has become so much the fashion to rave, there has been so much counterfeit enthusiasm, that one almost dreads speaking on it. But whatever it may be to most men, there can be no doubt that free nature, mountain solitudes, were as essential to Wordsworth's heart, as the air to his lungs. About this, nothing he has said goes beyond the simple truth. Of his manner of dealing with it in his poetry, the following things may be noted:—

First, When he would place some particular landscape before the reader, he does not heap up an exhaustive enumeration of details. Only one or two of the most essential features faithfully given, and then from these he passes at once to the sentiment, the genius of the place, that which gives it individuality, and makes it this and no other place. Numerous instances of the way in which he seizes the inner spirit of a place and utters it, will occur to every reader. To give one out of many, after sketching briefly the outward appearance of the four fraternal yew-trees of Borrowdale, who else could have condensed the total impressions in such lines as these, so intensely imaginative, so profoundly true!—

“ Beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow; there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.”

Secondly, When in this passage, or in that wonderful poem, “ What, are you stepping westward ?” and many more, we find the poet spiritualizing so powerfully the familiar appearances and common facts of earth, adding, as he himself says—

“ The gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;”

we are tempted to ask, Is this true, is the light real, or only fantastic? Now in this we conceive lies Wordsworth's transcendent power, that the ideal light he sheds is a true light, and the more ideal it is, the more true. Poets, all but the greatest, adorn things with fantastic or individual hues, to suffuse them with their own temporary emotions, which Mr. Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy. The ideal light which Wordsworth sheds does not so, but brings out only more vividly the real heart of nature, the inmost feeling, which is really there, and is recognised by Wordsworth's eye in virtue of the kinship between nature and his soul. If it be asked how is this, we can but reply, that there is a wonderful and mysterious adaptation between the external world and the human soul, the one answering to the other in ways not yet explained by any philosopher.

Thirdly, Whereas to most men the material world is a heavy, gross, dead mass, earth a ball of black mud, painted here and there with some colour, Wordsworth felt it to be a living, breathing power, not dead, but full of strange life ; his eye almost saw into it, as if it were transparent. So strongly did this feeling possess him, that in childhood he was a complete idealist. Speaking of himself at that age, he says, “ I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all I saw as something, not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over these remembrances.” Here is idealism, far beyond that of Berkeley or any other philosopher, engendered not by subtle arguments of metaphysics, but born from within by sheer force of soul, before which the solid mass of earth is transfigured, or disappears. Out of moods like these, or rather the remembrance of them, are projected some of his most ideal lights, such as form the charm of his finest poems, like the lines to the “Cuckoo,” and the “Ode on Immortality.” Hence came the

“ Absolute questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,”

which he looked back to with thankfulness and joy in mature

manhood. With these abstract and visionary feelings, there blended more tender human remembrances of that early time, making together a beautiful light of morning about his after days, and touching even the common things of life with an affecting, tender solemnity.

Fourthly, With this spiritualizing power of soul Wordsworth combined another faculty, which might seem the most opposed to it,—wonderful keenness and faithfulness of eye for the external facts of nature. Seldom in his library, much in the open air, at all hours, in all seasons, from childhood to old age, his watchful observant eye had stored his mind with all the varied aspects of nature. His imagination was a treasure-house whence he drew forth things new and old, the old as fresh as if new. No modern poet has recorded so large and so varied a number of natural facts and appearances, which had never before been set down in books. And these he brings forth, not as if he had noted, and carefully photographed them, to reproduce them whenever an occasion offered, but as a familiar knowledge that had come to him unawares, and recurred with the naturalness of an instinct. Many no doubt had seen, but who before him had so described the hare?—

“The grass is bright with raindrops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.”

Or again, who else would have noted the effect of a leaping trout, or of a croaking raven, in bringing out the solitariness of a mountain tarn?—

“There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven’s croak
In sympathy austere.”

Or again, in the calm bright evening after a stormy day—

“Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

“Loud is the vale—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like a sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.”

Who but Wordsworth would have set off the uproar of the vale by this glance at the star on the mountain-head? Here, in

passing, we may note the strange power there is in his simple prepositions. The star is *on* the mountain-top; the silence is *in* the starry sky; the sleep is *among* the hills; the gentleness of heaven *is on* the sea, not "broods o'er," as the later editions have it. This double gift of soul and eye, highest ideality and most literal realism combined, have made him of all modern poets nature's most unerring interpreter.

Fifthly, Hence it comes that all the moods and outgoings of nature are alike open to him; every kind of country renders up to him its secret. He is alike true, whether in describing the boundless flats of Salisbury Plain, combs and dells of western Somersetshire, fells and lakes of native Cumberland, Yorkshire moors and dales, wilder glens of our own Highlands, or the pastoral quiet of the Border hills. Who but he could have gathered up the whole feeling of Yarrow into that consummate stanza? "Meek loneliness," etc. etc.

If there is pre-eminence in any one department, it is in the interpretation of his own mountains. This is so altogether adequate and profound, that it has often seemed as if those dumb old solitudes had, after slumbering since the beginning of time, at last waked to consciousness in him, and uttered their inmost heart through his voice. No other mountains have ever had their soul so perfectly expressed. Philosophers have dreamed that nature and the human soul are the two limbs of a double-clefted tree, springing from, and united in, one root; that nature is unconscious soul, and the soul is nature become conscious of itself. Some such view as this, if it were true, might account for the marvellous sympathy there is between Wordsworth's poetry and the feeling of his own mountains, and for his power of rendering their mute being into his solemn melodies.

But it is now time to look at that other side of things in which his vitality of imagination is seen. His meditative eye penetrates not less deep when turned on the heart and character of man, than when it contemplates the face of nature. It has been already noted, that in the latter department his range is limitless; while, in the former, it is not only restricted, but restricted within marked and definite bounds. For man as he is found in cities, or as he appears in the complex conditions of advanced civilisation, Wordsworth cares little; he turns his back on the streets, the drawing-rooms, the mart, and the 'change, but lovingly enters the cottage and the farm, and walks with the shepherd on his hills, or the vagrant on the lonely roads. The choice of his characters from humble and rustic life, was caused partly by the original make of his nature, partly from his early training, which made him more at home with these, than with artificial man, partly also from that republican fervour

which he imbibed in his opening manhood. He believed that in country-people what is permanent in human nature, the essential feelings and passions of mankind, exist in greater simplicity and strength. Their manners, he thought, spring more directly from such feelings, and more faithfully express them, and their lives and occupations are surrounded with what is grandest and most beautiful in nature. These are the reasons he gives for selecting his subjects from humble life, and within this range he, for the most part, confines himself. There is still another limitation. Even in these characters he is not so much at home in dealing with their trivial outside appearance, or little laughable peculiarities of manner or costume. He has small caring for these things, and when he sets to describe them he often fails, as in the "Idiot Boy" perhaps, and in "Goody Blake." A few touches of real humour would have wonderfully relieved these personages, but this Wordsworth has not to give. He cannot, as Burns often does, exhibit his humble characters dramatically, does not laugh and sing, much less drink with his peasants; he is not quite one of themselves, sharing their thoughts, and having no other and higher thoughts. What he sets himself to portray is their serious feelings, the deep things of the soul, that in which the peasant and the peer are one, and in which, as Wordsworth thinks, the advantage may often lie with the former. He has, as Coleridge has said, "deep sympathy with man as man; but it is the sympathy of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate; but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of time and weather, of toil or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine." In fact it is the moral and spiritual part of man which he most sees and feels, and other things are interesting chiefly as they affect this. His thoughts dwell on

"The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;"

not on the surface manners, nor on the effervescent and transitory emotions, but on those which are steadfast and for ever. It is in virtue of his deep insight into these, that common incidents assume for him an importance and interest which to less reflective men has seemed exaggerated or often even ludicrous. The reflections, however, which they awake in him are not only true and deep, but they are such as add new dignity or tenderness to the human life. A frail old man thanked him fervently for cutting through for him at a blow an old root, which he had haggled at long in vain. The tears in the old man's eyes drew out from Wordsworth this reflection—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning;
 Alas! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning."

In setting forth such characters as *The Brothers*, *Michael*, the *Cumberland Beggar*, etc. etc. (though in the last of these there is somewhat too much moralizing), he gives them not only as common acquaintances see them, or as they appear to themselves; this he does, but something more. He lets us see them in their relations to those unseen laws of the moral world, of which they themselves may be unaware, but which they suggest to the inspired insight of the poet. And in this way the emotions called forth by the sight of suffering, do not end in mere emotion, but strike into a more enduring, that is, a moral ground, and so are idealized and relieved. This moral vision has a wonderful power to elevate, often to solemnize things, the lowliest and most familiar. It has been said that Burns has caused many an eye to look on the poorest thatched cottages of the Scotch peasantry with a feeling which, but for Burns, they had never known. The same may be said of Wordsworth, with a difference. He has revealed, in the homeliest aspects of life, a beauty and worth not recognised before, or long forgotten. He has opened for men new sources of interest in their kind, not only in shepherds and peasants, but in tattered beggars, and gipsies, and wayworn tramps.

Much stuff has been talked and written about Wordsworth being a merely subjective poet. Critics had good need to be sure they were right before they characterize great poets by such vague, abstract words; for they quickly get into the minds of the reading public, and stick there, and do much mischief. True it is that Wordsworth has read his own soul, not that which was accidental or peculiar in him, but that in him which was permanent and common with all high and imaginative men. But is this all? has he done nothing more? If ever man caught the soul of things, not himself, and expressed it, Wordsworth did. That he has done it in nature almost limitlessly we have seen. In man he has done it not less truly, though more restrictedly. Taking the restrictions at their utmost, what contemporary poet (we do not speak of Scott in his novels) has left to his country such a gallery of new and individual portraits as a permanent possession? The deeper side of character no doubt it is,—the heart of men, not their clothes,—but it is character in which there is nothing of himself, nothing which all men might not or do not share. The affliction of *Margaret*, the *Mad Mother*, *Gipsies*, *Laodamia*, the *Highland Reaper*, the *Waggoner*, *Peter Bell*, *Matthew*, *Michael*, the

Cumberland Beggars, all the tenants of the Churchyard among Mountains—what are these? What but so many separate, individual, outstanding portraits, in which there is no shade of himself, nothing save the eye that can see them? True, it is not their outward contour, nor their complexion, or dress he most busies himself with. He painted them as Titian and Leonardo did their great portraits, with the deeper soul predominating in their countenance. If he seized this, he cared little for the rest. Let us discard, then, that foolish talk about Wordsworth as a merely subjective poet, who could give nothing but his own feelings, or copies of his own countenance. Let us look at things as they really are.

There are many other aspects in which this vital power of imagination in Wordsworth might be viewed. Only one more of these we must note, and then pass on. In him, perhaps more than in any other writer either in prose or verse of his time, we see the highest spirit of this century, in its contrast with that of the preceding, summed up and condensed. What most strikes one, in recurring to the literature of the Pope and Addison period, is its external character. In the writings of that time the play of the intellect is so little leavened by sentiment, so little of individual character is suffered to transpire. The heart, it would seem, was either dormant, or kept under strict surveillance, and not allowed to interfere with the working of the understanding. Literature appeared like a well-bred, elderly gentleman, in ruffles and peruke, of polished but somewhat chilling manners, which repel all warmth of feeling with the frost of etiquette. And just as in such society conversation is restricted to certain subjects, of these touches but the surface, and does even that in set phrases, so it was with the literature of the golden days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. From this very limitation in the range both of subjects and treatment, there arose in the hands of the masters a perfectness of style within these limits. Just as in the finitude of Grecian architecture, perfection is more easily attained than in Gothic with its infinite aims. In the writers who followed, so-called classicism degenerated into conventionality in subject, in treatment, and in language. In Cowper, as has been said, we see the beginning of the recoil. But it was by Wordsworth that the revolt was most openly proclaimed and most fully effected. The changed spirit was no doubt in the time, and would have made its way independently of any single man. But no one power could have helped it forward more effectually than the capacious and inward-seeing soul of Wordsworth. Whereas the poetry of the former age had dealt mainly with the outside of things, or if it sometimes went farther, it did so with such a stereotyped

manner and diction as to make it look like external work, Wordsworth everywhere went straight to the inside of things. We have seen already how, whether in his own self-revelations, or in his descriptions of the visible creation, or in his delineations of men, he passed always from the surface to the centre, from the outside looks to the inward character. This one characteristic set him in entire opposition to the art of last century. Out of it arose the entire revolution he made in subjects, treatment, and diction. Seeing deeper truth and beauty in many things which had hitherto been deemed unfit subjects for poetry, than in those which had hitherto been most handled by the poets, he reclaimed from the wilderness vast tracts that had been lying waste, and brought them within the poetic domain. In this way he has done a wider service to poetry than any other poet of his time, but since him no one has arisen of spirit strong and large enough to make full proof of the liberty he bequeathed.

The same freedom, and by dint of the same powers, he won for future poets with regard to the language of poetry. First, in his practice he threw himself clear of the trammels of the so-called poetic diction which had tyrannized over English poetry for a century. This diction of course exactly represented the half-courtly, half-classical mode of thinking and feeling. As Wordsworth rebelled against the inward spirit, so against its outward expression. The whole of the stock phrases and used-up metaphors he discarded, returned to living language of natural feeling, as it is used by men, instead of the dead form of it which had got stereotyped in books. And just as in his subjects he had taken in from the waste so much virgin soil, so in his diction he appropriated for poetic use a large amount of words, idioms, metaphors, till then disallowed by the poets. In doing so, he may here and there have made a mistake, the homely trenching on the ludicrous, as in the lines about the washing-tub and some others, long current in the ribaldry of critics. But, bating a few almost necessary failures, he did more than any other by his usage and example to reanimate the effete language of poetry, and restore it to healthfulness, strength, and feeling. His shorter poems, both the earlier and the later, are for the most part very models of natural, powerful, and yet sensitive English; the language being, like a garment, woven out of, and transparent with the thought. Of the diction of his longer blank verse poems we shall have something to say in the sequel. Then, as to the theory which he propounds in his famous preface, that the language of poetry ought no wise to differ from that of prose, this is only his protest against the old poetic phraseology, too sweepingly laid down. His own

practice is the best commentary on, and antidote to, his theory, where he has urged it to an extreme. Coleridge and De Quincey have both criticised the "Preface" severely, so that in their hands it would seem to contain either a paradox or a truism. Into this subject we cannot now enter. This only may be said on the Wordsworthian side, as against these critics, that while the language of prose receives new life and strength by adopting the idioms and phrases used in the present conversation of educated men, that of poetry may go farther, and borrow with advantage the language from cottage firesides. Who has ever listened to a peasant father or mother, as they described the last illness of one of their own children, or spoke of those who were gone, without having heard from their lips words which for natural and expressive feeling were the very essence of poetry! Poets may well adopt these, for, if they trust to their own resources, they can never equal them.

These reflections on the main characteristics of Wordsworth arose out of a survey of the poems written during his first or Grasmere period. But they have passed beyond the bounds for which they were originally intended, and may apply in large measure to his poems of the second period, written at Allan Bank in Grasmere, and during his first years at Rydal Mount. These were "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Duddon Sonnets," and some smaller poems. In these, there is perhaps less of that ethereal light, that spiritualizing power shed over nature, which forms the peculiar charm of the best of the early poems. But if there is less of naturalistic interpretation, there is a deepened moral wisdom, a larger entering into the heart of universal man. We spoke above of the limitations of his earlier poetry in this latter region. These in his later poems greatly disappear, partly from the expansion of the philosophic mind by years of meditation, and by kindly though limited intercourse with men; partly from a gradual lessening of the exclusive bias towards humble life, as his Republican fervour abated. As to the "Excursion," to discuss it as its importance demands would require a long separate treatise. It was a theme worthy of a great philosophic poem, which Wordsworth proposed to himself,—how a man, like the Solitary, who from domestic bereavement, and from disappointment of the impatient hopes he had formed of the French Revolution, had sunk into scepticism and despondency, can have his interest in human nature and his faith in God restored. The outward circumstances of such a subject may vary, but itself is of perennial import. French revolutions may not repeat themselves with every generation, but unbelieving cynicism is an evil of continual recurrence,—an evil which is not checked by,

but would rather seem increasingly to attend on, our much-vaunted march of mind. As to the poet's way of dealing with the problem, we feel the same disappointment as many have felt, that the truths of revelation, though everywhere acknowledged, are nowhere brought prominently forward. It is the religion which the poet has extracted from nature and man's moral instincts on which he mainly insists ; yet it is such a religion, so pure and so elevated, as these sources, but for the light they receive from a co-existent revelation, never could have supplied. In the crisis of the poem, when the poet has to apply his medicine to the mind diseased, and when the Solitary is importunate for an answer, the poet turns aside, and recommends communion with nature, and free intercourse with men, in a way which to many has seemed like a disavowal of the power of Christian faith. We believe, however, that this is too severe a judgment. Wordsworth knew clearly that there are many cases in which, the passages to the heart having been closed by false reasonings and morbid views, the way to it is not to be found by any direct arguments, however true. What is wanted is some antidote which shall bring back the feelings to a healthful tone, remove obstructions from within, and so through restored health of heart, put the understanding in a condition which is open to the power of truth. Awaken healthful sensibilities in the heart, and a right state of intellect will be sure to follow. This is Wordsworth's moral pathology. And the restorative discipline he recommends is that which in his own mental trial he had found effectual. This we believe to be the true account ; and yet we cannot help thinking there was not only room, but even a call for a fuller enforcement of the Christian verities. The defect probably arose from the poet's carrying his own experience, and his peculiar views about the sanative power of nature, farther than they hold true, at least for the majority of men. But though such is the advice given to the Solitary, the course practically taken is to lead him to the churchyard among the mountains at Grasmere, there to hear from the lips of the pastor how they lived and died, the lowly tenants of the surrounding graves, in order that hearing he may learn—

“ To prize the breath we share with human kind
And look upon the dust of man with awe.”

Even to those who may care nothing for the philosophy, if they have feeling hearts, the “ *Excursion* ” will always be dear for its pictures of mountain scenes, and its pathetic records of rural life. The two books of the *Churchyard among the Mountains*, are the most sustained in interest, and most per-

fect in style, of any books in the "Excursion." In themselves, they form a noble poem, full of deep insight into the heart, of attractive portraits of character, and of tender and elevating views of human life and destiny. No one with a heart to feel can read them carefully without being the better for it. Of all the lives there portrayed, perhaps there is none to which we more often revert than the affecting story of Ellen :—

“ As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
 Screened by its parent, so that little mound
 Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small heap
 Speaks for itself ; an Infant there doth rest ;
 The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.
 If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
 A natural dignity on humblest rank ;
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
 That for a face not beautiful did more
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;
 And if religious tenderness of heart,
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained
 The spotless ether of a maiden life ;
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
 More holy in the sight of God or Man ;
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.”

Then follows the character of the cottage girl, her love, betrayal, the broken vow ; her shame and sorrow, relief by the birth of her child, the necessity to leave her own and nurse a neighbour's child ; her own child's sickness, and she not allowed to visit it ; its death, her long vigils by its grave, a weeping **Magdalene**—ended by her own decline :—

“ Meek saint ! through patience glorified on earth !
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine !
She said,
‘ He who afflicts me knows what I can bear ;
And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
Will mercifully take me to Himself.’
So, through the cloud of death, her spirit passed
Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come.”

They say that Wordsworth wants passion. For feeling, not on the surface but in the depth, pathos pure and profound, what

of modern verse can equal this story and that of Margaret? The very roll of the lines above quoted is oracular. There is in them the echo of a soul, the most capacious, tender, and profound that has spoken through modern poetry.

Having spoken of these verses, one word must be said in passing of Wordsworth's blank verse. In the "Excursion," and more still in the "Prelude," it often greatly needs condensation, may even be said to be tediously prolix. When speaking of homely matters, there is circumlocution at times amounting to awkwardness; and when philosophizing, there is, unlike the smaller poems, too profuse a use of long-winded Latin words, to the neglect of the mother Saxon. Yet even in these passages, there is hardly a page without some "atoning" lines of the true Wordsworthian mould. Even in those abstruser disquisitions of the "Excursion," which seem most prosy, there are seldom wanting some of those glances of deeper vision, by which old neglected truths are flashed with new power on the consciousness, or new relations of truth, which had hitherto lain hidden, are for the first time revealed. Of such apophthegms of moral wisdom, how large a number could be gleaned from that poem alone! But it is in the passages where Wordsworth's inspiration kindles, that the full power of his blank verse is to be seen. Such in the "Excursion" are the account of the Wanderer's feelings, when, a boy, he watched the sunrise over Athole, and indeed the whole description of his boyhood, in which Wordsworth reproduces much of his own Esthwaite experience. The story of Margaret already spoken of, the description of the Langdale Pikes, the Solitary's history of himself, the Wanderer's advice to him at the close of "Despondency Corrected," and we may add almost the whole of the two books of the Churchyard. Of the characters who form the chief speakers in the poem, the Pedlar or Wanderer, the Solitary, and the Pastor, we have not time to say one word. Those who wish to see from what materials Wordsworth framed them, will find some interesting memoranda from his own lips, in the biography by his nephew, and now, we believe, incorporated in the edition of his Poems of 1857. It seems strange now to look back to the outcry that was long made against the employment of a pedlar as the chief figure of the poem. That this should now seem to most quite natural, or, at least, noways offensive, may serve to mark the change in literary feeling, which Wordsworth himself did so much to introduce.

The "Excursion" was published in 1814, and the following year produced another long poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone." This poem, pronounced by the great critic of the day to be "the very worst poem he ever saw imprinted in a quarto

volume," has a very bewitching and unique charm of its own. The scene is laid in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and begins and ends with Bolton Priory, and the story of a white doe which haunts it. This doe had been the favourite of Emily Norton, sole daughter of Richard Norton of Rylstone Hall, who, with his eight sons, had marched forth in the army of the Catholic Lords engaged in the insurrection known as the Rising of the North. Emily and a ninth son, Francis, were of the Protestant faith, and disapproved of the enterprise. But he, without taking part in the expedition, follows his father, to be of what use he can; sees him and his eight brothers led to execution, and is himself accidentally slain, and buried in Bolton Priory. The sister's lot is to remain behind, to hear of the utter extinction of her house, and by force of passive fortitude,

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

The white doe which had been her companion in happier days, comes to her side and seems to enter into her sorrow, attends her when on moonlight nights she visited Bolton and her brothers' grave, and, long years after she is gone, continues to haunt the hallowed place. "Everything attempted by the principal personages fails in its material effects, succeeds in its moral and spiritual." This is Wordsworth's own account of it. And certainly the active and warlike parts of the poem, are needlessly tame and unexciting, forming a marked contrast with the way Scott would have treated the same subjects. That Wordsworth could, if he chose, have improved these parts of his poem there can be no doubt, for the song of "Brougham Castle" and several of the warlike sonnets, prove that he could, when so minded, strike a Tyrtæan strain. But if, in the "White Doe," he fails where Scott would have succeeded, he does what neither Scott nor any one else could equally have done. Gazing on Bolton's ruined abbey, as it stands on its green holm, looked down on by majestic woods and quiet uplands, and lulled by the murmuring Wharfe, his whole heart is filled by the impressive and hallowed scene. And all the feelings awakened within him he gathers and concentrates in this legendary creature, making her at every turn, whether passing under broken arch, or throwing a gleam into dark black vault, or crouching in the moonlight on the Nortons' green grave, bring out some new lineament, call up some fair imagination. She is the most perfectly ideal embodiment of the finer spirit of the place that could have entered into poet's heart to conceive.

Of "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," both composed long before, but published after "The White Doe," we have not now space to say one word. About this time, while preparing his eldest son for college, Wordsworth studied carefully several of the Latin poets, which led to his attempting two or three poems on classical subjects. One of these, "Laodamia," will always stand out prominent even among his happiest productions. Throwing himself naturally into the situation, he informs the old Achaian legend with a fine moral dignity peculiarly his own :

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place."

And now but a word on the third period of Wordsworth's poetry. This began, we may say, about the year 1818 or 1820, and lasted till the close of his poetic life. It was the time when he wrote the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" which, though containing here and there some gems,—such as that on "Old Abbeys"—

"Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live;"—

are not, on the whole, equal to many of his earlier ones. Sonnet-writing, begun at Grasmere, had long been a favourite relaxation with him in the midst of larger works. The sonnets are like small off-shoots from the main stream of his poetry, into which whatever thoughts from time to time arose might overflow. This form is well fitted for the detached musings of a meditative poet. As each new thought awakes, a new form for it has not to be sought, the vehicle is here ready, and all the poet has to do is to cast the liquid metal into the mould. Wordsworth's sonnets are so numerous and so important that they form quite a literature, which, if justice were done them, would demand an extended notice for themselves. The rest of the poems of this epoch are memorials of four separate tours; two on the Continent in 1830 and 1837, two in Scotland in 1831 and 1833. Taken as a whole, none of these tours produced anything equal to his earliest one in Scotland. But the former of the two continental tours produced one poem almost equal to any of his prime, that on the Eclipse in 1820. The description there of Milan Cathedral, with its white hosts of angels, and its starry zone

"All steeped in that portentous light,
All suffering dim eclipse,"

is in his finest style.

But that among all these later poems which most wins regard is the beautiful and affecting thread of allusion to Walter Scott that runs through them. Open-minded appreciation of contem-

porary poets was not one of Wordsworth's strong points. A very strong one-sidedness, not hard to explain, arose out of at once his weakness and his strength. Disparaging remarks about Scott's poetry were reported from his conversation, and these seem to have been present to Lockhart's thought as he penned his last notice of Wordsworth. He might have recalled at the same time the many kind and beautiful lines in which he who never said in verse what he did not truly feel, has embodied his feelings about Scott. Wordsworth had hailed *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* with delight, and always continued to like it best of all Scott's poems. He and the "Shirra" first met, as we have seen, in the latter's house in Lasswade, just after Wordsworth and his sister had left Yarrow unvisited—

"For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."

In 1814, as he descended from Traquair accompanied by the Ettrick Shepherd, he exclaimed—

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!"

In the autumn of 1831, Wordsworth and his daughter Dora set out on a visit to Abbotsford, to see Scott once more before he left Tweedside in hopes of repairing his broken health in Italy. It was but a short visit, as Scott was on the very eve of his departure, but, ere they parted, they snatched one more look at Yarrow,—the last both to Scott, and to Wordsworth:

"Once more by Newark's Castle-gate,
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border."

Though the hand of sickness lay heavy upon Scott, they did their best

"To make a day of happy hours,
Their happy days recalling."

But throughout the "Yarrow Revisited," written in remembrance of that day, there is visible the pressure of an actual grief, little in harmony with the ideal light that is upon the two former Yarrows. "On our return in the afternoon," says Wordsworth, "we had to cross Tweed (by the old ford) directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment, and

thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning

“ ‘ A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain.’ ”

This is the sonnet in which he says—

“ The might

Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
Blessing and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptered king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate.”

“ At noon, on Thursday,” Wordsworth continues, “ we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her ; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, ‘ I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake—they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.’ ” We remember one most affecting stanza of these lines, which we heard from one who had seen them in the album,—that same album which contained autograph and unpublished lines written by Coleridge, Southey, and other poets of the time, for Wordsworth's daughter. Wordsworth visited Scotland once again in 1833, but by that time Scott was lying in the ruined aisle at Dryburgh, within sound of his own Tweed. Two years after this, in the autumn of 1835, on hearing of the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, he poured forth that fine lament over his brother poets who had so fast followed each other “ from sunshine to the sunless land.” In it he alludes once again to his two visits to Yarrow, the one with the shepherd-poet for his guide, the other with Sir Walter.

Once more, the last time, when on a tour in Italy in 1837, his heart reverts to Scott in the “ Musings near Aquapendente.” Seeing the broom in flower on an Italian hill-side, his thoughts turned homeward to think how it would be budding on Fairfield and Helvellyn. Then the thought strikes him, what use of coming so far to see these new scenes, if his thoughts kept wandering back to the old ones :—

“ The skirt of Greenside fell,
And by Glenridding-screens, and low Glencoign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.”

One there was, he says, who would have sympathized with him

“ Not the less

Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels ; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.”

He alludes to the day, then thirty years gone, when Sir Walter, Sir Humphry Davy, and Wordsworth had ascended Helvellyn together. Then he goes on :—

“ Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweedside, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Knowledge no help ; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, ‘ When I am there, although 'tis fair,
Twill be another Yarrow.’

Peace to his spirit ! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine ? Utter thanks, my soul !
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage—
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling.”

This poem and the one suggested by Hogg's death, burst from out the somewhat tamer reflections of his later days as the last gleams of his old fervour. Henceforth he wrote little more poetry, but he continued almost to the end to keep retouching his former poems. Careful as he had always been in the work of composition, he went over and over them in his later years, changing them here and there, but seldom for the better. What seemed asperities were smoothed away, but for the most part the original ruggedness is poorly exchanged for the more blameless, but tamer, afterthought. It would be an interesting, and for those who make a study of these things, might be a profit-

able task, to bring together, by comparing one edition with another, the successive changes which many well-known lines were in this way made to endure.

During those silent years, the aged poet might be seen in green old age (and who that has seen that venerable figure will forget it?), either as he moved about the roads in the neighbourhood of Rydal Mount, or drove towards Grasmere or Ambleside in his small, rustic-looking carriage, or as he appeared on Sundays, in the family pew near the pulpit, in the small church of Rydal. There, Sunday by Sunday, he was seated, his head inclining forwards, and the long silver white hair like a crown of glory on either side of the noble breadth of brow.

The household at Rydal Mount was darkened by a great grief towards the close of 1847—the death of the poet's daughter Dora, Mrs. Quillinan. "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life," he wrote, "but God's will be done!" And it was for life. At the age of seventy-seven such a loss was not to be got over. Still with firm step, though saddened heart, he might be seen going about. As late as the autumn of 1849, as a stranger came down the road from the back of Rydal Mount, he met Wordsworth walking slowly back towards his house from the highway, to which he had just conducted some visitor. His head leant to one side, somewhat as he does in his picture, and in his hand he carried a branch with withered leaves. He who passed him happened to have on a plaid, wrapt round him in Scottish shepherd's fashion. This attracted his notice, and as the stranger looked round, thinking it might be the last sight of him, the poet had turned round and was looking back too. There was one long look, but no word, and both passed on.

"Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand."

In the March of next year, he was still able to walk to Grasmere and to Ambleside, the last two walks he took. The last day he was out of doors, he sat down on the stone seat of a cottage-porch, where he had been calling, and watched the setting sun. It was a cold, bright evening, and he got a chill, which resulted in pleurisy. He survived the attack, but sank from after weakness. On the 7th of April, his eightieth birthday, he was prayed for in Rydal chapel, morning and evening. On Saturday, the 20th, when asked by his son whether he would receive the communion, he replied, "That is just what I want." When his wife wished to let him know that there was no hope of recovery, she said to him, "William, you are going to Dora?" He made no answer at the time, but next day, as one of his nieces drew

aside his curtain, he awoke from a quiet sleep, and said, "Is that Dora?" He breathed his last, almost imperceptibly, on Tuesday, the 23d, at noon, the same day as that on which Shakspeare was born and died.

A few days after, he was laid in that corner of Grasmere churchyard where his children had been laid before him, and to which his wife and sister have since been gathered. A plain stone, with no other word on it than "William Wordsworth," marks the spot. On one side of it are the yew-trees planted there long before by his desire (are we wrong in thinking by his own hand?) On the other, the Rotha, through a calm, clear pool, creeps quietly by. Fairfield, Helm-crag, and Silver-How look down upon his grave. Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him.

And now, looking back on those fourscore years, it may be said, that if any life in modern times has been well-rounded and complete, Wordsworth's was. From first to last it was one noble purpose, faithfully kept, thoroughly fulfilled. The world has rarely seen so strong and capacious a soul devote itself to one, and that a lofty end, with such singleness and concentration of aim. No doubt there was a great original mind to begin with, one that saw more things, and deeper, than any other poet of his time. But what would this have achieved, had it not been backed by that moral strength, that ironness of resolve? It was this that enabled him to turn aside from professions that he was little suited for, and with something less than a hundred a year to face the future. In time, doubtless, other helps were added, and long before the end he was possessed of competent means. But this is only another instance of the maxim, "Providence helps them who help themselves." That life at Townend had encountered and overcome the difficulty before the help came. Again, the same moral fortitude appears in the firmness with which he kept his purpose, and the industry with which he wrought it out. Undiscouraged by neglect, undeterred by obloquy and ridicule, in the face of obstacles that would have daunted almost any other man, he kept on his way unmoved, and wrought out the gift that was in him till the work was complete. Few poets have ever so fully uttered the thing that was given them to speak. And the result has been that he has bequeathed to the world a body of high thought and noble feeling which will continue to make all who apprehend it think more deeply and feel more wisely to the end of time.

The question has often been asked how far Wordsworth was a religious poet; that he was a religious man no one doubts. In his earlier poems, especially, as in "Tintern Abbey," and

others, men have pointed to passages, and said, These are Pantheistic in their tendency. The supposition that Wordsworth ever maintained a Pantheistic philosophy, ever held a deliberate theory of the Divine Being as impersonal, is contradicted both by many an express declaration of his own, and by what is known of his life. The truth seems to be that, during that period of his life when his feelings about nature were most vivid, and most imaginatively expressed in verse, he felt the presence in all nature of a vast life, a moving spirit, which he did not, at least in his verse, identify with the living personal God of whom conscience and the Bible witness. His earlier poetry generally stops short of such distinct personality. But whether he so stopped short because nature does not in itself, and from its unaided resources, suggest more, or whether he stopped short because he was merely describing his own experience, and that experience was defective, this we do not venture to determine. If defect there is, who is he that has a right to blame him? Only he who, having felt as broadly and profoundly the vast life that is in nature, has bridged over the gulf between this and the higher religious truth, and taught men so to do. To this man, and to none other, shall be conceded the right of finding fault with what Wordsworth has done. In Wordsworth's treatment of human nature, the same question meets us in another form. In the "Prelude," and other poems of the first epoch, it cannot be denied that the self-restorative power of the soul seems asserted, and the sufficingness of nature to console the wounded spirit is implied, in a way which Wordsworth, if distinctly questioned, would, perhaps at any time, certainly in his later years, have been the first to disavow. That he was himself conscious of this defect may be gathered from the change he made in the reflections with which the story of Margaret, in the "Excursion," closes. This story was written among the last years of last century, at Racedown or Alfoxden. Through all the early editions of his poems it stood thus—

" The old man, noting this, resumed, and said,
 ' My friend ! enough to sorrow you have given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more ;
 Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
 The forms of things with an unworthy eye.' "

In the one-volume edition of his works, which appeared somewhere about the year 1845, we, for the first time, read the following addition, inserted after the third line of the above :—

" Nor more would she have craved as due to One
 Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes felt
 The unbounded might of prayer ; and learned, with soul

Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?"

A little farther on the "Wanderer" proceeds to say that once as he passed that way the ruined cottage conveyed to his heart—

"So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream that could not live
Where meditation was."

Instead of the last line and a half, the later editions have the following:—

"Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of faith."

To say that as years increased Wordsworth's faith in the vital Christian truths grew more confirmed and deep, that in himself were fulfilled his own words—

"Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
The faith heaven strengthens where He moulds the creed,"

is only to say that he was growingly a good man. This growth many a line of his later poems, besides incidental notices in his letters, and other memoranda of his nephew's biography, clearly exhibit. No doubt the wish will at times arise, that the unequalled power of spiritualizing nature, and of originating tender and solemn views of human life, had, for the sake of other men, been oftener and more unreservedly turned on the great truths of Christian faith. At the same time, when such a regret does arise, it is but fair that it should be tempered by remembering, as he himself urges, that "his works, as well as those of other poets, should not be considered as developing all the influences which his own heart recognised, but rather those which he felt able as an artist to display to advantage." At another time he assured a correspondent that he had been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith, not because he did not duly feel them, but because he felt them too deeply to venture on too free handling of them. Above all, if he has not, any more than the greatest of former poets, done all

that our hearts desire, let us not on that account fail to appreciate the good work he has done. What that work is cannot be better described than in the words in which the greatest purely religious poet of the age, dedicated to Wordsworth his Oxford lectures on poetry : "Ut animos, ad sanctiora erigeret," to "raise men's minds to holier thoughts" both of nature and of man. This is the tendency of every line he wrote. Taking the commonest sights of earth, and the lowliest facts of life, to elevate and ennoble these, to find pathways by which the mind may naturally pass upward, to an ampler ether, a diviner air, this is his peculiar function. If he seldom ventures within the inner sanctuary, he everywhere leads to its outer court, lifts our thoughts into a region "neighbouring to heaven, and that no foreign land." If he was not universal in the sense in which Shakspeare was, and Goethe aimed to be, it was because he was smitten with too deep an enthusiasm for those truths by which he was possessed. His eye was too intense, too prophetic, to admit of his looking at life dramatically. In fact, no poet of modern times has had in him so much of the prophet. In the world of nature, to be a revealer of things hidden, an interpreter of new and unsuspected relations, the opener of a new sense in men ; in the moral world, the teacher of truths hitherto neglected or unobserved, the awakener of the consciousness to the solemnities that encompass life, deepening our reverence for the essential soul, apart from accident and circumstance, making men feel more truly, more tenderly, more profoundly, lifting the thoughts upward through the shows of time to that which is permanent and eternal,—this is the office which he will not cease to fulfil, as long as the English language lasts. What earth's far-off lonely mountains do for the plains and the cities, that Wordsworth has done and will do for literature, and through literature for society ; sending down great rivers of higher truth, fresh purifying winds of feeling, to those who least dream from what quarter they come. The more thoughtful of each generation will draw nearer and observe him more closely, will ascend his imaginative heights, and sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and, in proportion as they drink in his spirit, will become purer and nobler men.

ART. II.—*Défense de Sébastopol. Ouvrage Rédigé sous la Direction du Lieutenant-Général Todleben, Aide-de-Camp Général de S. M. l'Empereur.* Tome I., Première Partie. Tome II., Seconde Partie. Quarto, pp. 720. Saint Pétersbourg: Imprimerie N. Phieblin et Cie., 1863.

It is an old maxim, that occasions make men, yet it is an indisputable fact that the Crimean War produced only one man of genius, founded only one high and durable reputation, and added only one invention or discovery of magnitude to our pre-existing knowledge of the art of war. Many soldiers and sailors of all ranks did their *devoir* bravely; many individual acts of heroism might be singled out for unqualified praise. There was no lack of zeal, courage, or devotedness in either of the armies engaged, nor in their chiefs; but (blunders apart) they proceeded regularly and systematically, without one original conception, without one flash of light; whilst Todleben, with his combinations of earth-works, changed the entire face of things at the very crisis of the enterprise. And this he did, after a calm survey and careful calculation of the respective means and resources of the assailants and the assailed. It is both fitting and fortunate, therefore, that he should be selected by the Russians to write or edit their version of the events which the cultivated world have hitherto been obliged to learn almost exclusively from French and English histories; histories differing so essentially, that a mediator of authority will be gladly welcomed by readers of all countries who are not utterly indifferent about the truth.¹

Questions of conflicting evidence exercise a kind of fascination on the mind, inspiring a lively interest quite independently of their inherent importance; and as the controversies raised by M. Bazancourt and Mr. Kinglake largely affect both national

¹ "Francis Todleben, whose name was to be made illustrious by the siege of Sebastopol, was at the commencement of his military career when the Eastern war broke out. It is to this war, and the inexhaustible genius he displayed in his obstinate defence of Sebastopol, that he owes the elevated rank he now holds.

"Son of a merchant of Mittau, Todleben was born on the 25th May 1818. After having completed his studies in the schools of Riga, he was admitted into the College of Engineers at St. Petersburg. At the beginning of the war, he was only second captain of engineers: he distinguished himself under the orders of General Childers, and was then sent to the Crimea. In less than a year he passed successively through the grades of captain, commandant, lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-colonel, marshal de camp, and adjutant-general, and received from his sovereign the highest marks of esteem and consideration."—Bazancourt, vol. ii. p. 8. He is uniformly named Lieutenant-Colonel in his book.

rivalries and personal character, it would be passing strange if either Frenchmen and Englishmen, so recently engaged in animated competition, had suddenly become cold to the resulting glory or shame. Was the Battle of the Alma decided by the British advance against the Russian right and centre, or by the turning movement of the French? Was it the British or the French commander who shrank from carrying out the expedition as a *coup de main*? Which of them hesitated to attack the Northern Forts on the land side? Who suggested or urged the flank march? Who declined the proposal for an assault when the formidable Malakoff was an easily accessible and half-fortified tower? Who bore the brunt of those terrible morning hours at Inkermann? And who, all things considered, contributed most to the final triumph of the Allies? We are not going to reopen or reargue any of these questions, although we may inadvertently throw light upon them as we proceed. We propose to place ourselves as nearly as we can in the position of the Russians, and describe the main features of the siege from their point of view; a course of proceeding which we are led to adopt, as well by the pre-existing lack of information from Russian sources, as by the form and character of the book under review. The promised English version seems to be indefinitely postponed; and the circulation of the French edition now before us (price, when completed, from 14 to 16 guineas) will certainly be confined to a small and select class.¹

It will be remembered that all public documents bearing on the subject have been placed at the disposal of the editor; that he has been allowed to select his assistants from the army list; and that the whole expenses of the work are defrayed from the imperial treasury. It is therefore, to all intents and purposes, an official publication, as was M. de Bazancourt's; and this we conceive to be a most material deduction from its authority. Giving General Todleben full credit for independence of spirit, love of truth, and the best intentions, he is still the organ of an autocrat; he is writing (so to speak) in the fetters of authority; he is safe from domestic criticism; and unless his narrative had been approved by his imperial employer, it would have been suppressed. There have arisen obvious causes whilst the work was in progress for giving it a tone not disagreeable to the

¹ The maps and plans (eighteen in number) are on the largest and most expensive scale, but they are neither so manageable nor so clear as those prepared by the Topographical Depot to accompany the English Journal of Engineers' Operations before Sebastopol. There is a corresponding French work, entitled *Journal des Opérations du Génie, publié avec l'Autorisation du Ministre de la Guerre*. Par Le Général Niel. Avec un atlas in folio de 15 planches. Paris: Libraire Militaire, 1858.

French ; and national vanity might co-operate with policy to confirm the claims to superior prowess put forth by or on behalf of our allies. If, at Alma or Inkermann, they took an equal share with the British in the fight, so much the more glory would accrue to the vanquished, whom (it would thus be made to appear) nothing less than a series of combined efforts by the opposing armies could bear back. We never yet met with a French account of Waterloo in which the Prussians did not figure as the real victors ; and if we are to put faith in M. Thiers, the Spaniards in the Peninsular War very far exceeded instead of lamentably falling short of the effective co-operation vowed and promised by their successive commanders in their name.

These few words of warning will not be found superfluous when we come to the disputed battles or events ; and even the preliminary chapters setting forth the designs, resources, and preparations of Russia should be perused with caution ; although there is little fear of her succeeding in passing herself off as the most inoffensive and least grasping of the Great Powers. General Todleben, however, insists that she played the part of lamb to our wolf throughout, and says distinctly that "not to agree at the present time on this fact,—that the two antagonistic Powers, France and England, ardently desired war,—would be to defy evidence." What has been mistaken for ambition in Russia, is simply a double impulse arising from her geographical situation. "With boundaries touching Europe on one side and Asia on the other, she finds herself the natural intermediary between the east and the west. Thence for her the necessity of the double end towards which her policy must be directed. She must pursue the development of her interest in the East by means of European civilisation, and seek to consolidate the foundations of the political importance that she has acquired in the great family of European states." As head of the Greek Christians, the Czar could not help interfering to protect his co-religionists, and thus afforded a pretext for the quarrel for which Napoleon the Third was eagerly on the look-out ; whilst the ever-wakeful jealousy of England was aroused by finding the constantly extending frontier of Russia, though still a few thousand miles off, and separated by a kingdom or two, approaching nearer and nearer the heart of her oriental empire.

Her lurking hostility was first exhibited by what is described as the first manifestation of the progress of English influence in Turkey—the formal refusal of the Ottoman Porte to deliver up to Austria and Russia the Hungarian and Polish insurgents who had taken refuge in the states of the Sultan. Then fol-

lowed the quarrel of the Greek and Latin Churches, in which the dictatorial voice of the "Great Eltchee" was raised on the side of the French. The extraordinary mission of Prince Menschikow was a well-intentioned move in a conciliatory direction: he demanded nothing more than the strict observance of treaty rights; and his abrupt departure, as well as his peremptory demeanour, have been most unfairly represented as derogatory to the independence and dignity of the Porte. The crossing of the Pruth, and the occupation of the Principalities, were equitable and moderate steps towards a reasonable object; and if Austria and Prussia had not played false, that object would have been attained without further complication. Energetic measures on their part would have prevented the war; but, fatally carried along by the current of public opinion, they held aloof, and at the last moment Austria passed from neutrality to threats.

Such, in substance, is General Todleben's explanation of the immediate causes of the war. His sketch of the military and naval events which preceded the invasion of the Crimea, is not less opposed to the popular impression of England and France. Thus, he says that it is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Turks single-handed gained any advantages over the Russians in any quarter; and as for Silistria, that the siege was raised solely because Marshal Prince Paskievitch's lines of communication were commanded by the Austrians, whose intentions were unknown. He says:—

"A great deal has been written about Silistria in special compilations; and in these recitals there is frequent mention of the rare energy of the defence, of assaults repulsed, of audacious *sorties* of the Turkish garrison, who are said to have got possession of our trenches, of the skilful disposition of countermines, etc. etc. All this is *inexact* to such a point that it is impossible to recognise in these recitals the facts which really occurred under the ramparts of Silistria in 1854."

He goes on to deny in detail the alleged mining and countermining; to describe the Arab Tabia as a formidable fort; to scout the notion of a regular siege; to represent the *sorties* of the garrison (which he limits to two) as unsuccessful, although he admits that one cost the Russians 700 men; and to assert that the besiegers never sustained a repulse, although they lost 2500 men before the place.

"The Marshal quitted the army on the 12th June (old style). By the order of Prince Gortschakow, measures were taken for the assault of the advanced forts. They were in such a situation as to make it impossible for them to oppose a powerful resistance. But in

the night of the 20th to the 21st June, and when the troops, already at their posts, waited but the signal-gun to rush to the assault, there arrived unexpectedly a courier from the Marshal, bearing the order to raise the siege, and retire to the left bank of the Danube."

So that, if we accept this Russian version, the memorable exploit of Mr. Kinglake's three "English lads," Nasmyth, Butler, and Ballard (although confirmed by the printed journals of two of them in the *Times*) must henceforth be considered little better than a myth.

We know few more striking examples of the extent to which human credulity may be stretched than the theories with which Mr. Urquhart managed to inoculate his disciples touching the irresistible strength of Russia, her project of universal empire, and the complicity of British statesmen in her views. There are persons who believe still that Lord Palmerston was amongst her emissaries, and that he brought about the Crimean War in the hope of aiding her in some inscrutable way. Calm, calculating politicians were not wanting to contend that the only real danger to the balance of power was to be apprehended from the giant of the north; and these derived small comfort from the reflection that the first aggressive movement on a large scale would dispel the delusion,—that the feet of the giant were of clay. It is curious therefore to learn, on official authority, what was the actual available strength of the Muscovite empire in 1854, and whether its condition indicated either the capacity or the wish to overrun or overawe Western Europe.

The proposition laid down and partially established in the first chapter of this work is, that at the very time when the Emperor Nicholas was accused of extending his hand to grasp, by anticipation, the inheritance of the "sick man," he had made no preparations on his frontiers either for attack or defence; and these frontiers, vast but vulnerable, were each, it is contended, of such a nature as to require a separate army for its protection. The coasts of the Baltic, the Polish and Gallician borders, and the Russian possessions on the Black Sea, might be simultaneously assailed; and the want of good means of communication made it impossible to rely on the rapid transfer of forces to a threatened spot in an emergency. "This," says the General, "was our weak side. But, by way of compensation, we had an incontestable superiority over our enemies. This superiority consisted in the possibility of recruiting and maintaining an army such as it was not given to any other European Power to possess. The entire independence of the Government, and the cheap maintenance of the soldier, compared with his cost in other countries, made it possible for Russia to oppose to her

enemies an army numerous enough to struggle with success against their united forces." Her military forces are divided into active troops, regular and irregular; troops of reserve; troops destined to the interior service of the empire. The active regulars are computed at 678,201; the active irregulars at 242,203; the troops destined to the interior service, composing the *Garde Intérieure*, at 144,937; the active troops of reserve and depot, 212,433; grand total in January 1853, 1,365,786. The active regulars consisted of 544,927 infantry, 81,723 cavalry, 41,551 artillery, horse and foot. Twenty-four men in each battalion were armed with rifles, making rather less than five per cent. of the infantry.

With regard to the disposition of this force in the summer of 1854, the number of fighting men which could be employed to carry on the war against the Turks, and defend the frontiers of the Empire, was 701,824. The Russian navy at the same period consisted of 512 vessels, carrying 7105 guns; including 31 ships-of-the-line, 10 sailing frigates, 10 steam frigates, and 2 corvettes. Of these, 295 vessels, with 4105 guns, composed the Baltic fleet; and 145, with 2855 guns, that of the Black Sea. The only screw men-of-war in the Russian navy, three ships-of-the-line and two frigates, were in the Baltic. The Turkish land forces are estimated at 230,000; those which England could spare for the service at 35,000; and the French contingent at 63,000; making in all 328,000 to encounter Russia in the East. The naval superiority of the maritime powers was confessedly such as to render exact computation and comparison useless.

We made known in August 1856, a fact which has since become notorious, namely, that the land defences on the north of Sebastopol were so weak that the Russians had given up all hope of defending them, when the French commander refused to co-operate with Lord Raglan in the attempt to carry them by assault. Besides the fullest confirmation of this statement regarding the north, we find in the work before us accumulated proofs that the town was equally open to a *coup-de-main* on the south:

"It must be confessed that all the fortifications on the south side of Sebastopol were very weak, and that each of them had its particular imperfections; but since, at the time of their construction, no further use of them was contemplated than to repulse the attack of a weak invading force, the works might then, up to a certain point, appear sufficient. These fortifications were armed with 134 guns; and the total of the guns for the defence of Sebastopol on the land side, amounted to 145. This artillery was spread over all the circuit of the line of defence, on an

extent of $6\frac{1}{2}$ versts,¹ and could not concentrate on almost any point of the space in front of the fortifications the fire of more than three or four of its pieces; there were even spaces not covered by it on the approaches of the land batteries."

The Russian troops in the Crimea on the 13th of September, the day of the disembarkation, did not exceed 51,500 men; and these being dispersed over the peninsula, Prince Menschikow could not concentrate more than 30,000 in and about the place. To these must be added the crews of the vessels of war in the harbour, computed at 18,500. These were about the numbers at which the British Government had estimated the defensive forces. But we seem to have very greatly over-estimated (or the General has greatly under-estimated) the resources in munitions of war, magazines of provisions, hospital stores, and other necessities. It was remarked during the siege that a disabled piece was readily replaced, and that the sustained discharge at all hours of the day and night along the whole line of the fortifications, argued an inexhaustible stock of powder and ball. The number of cannon captured with the place was enormous. But we now learn that a large proportion of the guns laid up in the parks of artillery were old and unserviceable; that the very metal was useless for want of foundries; and that the whole of the powder in Sebastopol, at eight pounds a charge, amounted to 325,000 charges. Very few tools for the engineers and pioneers were to be found in the Government stores; not more than enough for 200 men; so that it became necessary to collect all the tools in the town and vicinity for the execution of the works. This is the most remarkable want of all, when it is remembered how much was effected by the spade and pick-axe for the defence. Building utensils (*matériaux de construction*) also fell short, with the exception of the wood, iron, cordage, and sail-cloth in the naval arsenal. The bread provided for the land forces was sufficient for four months and a half's consumption; that for the fleet, seven months. There were military hospitals for 1125 patients, and infirmaries capable of receiving 1200. The naval hospital was put upon a footing to receive 18,000. The hospital chests were only provided with medicines, lint, and other necessities for the proper treatment of 1500 sick, and the dressing of 6000 wounded. This explains the frightful condition in which they were found by the Allies at the conclusion of the siege.

The difficulties to be encountered by an invading army were so vividly impressed on the mind of Prince Menschikow that he remained incredulous touching the meditated expedition

¹ Rather more than four English miles.

till it took place. Little had consequently been done to strengthen the defences, and the appearance of the armament off the coast of the Crimea was a most disagreeable surprise.

"On the 13th September 1854, about ten in the morning, two ships of war were discovered in the horizon from Sebastopol, and behind them a white cloud of smoke raised by a large number of steamers. Soon afterwards arrived the news that seventy vessels of the enemy had doubled the cape of Tarkhan-koute. About mid-day the telegraph of Cape Loukul announced to Sebastopol that the fleet which had been seen in the north-west, was sailing in three columns towards the west-north-west. After mid-day the same telegraph announced, at divers intervals, that the number of ships was successively augmenting, and towards six o'clock, nearly a hundred were already counted. A little later appeared some more steamers and many sailing vessels. At length a cossack brought the news that the number of enemy's vessels was so considerable that it was impossible to count them. At half-past eight the telegraph signalled that the enemy's fleet was casting anchor.

"The invasion of the Crimea by the Allies had then become imminent. Let us now see what, at such a moment, the commander of our forces by sea and land could undertake to resist the enemy, at a time when the approach of autumn was day by day confirming the conviction at Sebastopol that the Allies would attempt nothing decisive against the place during the year 1854."

The first question that arose was, whether it was possible or advisable to oppose the landing, and the Russian commander has been severely criticised for missing the opportunity. But General Todleben gives solid reasons for the tactics of his chief. To be able, he says, to oppose the disembarkation of the enemy, it was essential to be informed of the place where it was to be effected. But if it is difficult enough to fix precisely, in the case of a river, the spot where the enemy intends to pass, it is more difficult still to declare beforehand the point the enemy may propose to choose for his landing on a coast more or less accessible to invading troops on all its extent. At the degree of perfection to which steam transport has been brought, distances can be cleared with such celerity, that neither infantry nor cavalry disposed along the coast can ever keep pace with the steamers of their foes. Railroads alone can, to a certain extent, give means of remedying this disadvantage in land forces; but it is well known that in the Crimea there was a complete absence of railroads, and that in general all the means of communication existing at the time, with the solitary exception of the *chaussée* on the south, were little to be depended on and especially difficult to use in the rainy season. In such circum-

stances, he continues, "it became easy for the enemy to divert our attention, by false demonstrations, towards any given point of the peninsula, to induce us to direct our forces on that point, and after having effected a disembarkation on a totally different point, to strengthen themselves in it before our troops had time to concentrate anew." Thus, if Prince Menschikow, on the first news of the appearance of the fleet off Eupatoria, had hurried there with the bulk of his forces, the Allies might have given him the slip, and possibly—considering the state of the fortifications and the weakness of the garrison—have got possession of the place without a battle. The General is further of opinion, that the covering fire of the English and French ships would have made it an extremely rash and perilous proceeding to oppose the landing, even had there existed no uncertainty as to the spot. The best course, he contends, was that actually pursued,—to take up a strong position as far as possible out of reach of the ships, and make a resolute stand there.

It is undeniable that the position of the Alma was well chosen for the purpose of enabling an inferior force to bar the passage of one nearly double its numbers; the Russian army consisting of 33,600 men of all arms, and 96 guns; whilst that of the Allied may be roughly computed at 60,000 men and about 150 guns. The Prince's superiority in cavalry prevented the English from attempting a turning movement over the open ground on his right, and he fancied himself, until undeceived by the Zouaves, equally protected by the steepness and ruggedness of the ground on his left.

General Todleben's plans of the field substantially agree with the English and the French; and he tells us little new touching the disposition of the troops. What strikes us most in his account of the battle is its similarity to that of M. de Bazancourt; a similarity extending even to the style. Indeed, it would seem from numerous examples—Thiers and Lamartine amongst the rest—that no battle could be described in French without the use of inflated terms or phrases which cannot be construed literally without causing confusion and inconsistency. It is difficult to understand how troops can gain a victory, or carry a position, without losing more than five per cent. of their entire force in killed and wounded, after having been *culbutées*, *écrasées*, or *décimées par un feu meurtrier*. Unluckily, moreover, General Todleben's duty as commandant of the engineers, confined him strictly to the town and fortifications of Sebastopol; and he was obliged to depend on the reports of others for the details of the narrative of which we now propose to give an abstract or summary.

According to this history, then, the division of Bosquet was

already on the march at six in the morning. At seven, when the French centre also began to move, Marshal St. Arnaud having been informed that the English army was not yet ready, suspended the march of Bosquet's division for a time, and the serious French attack consequently was not commenced till half-past eleven. Bosquet reached the right bank of the river about half-past twelve.¹ At the same time the steamers increased their fire, and threw shells on the Russian left wing, which, distant as they were, suffered considerable loss. Supported by this fire, the brigade D'Autemarre advanced to the ford of Alma-Tamack, which was immediately crossed by the Zouaves, who headed the brigade, and, dispersing as skirmishers, began to scale the heights. The brigade followed, and, with a battery of Bosquet's brigade, formed on the plateau across the road leading from Alma-Tamack to Hadjiboulet. About the same time, the brigade Bouet and the Turks were crossing the ford at the mouth of the river.

The battalion which first opened fire on the Russian side was the second battalion of the infantry regiment of Minsk, which, from its position near the village of Aklese, did not become aware of the movement of the brigade D'Autemarre, till the head of the French column emerged from the ravine and took up a position on the crest of the heights. The Zouaves had hardly succeeded in clearing the heights of the left bank of the Alma, than already this (the Minsk) battalion found itself very critically placed. Decimated by a front and flank fire, and fearing to be harassed in its retreat, this battalion, after having exchanged fire with the French skirmishers, and checked their attack as much as possible, commenced its retreat towards the village of Orta-Kissek. General Kiriakow also, who commanded at the extreme left, to avoid the fire of the ships, was withdrawing in the direction of the telegraph, when a battery of light artillery and the regiment of Moskow came up, and the retreat was temporarily suspended. But these reinforcements did not arrive till the French had crossed the river in force, and had extricated Bosquet from the risk to which he had been exposed of being outnumbered and cut off. Canrobert and Prince Napoleon with their divisions advanced to the right bank of the Alma at one o'clock. Their skirmishers engaged the Russian skirmishers in the gardens, whilst five of their batteries opened fire against the Russian centre. One battery was sent to rejoin Bosquet, and two other brigades with a battery were

¹ A glance at a map will show that crossing the river opposite the French position was a very different operation from that which fell to the share of the English; who had to climb a rugged bank and face a hot fire of grape and musketry at once.

ordered up by St. Arnaud to support the French attack; so that on this part of the field, 6000 Russians had to make head against 7000 French, whose flank was covered by 7000 Turks. Despite their numerical inferiority, the Russians, on the arrival of the regiment of Minsk, made an effort to drive the French from the heights with the bayonet, but were met with such a sustained fire of grape and musketry, that they fell back and resumed the defensive. They had also the worst of it in the artillery combat that ensued, their gunners being rapidly picked off by the French rifles. Despite of what is described as a desperate resistance, Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon, won their way forwards; although it was not until the regiments of Minsk and Moscow had lost 1500 men, and the majority of their officers, including their colonels, were killed or wounded, that they began to retreat towards the telegraph, stopping at intervals and opening a brisk fire. Two batteries of light artillery did the same. "At length,"—here we translate literally,—"the left wing, stopping at the telegraph, opposed a last resistance to the French; and it was not till after a furious conflict, that it was obliged to yield definitively to the enormous superiority of the enemy. The hill of the telegraph, the culminating point of the centre of our position, was occupied by the French, who planted their flag upon it."

The whole French army was now advancing, and "thus it came to pass that whilst the right wing of our army was still engaged in a furious conflict, in which the efforts of the English were broken against the firmness and courage of our troops, the combat on the left wing was already terminated. The English have been described as reaching the right bank of the river at half-past one, and without attempting to cross, opening a warm fire of artillery and small arms, from which the Russians, particularly the artillery, suffered much. Here they remained till the whole of Prince Napoleon's division had crossed the river, on hearing which, about two o'clock, Lord Raglan ordered the advance." The order in which the English advance was made is correctly stated in the main, and its steadiness is acknowledged. We learn, also, that our artillery played with effect on the Russian skirmishers. But when the English had reached the bridge, two batteries occupying the heights of the two sides of the main road, received them with a violent fire of grape, and the riflemen of two regiments concentrated their fire on them. Codrington's brigade, assailed by cannon and musketry *on its advance to the bridge*, suffered considerable losses, its ranks were thrown into confusion, and it retired in great disorder behind Bourliouch.¹

¹ The Light Division, including Codrington's brigade, crossed the river higher up than the bridge, and sustained no check till they reached the
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But the English skirmishers opened their fire behind the enclosures, and began to penetrate into the vineyards of the left bank. The accuracy of their aim caused terrible losses, and especially contributed to check the fire of two light batteries on the left of the road. The situation of these two batteries became still more critical when, after a certain time, two English guns succeeded in crossing the Alma at a ford lower down than Bourliouch, and after having cleared a rise in the hill, got into position and enfiladed them. Whilst this was going on, one of the Russian batteries continued its crushing fire on the retreating troops of Codrington.

The troops of General Kiriakow, after their encounter with the French near the telegraph, did not stop again in their retreating movement till they reached the Katcha, and they were followed by the regiment of Borodino. The light battery, No. 2, was the last to quit the position. It was with great difficulty that it cleared the height in consequence of its loss in horses.

At this point the English are again brought upon the stage; and it is both curious and instructive to compare this description of their manœuvres with those hitherto received in England as best authenticated.

At length, it is stated, the divisions of the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans, having reached the river, began to cross; whilst Brown's division reached the left bank despite of the fire of the regiment of the Grand Duke Michel, and that of twelve guns placed behind a low earthwork¹ on the right of the main road. Seeing this, Prince Gortschakow ordered two batteries of the same regiment, who had suffered less than the other, to charge with the bayonet; whereupon the English, drawing back towards the river and letting them approach to within a short distance, opened a deadly fire on them. After losing their colonel and several other officers, they retired towards the earthwork in such a manner as to prevent the batteries from covering their retreat. Close upon their heels followed an English regiment, the 23d, on whose approach the gunners in the earthwork limbered up and hurried off, leaving two guns which they were unable to move; the one from want of horses, and the other from its disabled state. In another moment the English flag was seen floating from the earthwork. But the first and second battalions of the Wladimir regiment are at hand to retrieve the disaster. Reckless of the terrible fire of the English, they execute an impetuous bayonet-charge in a

earthwork popularly called the Great Redoubt, which they carried by a rush.

¹ *Epaulement*—the Great Redoubt.

compact mass; the English are driven out of the breastwork, having hardly time to fire a few shots; and it is occupied anew by the Russians, who, sheltered behind the parapet, open a very animated fire against the English, compelled to retire precipitately towards the river. "Whilst this was passing, the French had occupied the telegraph height, and their reserves were already massed on the left bank, whilst the troops of General Kiriakow were in full retreat towards the Katcha."

The cartridges of the Grand Duke's regiment being just now exhausted, the English, after getting beyond the reach of the smooth-bore muskets, had only to sustain the fire of a handful of Wladimir riflemen; so they halted at some paces from the river, and there having begun to re-form, they re-opened their fire. Lord Raglan ordered up the divisions of the Duke of Cambridge and Lacy-Evans, who by this time had managed to cross the river, to support the shattered troops of Brown. They advanced again towards the earthwork, and the situation of the Russians became critical; the more especially because they had no longer any artillery at hand to disturb the English in their formation or advance, and the terrible riflemen had picked off a startling proportion of their officers. Nevertheless Prince Gortschakow and General Kvizinsky did not shrink from a fresh sacrifice to keep the position; they both commanded a bayonet charge, and led on in person the remains of the Wladimirs, who, excited by the example of their leaders, rushed forward with hurrahs, some over the breastwork, some from its sides, and flung themselves on the foe. "At the sight of the decisive onslaught of this regiment, the first line of the English battalions became confused, broke, and began retiring towards the bridge. But in this supreme moment our (the Russian) troops were all of a sudden taken in flank by French artillery, and this unforeseen attack determined the success of the action in favour of the English."¹

It is then explained that St. Arnaud, learning the obstinate resistance encountered by the English, had suspended for some instants the advance of his troops, and after occupying the telegraph hill, had directed against the Russian right flank three French batteries and half an English battery. This artillery, comprising 23 guns, opened a deadly fire, and at the same moment the French troops resumed their onward march. Thus taken at disadvantage, the Wladimir regiment first halted, then made a fresh charge with the bayonet, then took

¹ This statement, that the guns fired into the flank of the Wladimirs, is evidently copied from the Russian account, quoted and accounted for by Kinglake, vol. ii. p. 462, note (Fourth Edition). The guns in question were either Turner's battery on the knoll, or the guns of Evans' Division.

refuge behind the breastwork, and stood at bay. The brigade Colin Campbell threatened to turn it on its right flank; the division of Prince Napoleon, advancing more to the left, hastened to cut it off from the road to Sebastopol; the French battery thundered on its flank, whilst the divisions of Brown, Lacy-Evans, and the Duke of Cambridge, rained on it a shower of shells and musket bullets. But the regiment moved not; although it had lost its commander, three chiefs of battalion, 14 captains, 30 officers, and about 1300 soldiers, it stood firm.

At length, fearing that the retreat would be cut off, and seeing that all hope was over of restoring the battle in the centre and the left flank, Menschikow, about four in the afternoon, ordered Gortschakow to draw off the troops of the right flank on the chain of heights; and the retreat was effected in good order, with the loss of only two guns, those already mentioned as abandoned in the breastwork. Indeed, the Russian artillery, far from being disabled as we supposed, now figures as a decisive check on the pursuit. How this opportune efficiency is to be reconciled with the prior story of its loss in men and horses, and how a single company of the Wladimir regiment, surrounded and out-numbered as it was, ever escaped to tell the tale, we confess ourselves unable to unravel. There is also a good deal of minor inconsistency and tautology in the narrative, mostly suppressed in our abridgment; and the General, if he is to be held responsible for it, is at variance with Russian officers of rank present at the engagement, whose published statements we have read. None of these mention an infantry fight at the telegraph, although this is just the event which they would have commemorated for the honour of their countrymen. Kiriakow says expressly that the tide of conflict began to turn against the Russians in the centre and the right wing (where they were opposed to the British), when the first success of the French had been stopped on the left wing; and Anitschhoff, after describing the retreat of the Russian centre and right, speaks of their being "followed by the left wing, which had withstood and repelled the attack of the four French divisions till the moment of the general retreat."

Totleben attributes the loss of the battle mainly to the superior discipline and arms of the Allies. The smooth-bore musket, he says, was utterly unable to contend with the rifle, to which the close formation of the Russians gave marked advantages. He also thinks that the omission to fortify the heights was a blunder; and he censures the over-hasty retreat of Kiriakow from the telegraph heights.

Prince Menschikow having made good his retreat to Sebastopol, anxious consultations were held as to the best methods

of defence. Todleben himself was immediately set to work to strengthen the fortifications; and orders were given to Admiral Kornilow to block up the entry of the roadstead by sinking a certain number of ships, whose crews were to be added to the garrison. Before executing this order, the Admiral assembled a council of naval officers, and submitted to them that the enemy, after having occupied the north-west side of the roadstead, might force the Russian fleet to abandon its actual position, take possession of the north side, and burn, by the fire of their batteries, the ships moored in the great bay. Starting from these assumptions, the Admiral resolved to attempt a very hazardous enterprise; he proposed to sail out, and attack the Allied fleet at anchor off Cape Loukoul. He had calculated that, if his plan succeeded, the fleet of the Black Sea could disperse the invading armada of transports, and thus deprive the Allied army of reinforcements and means of subsistence. In case of the failure of the attack, Kornilow proposed to grapple with the enemy's vessels, and blow himself up along with them. This bold stroke, according to the brave Admiral, would inevitably have so weakened the Allied squadrons that so much of them as escaped destruction would not have ventured to attack the powerful batteries of the port; and the Allied army, unaided by the fleet, would not have been in a condition to render itself master of the town. On the arrival of the Russian reinforcements, the Allies, so at least thought Admiral Kornilow, could not have failed of being definitively crushed by superior forces.

This project was rejected as too hazardous, first by the Council, and secondly by Prince Menschikow; and no alternative was left but to sink the ships, seven in number, with a portion of their armament, which there was not time to disembark. The ceremony is described as solemn and melancholy in the extreme. "The sailors, their hearts swelling with anguish, looked on in silence whilst the waves engulfed these noble vessels, to which, for the fleet of the Black Sea, were attached so many glorious recollections. But the emotion was at its height when the steamer 'Gromonossitz' was ordered to fire into the 'Tri-Sviatitelia,' to hasten its submersion. Tears restrained till then rolled down the cheeks of our brave sailors."

In the meantime, the Allied armies had arrived (Sept. 24) near Belbeck; their bivouacs could be discerned from the North Fort. The insufficient garrison of this fort expected thenceforth from hour to hour to see its feeble entrenchments attacked by a powerful adversary; and its position seemed the more critical, inasmuch as Prince Menschikow had quitted Sebastopol in the night to proceed with his army to Bakhtchisarai by the Macken-

zie heights. After his departure, there remained in Sebastopol 16,569 fighting men, including several battalions of sailors. On the 13th, the North Fort had twelve guns in position on the land side; and these were so placed as to be unable to concentrate their fire; whilst ships brought close to the shore could batter it with impunity. Works constructed under the direction of Todleben had materially strengthened it by the 25th, but it still offered a front of a verst and a half (about a mile), armed only with twenty-nine guns, and he gives it as his opinion, "that the insufficient garrison which was to defend the northern side of the roadway would hardly have been able, despite of its bravery and its spirit, to oppose a slightly-prolonged resistance to a numerous enemy." The state of the North Fort on the 25th September is thus described:—

"In the North Fort, there was scarcely time to elevate its low parapet, of little thickness, and half crumbled away, to give it the elevation of a field-work, so as to form a protection against the fire of the enemy. To adapt the parapet to musketry, a *banquette* was added, and the crest of the parapet was supplied with battlements formed of earth-bags. The old walls of the scarp gave way to the pressure of the earth freshly brought to augment the elevation of the parapet. They crumbled down, and filled up the narrow ditch with their ruins. Thus it fell out that in the western bastion a practicable breach, quite fit for use, was formed before ever the enemy had approached the work. And all this happened at the very moment when the enemy's columns were already in view of the North Fort, on the space extending between the Katcha and the Belbeck."

Admiral Kornilow, however, resolved to hold the fort to the last extremity, and dispositions were made, at his desire, by Todleben for the reception of the expected assailants. These are minutely described, and their insufficiency against a resolute assault is demonstrated by an elaborate train of reasoning, in which the *pros* and *cons* are carefully weighed. It was consequently with a sensation of relief, mingled with astonishment, that, on the morning of the 26th September, the garrison, constantly on the alert, and in momentary expectation of an attack, learned that the Allied army was moving towards the east in the direction of the Mackenzie Farm. The fears felt for the north was now transferred to the south, which had been comparatively neglected, under an impression that it was not likely to be the first object of the besiegers. Its garrison consisted only of 5000 men, including sailors, and Admiral Nakhmikov, the local commander, despairing of an effectual resistance, made the necessary arrangements for sinking all the ships of his squadron, to prevent them from being captured, and (Sept. 26) issued the following order of the day:—

"The enemy is advancing towards the city, which has but a weak garrison for its defence. I find myself obliged to sink the vessels of the squadron intrusted to me, and to unite the crews, armed with their boarding-weapons, to the garrison. I am convinced that each of the commanders, officers, and sailors, will fight like a hero; we shall be about 3000; the rallying-place is the square of the Theatre. Let the squadron hold itself forewarned."

On the evening of the 26th, the news arrived in the town that the Allies had seized a part of the baggage-train of Menschikow's army, and cut off its communications with Sebastopol. With the exception of this intelligence, nothing was heard of or from the army; at this critical period, no one in Sebastopol knew what had become of it or where it was to be found.

"Thus the defenders of Sebastopol had no assistance to reckon upon; we have seen that it was impossible to repulse the enemy with the unaided forces of the garrison. There remained to them no other alternative than that of laying down their lives gloriously on the post confided to their bravery.

"On the morning of the 27th, the clergy made a procession, with the cross and the holy water, along the whole line of defence. Kornilow, riding round the entrenchments, harangued the troops, and sought to excite their courage.

"'My children,' he said, 'we must fight against the enemy to the last extremity; every man of us must die on the spot rather than give way. Kill the man who shall dare to talk of falling back. Kill me myself, should I give such an order.'"

Had the Admiral ever heard of Henri de la Rochejaquelin's address to his followers: *Si j'avance, suivez-moi. Si je tombe, vengez-moi. Si je recule, tuez-moi.* Kornilow's address to the regiment of Moscow was in the same exalted strain:—

"Soldiers of the regiment of Moscow, you find yourselves here on the extreme limits of Russia; you defend a corner dear to the Russian empire. The Tzar and all Russia have their eyes fixed on you. If you do not faithfully discharge your duty, Moscow, at your return, will not receive you as sons worthy of the name you bear."

However, adds Todleben, neither the exaltation of the troops, nor their resolution to fight to the last, would have been able to save Sebastopol, if the enemy had attacked immediately after his passage of the Tschernaia.

The strategic reasons which at first induced Prince Menschikow to leave the garrison to their fate are examined in detail; the principal being the supposed impossibility of making head behind incomplete fortifications against an enemy flushed with recent victory, and the fear of losing his whole army with the town. His plan, it seems, was to hang upon the rear of the Allies, harass their communications, and save at least

the rest of the peninsula. Why he abandoned this plan is not explained ; all we are permitted to know of the change of intention is the fact, that, on the 30th September, about midday, to the great joy of the whole garrison, his troops appeared on the heights of Belbeck, and at two in the afternoon the Prince arrived in person at the North Fort.

As soon as the Allied armies appeared on the south, all the workmen that could be got together were employed to strengthen the defences on that side, and a good deal was done within four days in the execution of new batteries connected by earthworks ; but it is stated over and over again, with wearisome iteration, that all must have proved unavailing against a combined and resolute assault. The only hope of the besieged lay in the (to them) unaccountably cautious and dilatory proceedings of the besiegers, who were all along acting on an impression that the place was too strong to be attacked before the fire of its artillery had been at least partially subdued. They therefore resolved to construct siege batteries, and on the night of the 27th the first trench was opened by the French.

"This," says Totleben, "was done without our suspecting it, favoured as it was by a strong wind which blew off the town during the whole night in the direction of the enemy's works, so that we only became aware of it at dawn. Those who know anything of siege warfare may imagine what a joyful impression we must have felt at the sight. It became then evident for us that the allies had not decided on an immediate assault, and that they intended first to establish batteries in the hope of disabling our artillery ; so that we might yet gain time, at least during some days. Everybody in Sebastopol was gladdened by this happy event : they addressed mutual congratulations to each other ; for all saw in it a guarantee of success, and the hope that the town would be saved."

Dating from this period, the contest was turned into one of engineering skill, in which the Allies were certainly worsted ; for the strength of the defences increased faster than the means of destroying or overcoming them. This reflects the more honour on Totleben and his branch of the service, because not only (as already mentioned) was there an extraordinary scarcity of tools, but the rocky nature of the ground, almost entirely denuded of turf, caused great difficulty in getting proper materials for the earthworks, which, being more than half composed of stones and gravel, were liable to sink or crumble under fire. The first decisive trial began at half-past six on the morning of the 17th October, when all the besieging batteries simultaneously opened fire. In full expectation that an assault would ensue, the Russian troops were drawn up behind their entrenchments and suffered greatly. The works, also, were damaged in parts, and

some guns were dismounted. But the garrison replied with such effect, that in rather more than four hours the French batteries were completely silenced.

"The cannonade had lasted more than three hours with equal vivacity on all points, when, all of a sudden, about half-past nine, one of our shells blew up a powder-magazine in one of the French batteries on the Rodolph hill. This explosion was hailed on our side by a loud and triumphant hurrah. The French battery was completely overthrown, which permitted us to concentrate all our energies on the other French batteries on the hill. Half an hour after the first explosion there was a second. These two explosions were not without results, for the fire of the French artillery began gradually to slacken, and was soon entirely extinguished. Towards half-past ten its fire ceased definitively along the whole line. . . .

"Such was not the result of our contest with the English batteries, which were not long in manifesting a great relative superiority over our artillery, arising principally from the difference of calibre. The Third Bastion suffered especially from the English batteries, exposed as it was to the concentrated fire of the Montagne Vert and the Mont Woronzow."

At this point the account of the land attack is interrupted to describe the simultaneous attack of the Allied fleets on the sea-defences; and the narratives are intermingled in a manner which makes it no easy task to connect or follow the threads. We shall endeavour to extract the most important statement regarding the English cannonade, and then return to the fleets. Speaking of the effects of the English fire on the third bastion (the Great Redan), the General adds:—

"The loss in men had been so considerable that the gunners of several pieces had been already replaced twice. Despite of the evident superiority of the English, the artillerymen, exalted by the example of their valorous chiefs, would not yield to the enemy, and thus persevered in their energetic defence. The necessary measures were taken on this bastion for continuing the fire, notwithstanding all the damage that had been done. The embrasures which gave way were instantly cleared off; the officers, setting the example, mounted the parapet and took part in the work. The sailors emulated the zeal of the sappers. But all efforts were powerless to prevent the English artillery from completely overcoming ours. To complete the critical position of the third bastion, about half-past three a shell blew up the powder-magazine placed in its *saillant*. When the smoke dispersed, the survivors had before their eyes the horrible picture of the effects of the explosion. All that part of the front of the bastion had been thrown into the ditch; the guns and their platforms were upset; on the sides lay half-burnt and disfigured bodies; and across the rolling and infernal crash of the artillery were heard from far the shouts of the exulting foe. The explosion caused the deaths of more than a hundred

men, and amongst them was one of whom no trace could ever be recovered, Captain-Lieutenant Leslie. From that moment all possibility of replying to the English artillery was at an end. The defence on this point was completely paralysed, and the expectation at the Karabelnaia was to see the enemy take advantage of the result, and advance immediately to the assault."

Of the twenty-two guns with which the bastion was armed, twenty were disabled; and in all the bastion there remained but five gunners who, keeping firm to the two remaining guns, fired the last shots. Ten guns of other batteries were also disabled by the English fire. But although the Allied armies had been from early dawn on foot and ready for the assault, the heavy check sustained by the French batteries acted so powerfully on them, that they did not profit by the opportunity, and busied themselves in repairing the damage caused to their batteries, to commence soon afterwards a regular siege.

Kornilow was amongst the Russians killed. Todleben had carried him a report of the fulfilment of his orders, but he insisted on going himself to the third bastion, despite of the remonstrances and assurances addressed to him. "I am perfectly convinced," was his reply, "that every one of you will do his duty as honour and circumstances may demand, but on this solemn day to see our heroes on the theatre of their exploits is an imperative want of my soul." And in spite of the prayers of those who surrounded him, he went on horseback to the Malakhow, where he was wounded mortally by a bullet which shattered his right leg. "Well, gentlemen, I depend on you to defend Sebastopol! do not surrender it!" exclaimed Kornilow with emphasis, addressing himself to the officers who pressed about him; and he almost immediately lost consciousness. "Tell all," he exclaimed just before he died, "that it is sweet to die when the conscience is pure. May God bless Russia and the Emperor! Save Sebastopol and the fleet!" These were his last words.

In the general summary of the results of this day's artillery contest by land, it is stated that the Allies attacked with 120 guns, including eighteen mortars of large calibre, and that the Russians replied with 118 guns, including five mortars. The advantage of weight of metal and elevation of ground was with the Allies. They threw altogether 9000 projectiles, the besieged 20,000. The Russians lost in killed and wounded 1112; the French 204; and the English 144.

The attack by sea confessedly failed, although the superiority of weight of metal and number of guns was on the side of the combined fleets. The summary stands thus:—"All the squadrons united engaged our five batteries with a broadside of 1244

guns, to which we could only oppose 152, that is to say, an eighth of the number." It is further stated that the fleets had the advantage of distance, some of the Russian batteries being so placed that their guns could not be brought to bear on vessels at short range. But, on the other hand, their elevation was in their favour, and the plunging shot of the Star Fort caused material damage to the ships. The Constantine battery suffered most :—

"Placed on a jutting promontory, this battery was of the horse-shoe shape, one-half facing the open sea,—the other half the roadstead. The higher platform of this battery was without shelter against a fire from the side or rear; and even on the north-west of this work, a part of the ground remained almost undefended, being only commanded by two guns. We have seen that the English took advantage of these imperfections of our armament, by posting their ships in front of the undefended space, and sweeping at close range the open battery by a fire in flank and rear, so that of twenty-seven guns on the platform twenty-two were soon silenced, and the gunners, overwhelmed with projectiles and fragments of stone, were compelled to take refuge in the casemates. The front wall of the Constantine battery, however, although riddled with balls, which damaged the sides of ten embrasures, was not traversed by any of the enemy's projectiles. The guns in the casemates remained intact; but of six furnaces for heating red-hot balls, only one escaped destruction. The explosions of three munition-chests placed in the east of the battery contributed in part to the disarrangement of the platform. Fifty-five men were put *hors de combat* at the Constantine battery: five killed and fifty wounded."

The Russian coast batteries fired 16,000 shots on this day.

Reinforcements had kept pouring in on both sides; on the day when the batteries opened, it is computed that the Allied army exceeded 85,000, whilst 31,000 had been added to the Russian. Eager to profit by this augmentation of force and lay the foundation for the offensive operations which he meditated on a great scale, Menschikow determined to attack the besiegers on their rear on the side of the Tchorgoune, in the direction of Balaclava. What Todleben calls the unskilful dispositions of the English commander-in-chief, were an encouragement to such an enterprise; Lord Raglan having in effect established a vast entrenched camp, out of all proportion to the number of his troops, destined at the same time to carry on the siege of Sebastopol, to cover the chain of heights between Inkermann and Balaclava, and lastly, to defend Balaclava itself. The first objects of attack were the redoubts defended by the Turks, who gave way after an obstinate resistance; and the advance of the Russians to carry off the guns captured in them, led to the famous light cavalry charge under Lord Cardigan, as well as to the affair with the heavy horse under Scarlett, and the

repulse of the Russian cavalry by the "thin red line," which has become historical. It is not the only matter of popular belief that has become historical without being founded on fact; and it is no more than justice to Lord Clyde to add, that he himself never suppressed the circumstance that when, instead of forming square, he drew up the 93d Highlanders to receive cavalry, he was well aware that they had a rough kind of fortification in their front.¹ The affair is thus described by Totleben :—

"Six squadrons of the Grand Duke of Weimar's hussars, and three Fyotricas of the Cossacks of the Don, made a charge against the 93d Highlanders, whilst eight squadrons of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's hussars and the Cossacks of the Oural advanced on the right against Scarlett's brigade. The Highlanders having allowed our hussars to approach within musket shot, received their attack by a discharge of grape and several volleys of musketry; our hussars penetrated nevertheless as far as the enemy's park, placed in the middle of the camp, and entrenched by ditches (*fosses*). In face of this unexpected obstacle, and already sensibly shaken by the cross-fire of the enemy, our hussars, as well as the Cossacks, were obliged to retire. At the same moment the hussars of the Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Cossacks of the Oural, encountered by the charge of the English dragoons and the grape of a battery of horse-artillery under Scarlett, were also obliged to fall back. But when Scarlett endeavoured to follow up his advantage, he fell under a cross-fire, and was obliged to fall back in his turn."

When Lord Cardigan was leading his devoted band to what seemed to lookers-on an assured disaster, a French general exclaimed : *C'est beau, c'est superbe ; mais ce n'est pas la guerre*.

¹ "The Russians on their left drew back for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel* (the italics are the author's). The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards and run. As the Russians came within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rattling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they came within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifles, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep.' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to receive these Muscovite cavaliers."—*The War, etc.*, by W. H. Russell, p. 289.

Totleben, who adopts the Staff-Officer's version of the attendant and preliminary circumstances of the order, confirms the view taken by the Frenchman :—

“Hardly had our cavalry succeeded in forming, when the English cavalry came out from behind the height that had hitherto prevented us from seeing it. Immediately, and without allowing itself to be checked by the well-directed fire of eight guns of the light battery No. 7, and General Jabokitsky's artillery, by that of the riflemen of the chasseurs of Odessa, and a company of the fourth battalion of light infantry, Cardigan dashed upon the battery of the Cossacks of the Don, who had taken up an advanced position, sabred the gunners, then charged our cavalry, overthrew it, and went further still beyond the line of redoubts in pursuit of our cavalry, which retired towards Tchorgoune.

“But this brilliant charge brings no decisive advantage to the issue of the combat, and cost the English dear. Whilst their cavalry rushed against the battery, the Cossacks assailed their rear, and were nevertheless overthrown by a squadron of the 8th Hussars (English), which had been left in reserve. But at the same time three squadrons of the combined regiment of lancers were posted up in such a manner as to take the enemy in flank.

“However, the English cavalry, carried away by the elation of its first success, was hotly pursuing our cavalry, but at the moment when it least expected to be attacked, the three squadrons of lancers threw themselves on its left flank. This manœuvre had a decisive success. The English cavalry, stopped in its pursuit, was crushed. Unexpectedly attacked in flank, and finding itself at the same time under the cross-fire of artillery and musketry, it broke its ranks, turned bridle, and, pursued by our lancers and the fire of our artillery, was thrown into a complete rout. The field of battle was encumbered with the bodies of men and horses. The defeat of the Cardigan brigade made such an impression on the enemy, that the brigade of Scarlett, which had advanced in support, suddenly suspended its movement and turned back.”

“If on that day,” adds Totleben, “the corps of General Liprandi had been reinforced, Balaclava might have fallen into our hands.” As it was, the capture of the redoubts, and the destruction of a large part of the English cavalry, produced the most favourable impression on the tired, harassed, and decimated garrison of Sebastopol. The catastrophe of the Alma was forgotten; an unlimited confidence in the superiority of the Russian troops grew up anew, and their *morale* rose to the highest degree of energy. This newly-awakened spirit was directed to maintain a superiority of fire in the artillery contest which was continued without cessation on either side, and a dashing sally was hazarded. But still the Allies gained ground. The state of things on the 4th November, the eve of Inkermann, is thus described :—

"We have related, with the greatest exactness, the operations of the defence, such as they occurred to this day; and it has been seen from the details into which we have entered, that it was impossible for the Russians to expect a fortunate result, if the enemy attempted to carry the town by assault, despite of the heroic efforts of its defenders. By dint of the works which the Allies had pushed with so much energy against the Bastion No. 4,¹ their trenches had been advanced to within sixty-five sajenes (about 150 yards) of the *saillant* of this bastion, which underwent daily terrible damage from the concentrated fire of the siege batteries; and although the damage was immediately repaired under the enemy's fire, and the disabled guns were replaced on the instant,—although the gaps made by wounds or death in the ranks of the garrison were speedily filled up by new combatants, it must be acknowledged that the forces of the defence in the Bastion No. 4 were approaching their last agony.

"Remark also that, at this very time, France, England, and Turkey were assembling new troops to be transported to the theatre of war. These, through the instrumentality of the powerful steam-fleet at the disposition of the Allies, could be conveyed to the Crimea before the Russian reinforcements, which, at the advanced season, would have to arrive by almost impassable roads. Such a state of things necessarily provoked the Russian army to attempt some decisive action, and the moment seemed by so much the better chosen for an enterprise of this kind, that in the second half of the month of October the effective of our troops in the Crimea had been considerably augmented by the recent arrival of the 4th corps of infantry."

After the arrival of these troops, the effective army under the orders of Menschikow at Sebastopol, and in the immediate neighbourhood, is computed at 100,000, exclusive of the crews of the fleet; the effective force of the Allied armies—French, English, and Turk—at rather less than 80,000. Although the English position on the heights was naturally strong, the number of troops occupying it was relatively small, and this consequently was fixed upon as the most vulnerable point. General Soimonow, with 18,929 men and thirty-eight guns, was to start at six in the morning for the ravine of Carenage, and to be joined by General Pavlow, with 15,806 men and ninety-six guns, passing over the bridge of Inkermann. On their junction they were to be under the command of General de Dannenberg. Prince Gortschakow, with 22,444 men and eighty-eight guns, was to support the attack, and endeavour to effect a diversion. The garrison was to be on the alert and ready to act according to circumstances. The declared object of the enterprise was to drive back the right wing of the besiegers, and take firm possession of the ground occupied by them between the town and the shore.

¹ The Flagstaff Battery, or *Bastion du Mât*.

Before the troops started, Dannenberg took upon himself to give fresh orders, varying those of Menschikow ; and Soimonow, after vainly endeavouring to reconcile them, proceeded on a plan of his own ; which carried him to a different side of the ravine from that originally intended, and prevented the meditated junction with Pavlow. Partly for this reason, and partly from the confined nature of the ground, the Russians never succeeded in concentrating an overpowering force at any point. Nor was the surprise so complete as might have been anticipated, for by the time they had emerged from the ravine in force, the English were on the alert and ready for them. The broad impression left by this history is, that all the troops fought with the most desperate gallantry, but that they were hurried into action as they came up, and that there was small display of generalship on either side. Evans' division, under Pennefather,¹ was the first which encountered Soimonow :—

“ The troops of the right column under General Soimonow, supported by their batteries, briskly attacked Evans' division, and drove in the English skirmishers. This attack had to surmount the greatest difficulties, as much from the nature of the ground, as on account of the losses which the excellent arms of the English inflicted on our troops. But neither the difficulties of the ground nor the fire of the enemy could arrest the 10th division. The battalions of the Tomsk and Kolivansk regiments, supported by the 2d and 4th battalions of the regiment of Ekaterinebourg, having reached the English position, attacked Pennefather's brigade. Two battalions of the regiment of Tomsk, and two of the regiment of Kolivansk, overthrew the English, got possession of the small entrenchment No. 2, before the camp of the 2d Division, spiked two guns in it, and broke the carriages. At the same time the regiments of Taroutino and Borodino, which formed part of General Pavlow's left column, also exchanged fire with the enemy.

“ The two other battalions of the regiment of Taroutino were received by a sustained and well-aimed fire from Adams' skirmishers. Regardless of this fire and of the stiffness of the ascent, these battalions, clinging to the rocks and bushes, scaled in a quarter of an hour the right cliff of the ravine of Carrieres, although it was very slippery and broken by the rain. Arrived at the top of the plateau, these battalions formed in columns of companies, and, supported by the fire of the artillery of Soimonow's column, attacked the right wing of Adams' brigade, while the two other battalions of the same regiment, and the regiment of Borodino, hastened to come and rejoin the two first battalions of Taroutino. The violent shock given to Adams' brigade by the chasseurs of the 17th division made this brigade give ground. Immediately afterwards the two battalions of Taroutino attacked the Battery No. 1. The English allowed our chasseurs to approach within

¹ Sir de Lacy-Evans was absent from illness at the commencement of the action, but immediately hurried to the field.

a short distance, and received them by a salvo of artillery. But the terrible losses inflicted on our chasseurs by this deadly fire did not succeed in driving them back. Closing their ranks, they rushed on this battery and got possession of it; but Adams immediately advanced and drove back our chasseurs. It was then that the regiments of Borodino and Taroutino, having a little re-formed their ranks, threw themselves again on the remains of Adams' brigade, already weakened by the combat, and drove it back, principally on its right wing, which was concentrated near the battery. Our battalions were already prepared to continue the attack, but they were suddenly arrested by the fresh troops of Bentinck's brigade, which managed to arrive upon the field of battle with six guns. Whilst this was doing, the destiny of battles had also decided the fate of the battalions of the 10th division, which gave the brigades of Butler and Pennefather the possibility of uniting with the brigade of Adams, to crush the regiment of Borodino."

By eight o'clock the Russian advance had been checked; a part of the attacking force had been compelled to retire into the valley of Inkermann, and the hand-to-hand infantry conflict had given place to a sharp cannonade; thirty-eight Russian guns replying to thirty English. The English artillery plied the Russians with Shrapnell shells; but the greatest loss sustained by them was from the rifle balls. "Many foreign works," says Todleben, "attribute to us a great numerical superiority; but this was far from being what it was supposed." The English engaged in what he calls the first phase of the battle are computed by him at 11,585; the Russians at 15,141; a superiority which he conceives to have been more than compensated by the naturally strong position, the fieldworks, and the rifles of the English.

The second phase began soon after eight by the advance of Pavlow's column, headed by the regiment D'Okhotsk, which, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in capturing a half-finished redoubt defended by the Coldstream. "Nine guns were the prize of this brilliant exploit; three were immediately conveyed into the ravine, and the others spiked. Of the 600 Coldstream Guards who defended the battery, 200 had been put *hors de combat*." Reinforced by the rest of the Guards, the Coldstream advanced to retake the redoubt:

"Their attack was so impetuous that the soldiers of Okhotsk, who occupied the battery, could not maintain themselves in it. But at the same moment our reinforcements also took part in the struggle. General Dannenberg moved up the regiment of Jakoutsk and Selenghinsk. The first of these supported the soldiers of Okhotsk, who had been obliged to retire, and rushed resolutely on the enemy. A part of these troops entered the battery, and definitively drove the English

Guards, already disorganized, out of it; the other part of the same regiment, encountering the brigade of Goldie, overthrew it by a bayonet charge. It is thus that the regiment of Jakoutsck, after having pursued and consolidated the success of the attack of the regiment of Okhotsk, was able to take firm ground also on the right flank of the English position, having in front the brigade of Buller and that of Goldie, of which it had given a good account in a single charge."

The brigade of Torrens, led by Cathcart, was placed in a very critical situation, from which it extricated itself by a desperate charge; and although two siege guns, 18-pounders, opportunely ordered up by Lord Raglan, played with marked effect, the English, who had no more reserves to bring up, must have given way from sheer exhaustion, if their commander had not consented to accept the proffered assistance of the French—the *Deus ex machina* who (according to this history) is invariably at hand at the turning-point. The first reinforcements sent by them were received by so violent a fire that they broke and fell back precipitately. They were rallied, and returned to the charge. But the ardour of the Russians was now at its height. They were carrying all before them. A few efforts more, and the victory was theirs. But their fatigue as well as their ardour was at its acme—

"It was a decisive moment for both armies. After having surmounted enormous difficulties, and triumphed over the tenacity of the enemy, the Russians, receiving no reinforcements, exhausted their energy in a last effort; and the English extenuated with fatigue, deprived of the greater part of their generals and officers, felt that it was impossible for them to hold out any longer. The French themselves, arrived the latest on the field, anxiously expected the reinforcements which had been announced to them, and without which they could not continue to hold their ground. A little after ten these reinforcements, so impatiently expected by the French, joined them. On the steps of General Bosquet followed the Zouaves, the Algerian riflemen, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique. These regiments were followed at a short distance by three battalions and a field-battery commanded by General D'Autemarre. These troops were to decide the issue of the fight."

The retreat of the Russians, however, was far from degenerating into a rout. Indeed it would seem that the French were temporarily repulsed, for in the next page we find:—

"In proportion as the French advanced successfully, the English, a little rested, and supplied with ammunition, hastened to join their allies. Whilst this was going on, about twelve o'clock, the troops of D'Autemarre, who had taken up a position on a hill, as well as those of General Monet, also engaged in the battle."

The retreat, covered by the fire of the ships in the harbour, and by some skirmishers opportunely brought up and posted by Todleben, was deliberately and safely effected; but out of the 34,835 Russians who had taken part in the battle on the plateau, 6 generals, 256 officers, and 10,467 rank and file were put *hors de combat*,—more than double the loss of the Allies.

The loss of the battle is attributed by Todleben to the want of simultaneity in the advance of the Russians, the superiority of the French and English small-arms, and the omission of the Russian artillery to follow and support their infantry,—a service, he says, which was excellently executed by the corresponding arm in the English army. He thinks that, although the Russians were repulsed, the Battle of Inkermann was favourable to them in its results. "It produced a deep impression on the Allies. In the first moment they had even the idea of raising the siege. But although this idea was abandoned by them, this important result followed, that the assault meditated against the Bastion No. 4, which for many reasons seemed about to be crowned with success, was adjourned, and that henceforth the operations of the Allies assumed gradually a defensive character."

The besieged were constantly adding to the strength of their works and their batteries, as well as to the numbers of their army. On the 17th October, when the bombardment began, they had only 118 guns in position to oppose to the fire of the Allies; on the 14th November they had 240, although during the same interval of time 80 of their guns were dismounted and 150 gun-carriages destroyed. The most important works for strengthening the defences, especially those round the Malakhov tower, were not commenced until the middle of November, when the Allies had been seven weeks before the place. They consisted principally of works closed at the mouth or entrance (*fermés à la gorge*), on each of the elevated points of the *enceinte* commanding the place; so that, if the enemy broke through a weak place in the connecting portion of the line, they would be prevented from entering either of these insulated strongholds or fortresses from the rear:—

"The closing of the Bastion No. 2 was begun on the 15th November,¹ and on the 19th of the same month we set to work to transform the fortifications of the Malakhov mound into a great closed polygon, which, by its vast dimensions, as well as by its commanding situation, should serve as a point of support to all the Karabelnaia. Its plan

¹ Bastion No. 2 is the Little Redan. It would seem that this work was not completed. After describing the manner in which the Russians, taken by surprise, were driven out of the Malakhov and the Little Redan, Bazancourt states that, rallying and supported by their reserves, they tried in vain to retake the Malakhov, but succeeded in retaking the Little Redan. "In

was defined in accordance with the existing works. The semicircular glacis before the tower, and two batteries at its extremities, formed the direct front; the two batteries (28 and 44) formed part of the right front, which had received a broken formation, having been made to conform in this respect to the configurations of the borders of the mound. The left front, disposed on the opposite slope, was augmented by two jutting posts, arranged as to enclose two large powder-magazines. A breastwork which had been raised behind on the borders of the mound, and which was intended to protect the reserves placed on the slope, or those posted between the houses of the Malakhov suburb, served as bases for the entrance or *gorge* front. In arranging the two lateral fronts, care had been taken to flank their ditches as much as possible.

"The execution of these immense works was accompanied by very great difficulty, by reason of the excessive hardness of the rocky soil, which reached almost to the very surface of the ground, especially on the side of the right front, where the work could only be done during the night, without being exposed to the fire of the English riflemen."

From Todleben's summary of the second period of the siege, including December 1854 and January 1855, we learn that although the Allies also had added to their batteries, their fire had slackened considerably, and that they had even suspended their approaches whilst they were employed in strengthening the positions on the side of the Tschernaia as well as on the side of Sebastopol. Their trenches had been advanced sufficiently close greatly to disquiet the besieged, who in most other respects had reason to entertain better hopes of the result than when the Allies first appeared before the place.

The second volume of the first part concludes with a chapter in which the respective conditions of the besiegers and besieged, as regards the supply of provisions, hospital accommodation, and the health of the troops, are stated and compared. We learn from it, that although the Russians were never actually in want of provisions, they were frequently straitened in their supplies, and that at one time, with 25,000 sick and wounded in the town, they were unable to find room, attendance, and medicines for more than half. Through the blunders of their commissariat, much of their winter clothing did not arrive till

vain the captain of engineers, Renoux, exerted himself with his sappers to close the opening of the Little Redan, in which he is already beginning to entrench himself. Unhappily the obstacle he has created is still insufficient, and cannot cover our troops, who, forced to abandon the ground which they had so vigorously seized, threw themselves into the ditches," etc. The closing of the Malakhov, therefore, was apparently the cause of an irreparable disaster to the besieged. General Niel states that the closing of the gorge was very useful to the French, in enabling them to withstand all the efforts of the Russians."—*Journal*, etc. p. 37, note.

it was no longer wanted ; but the wonder is how they managed, with only a single line of road open, to transport men, food, ammunition, clothes, and necessities sufficient to keep pace with the constantly increasing armies and resources of the Allies. The sacrifice of men and animals was doubtless enormous, but it was endured without a murmur ; and at the point of time where the history breaks off, towards the end of February 1855, the Czar had just decreed a new levy throughout the whole of his vast empire for the prosecution of the war.

It will be collected from our remarks and extracts, literal and abridged, that the work before us is of unequal merit and authority, and that we are seldom permitted to forget that it is edited, not written, by the distinguished and eminently scientific soldier whose name adorns the title-page. The plans of defence, the construction of the new works, and the siege operations, strictly so called, which were directed by him, or fell under his own personal observation, are always clearly described ; but the accounts of engagements and manœuvres beyond the walls are too frequently open to the same criticism as his narrative of the battle of the Alma : they want the unity, succinctness, and perspicuity which betoken the hand of a single well-informed and impartial historian. We refrain from further comment till the completion of the work ; and by that time most probably Mr. Kinglake's anxiously expected continuation will be before the world.

ART. III.—*Apologia pro Vita Sua*. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. London: Longman & Co., 1864.

BEFORE entering upon that which constitutes the permanent interest of this book, we must, however reluctantly, touch for a moment on the quarrel which led to its publication. There is little in it for either of the two combatants to be proud of. Each has said things which before long he will probably wish unsaid. If there must be such encounters, there is no reason why they should be carried on with such bitter personal rancour. In some of its features—we are far from saying in its issue—the contest calls to mind the well-known combat in *The Lady of the Lake*. There is the fiery Gael, dealing fierce sweeping blows with his heavy claymore, as eager and reckless as he is honest and brave; and confronting him there is a foe worthy of his steel, the accomplished swordsman, the perfect master of fence, whose “blade is sword and shield.” But we miss—we say it with regret—the courtesy of speech, the generous spirit which scorns to take advantage of an enemy, the disdain of petty manoeuvres, the chivalrous respect for each other's prowess. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that theological disputants should display the knightly qualities which sit naturally on a gay prince, and a rude Highland reiver. Putting aside, however, so far as we can, as unworthy both of the subject and of the men, the bitterness and wrath, and clamour and evil-speaking, let us try to estimate, calmly and impartially, the real merits of the controversy.

In the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Kingsley, in reviewing Froude's *History of the Reign of Elizabeth*, made use of the following words: “Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world, which marries and is given in marriage.” When called to account for these words, the writer, probably conscious that what he meant was fundamentally true, and yet that he had intended no personal offence to Dr. Newman, and not caring to enter into details, to analyse, and to discriminate, contented himself with returning such an answer as he thought would have the effect of getting rid of the matter without further discussion. We cannot disguise our opinion that in this Mr. Kingsley acted wrongly. He ought to have known that men are sensitive to any attack in which truth is concerned; that it was his duty so far at least to discriminate, as to show that he never meant to attribute anything inconsistent with Dr. New-

man's personal honour. We could not wonder that Dr. Newman was angry; but we did wonder that a man who could so well afford to scorn the accusation in its worst sense, and who must, we thought, have known that it could not have been meant in that sense, should condescend to vent his wrath in a pamphlet of such gall as this century has hardly produced, even in the arena of theology. It had great success. The reading world enjoyed the malicious pleasure of a good laugh at a popular author. But the ordinary public smiled to see a saintly man as bitter and spiteful as one of themselves; and those who had a high idea of Dr. Newman, felt that he had lowered himself.

Mr. Kingsley replied, and the tone of his reply was such as he will probably one day greatly regret. It is no doubt some excuse for fury when the red flag has been shaken full in one's face. But he ought not to have allowed himself to confuse two very different things. While maintaining and proving, as we think he does prove, what he had originally asserted, viz., the dangerous nature of Dr. Newman's teaching, as tending to sap and undermine a simple and manly love of truth for its own sake, he ought not to have insinuated against him personally the hateful charge of equivocation. Of course Dr. Newman rejoined; and his rejoinder betrayed the secret of his previous irritability and bitterness. It came out that for twenty years the feeling had been rankling within him that the great bulk of his countrymen, and even many of his own former friends, regarded him as a dishonest man; a man who had professed himself an Anglican for years after he had become a Romanist, and that with the deliberate purpose of seducing Anglicans to Romanism. Conscious to himself how incapable he was of such baseness, he caught at Mr. Kingsley's words as affording him an opportunity of rebutting the charge. In doing this, he was guilty of some unfairness. The kind of dishonesty of which he chooses to consider himself accused is nowhere even hinted at by Mr. Kingsley. He does, indeed, refuse to regard a sermon preached by Dr. Newman shortly before he resigned his living, as a "Protestant" sermon. And no one can doubt that he was justified in this refusal. If justification were needed, it is amply supplied by Dr. Newman's own account of himself. That at the time when the sermon was written the writer's mind was divided within itself, one part strongly urging him towards the Romish Church, the other feebly clinging to Anglicanism; and that the sermon was the expression of that set of feelings and opinions which ultimately gained the day, we should have thought Dr. Newman would at once admit. His not doing so we can only regard as a proof that he considered his position, at the bar of public opinion, as justifying him in using, for the time, the arts of a special pleader.

His torturing Mr. Kingsley's language into a charge of deliberate treachery, we can only regard as a proof of the desire which burned within him to dispel the cloud under which he conceived himself to lie.

But however mistaken or distorted may have been Dr. Newman's view on this point, we can hardly regret the mistake or distortion which led him to write the book which he has written. It is in every respect one of the most remarkable books of the day. Both in matter and in manner it recalls the Confessions of St. Augustine. In style it is a model of pure, racy, idiomatic English. The words have evidently flowed from his practised pen with an ease and rapidity only equalled by the grace of the forms into which they fall; and the composition, though bearing the marks of fiery haste, is a model of continuous and consecutive argument. The subject is one of the most interesting that can be conceived: the history of a singularly pure and noble and tender soul, struggling towards the light, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, through perplexity and darkness, through doubt and difficulty, through fightings without and fears within. At the same time it lays bare some of the secret springs of an important religious movement, which has given a colour to our times. To Oxford men it calls up once familiar images of faces and forms that peopled the scenes among which their youth was spent, now dimmed by the distance of more than twenty years. Most vividly of these rises the image of that slight spare form, so well known, though, at least in later days, so seldom seen; that countenance so severe, and yet so tender; the sound of that thin but sweet voice, that peculiar intonation, that simple but studied delivery, which seemed to carry the words of the preacher straight to the hearts of the eager listeners who thronged the benches of St. Mary's.

We proceed to give a brief summary of the contents of this remarkable work: observing only, by way of preface, that we accept it with perfect confidence as a truthful record. We shall have occasion to speak with reprobation of some parts of the teaching of that body to which its author has joined himself, especially on the subject of truth; but, nevertheless, we believe Dr. Newman himself to be simply incapable of wilfully mis-stating a single fact. Difficult as it must ever be for a man to trace honestly the history of his own mind, and, especially when writing in the heat of controversy, to avoid giving a certain colouring to facts and motives, we read his narrative with a conviction that his innate love of that virtue which in theory he seems sometimes to disparage, has triumphed even over this difficulty.

At a very early age he gave indications of a devout and pious

temperament, and at the same time of the tendency to superstition, the fanciful, almost morbid sensitiveness of imagination on spiritual matters, which have given their peculiar tone to all his views. When quite a child he used to cross himself in the dark. He drew crosses and beads in his lesson-books. He had a feeling that life was a dream, and he an angel, and all this world a deception; his fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from him, and deceiving him with the semblance of a material world. The first religious influences under which he came, as was the case with most persons whose boyhood fell in the earlier years of the present century, proceeded from the quarter commonly called evangelical. When he was fifteen, in the autumn of 1816, he was "converted;" a fact of which he could speak in after life as confidently as of his having hands and feet. The books which he himself names as the instruments of this change were a work of Romaine's, *Law's Serious Call*, and the writings of T. Scott of Aston Sandford, for whom he seems to have long retained a peculiar veneration. About the same time he read two books which planted in him the seeds, as he expresses it, of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled him for years: Milner's Church History, from which he learnt to love St. Augustine and the Early Fathers, and Newton on the Prophecies, who taught him that the Pope was Antichrist. In this same eventful fifteenth year was borne in upon his mind the conviction that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life, which no doubt strengthened, as he himself tells us, the feeling of "separation from the visible world," of which we have spoken.

From 1816 to 1822 there is a tantalizing gap in his autobiography; for those years during which the boy passes into the man are generally among the most important in determining the bent of the man's mind and character. All that he himself tells us is that he remained attached to evangelical views, but with a tendency towards liberalism. We know that about the middle of that time he went to reside at Oriel, a timid and awkward youth, according to his account, living much alone, often taking his daily walk by himself, seeing little of any one except one dear friend, a Mr. John Bowden.

But in 1822 he began to be drawn out of his solitary orbit, and came successively within the sphere of attraction of various powerful spirits. Whately was the first who took him by the hand. "He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason." Dr. Hawkins, then as now Provost of Oriel, most kind and most exact of men, taught him to weigh his words, and to be cautious in his statements. With Pusey he began to be intimate in 1823, but Pusey left Oxford about that time, and did not return to it for several years. But these and

other influences do not seem to have greatly disturbed the tenor of his own mind. He took from each what assimilated itself to his own thoughts, and rejected the rest of their teaching. Thus while learning from Whately to "think for himself," he derived from him also "those anti-erastian views of church policy which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement." And to Dr. Hawkins he owed the seeds of the doctrine of Tradition, which took such deep root, and bore such important fruit in the congenial soil of his own mind. It was the same with books. Archbishop Sumner's *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching* led him to give up his remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. From the reading of Butler's *Analogy* he derived two principles which he calls the underlying principles of a great portion of his teaching :

"First, the very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God, leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance, is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of this conclusion the theory, to which I was inclined as a boy, viz., the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution. . . . Secondly, Butler's doctrine that Probability is the guide of Life, led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the question of the logical cogency of faith, on which I have written so much."

The same two intellectual principles, but recast in the creative mind of a poet, he found again in Keble's *Christian Year*. The first is fundamentally the same as that which Jeffrey, in a remarkable passage in his article on Mrs. Hemans, speaks of as the essence of poetry : "The fine perception of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and moral world ; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions : or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature." It is characteristic of Dr. Newman's mind, highly poetical, penetrated with religious sentiment, and prone to rites and ceremonies, that this principle should have assumed to him the shape of a "sacramental system, a doctrine which embraces not only what Anglicans as well as Catholics believe about sacraments, properly so called, but also the article of the communion of saints in its fulness, and likewise the mysteries of the faith." The second principle is that which may be called the groundwork of all religious belief, that divine truths must be received not purely on their own merits, so to speak, according to the greater or less degree of probability which attaches to them, but as coming to us from a Divine Person, who is the object of our faith and love. Dr. Newman has enlarged on this theme in many of his works ; and whatever harm his writings may have done in other ways,

probably many persons have to thank him, as others have to thank Arnold, for having impressed this important principle deeply on their hearts.

During all this time Mr. Newman was only or mainly a recipient; but in 1826 he began to give forth:—

“ At that time I became one of the tutors of my college, and this gave me position; besides, I had written one or two essays, which had been well received. I began to be known. I preached my first University sermon. Next year I was one of the public examiners for the B.A. degree. It was to me like the feeling of spring weather after winter; and if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841.”

He now began to “ gain upon his pupils,” and became intimate with Robert Wilberforce, and especially with Hurrell Froude. The influence of this gifted pupil was stronger and more lasting than that of many teachers. Froude was an open admirer of the Church of Rome; he delighted in the notions of a hierarchical system; of sacerdotal power; of penance and mortification; of saints and their perfections; of the intrinsic excellence of virginity. To him, probably, more than even to Newman or Keble himself, we may look as the originator of what afterwards became the Tractarian Movement.

But the feelings and sentiments which were afterwards to eddy into distinct views, existed at present only in a nebular state, at least in the mind of Mr. Newman. His thoughts dwelt in the region of poetry, rather than of philosophy or theology. He studied the Fathers, and undertook to write a history of the principal councils; but his chief delight in these studies was to find again in the semi-oriental philosophy of Alexandria, his favourite “ mystical or sacramental ” principle.

“ I suppose,” he says, “ it was to the Alexandrian school and to the early Church that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the angels. . . . I considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of the elementary principles of the physical universe.”

And then he quotes, as summing up his views on this point, a passage that has often been quoted by others for its beauty:—

“ Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God.”

But the study of the early Church has also a deep and permanent effect on the direction of his thoughts. He learnt to consider that antiquity was the true exponent of the doctrines of Christianity, and the basis of the Church of England. And when he was disturbed and unsettled by various events which happened soon after in the outer world; the French Revolution

of 1830; the great Reform agitation; symptoms of "liberalizing" tendencies within the Church itself, it was to the early ages that his aspirations turned.

"With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that primeval mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognised the movement of my spiritual Mother. 'Incessu patuit Dea.' The self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the irresistible determination of her bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, 'Look on this picture and on that;' I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. . . . As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ."

Soon after this, in December 1832, he went to the south of Europe for some months with his friend Froude. Contrary to what might have been expected, this visit to the strongholds of Romanism had no direct effect on his religious convictions. But he had time to collect himself, and think over his position; while he was musing, the fire kindled. England was in his thoughts solely. The bill for the suppression of the Irish sees was in progress, and filled his mind: he "had fierce thoughts against the Liberals." And so when, in the following summer, he returned to England in exuberant health and vigour after his long rest, it was in the temper indicated by the motto which he chose for the *Lyra Apostolica*: "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again."

The day after Newman's return, July 14, 1833, Keble preached his celebrated sermon on national apostasy. "The Movement" had begun.

In the first stages of this movement there appears to have been less of combination and organization than is commonly supposed. The main principles on which it was based were afterwards summed up by one of the chief movers, in the following words:—"That the only way of salvation is the partaking of the body and blood of our sacrificed Redeemer: That the mean expressly authorized by him for that purpose is the holy sacrament of his Supper: That the security, by him no less expressly authorized, for the continuance and due application of that sacrament, is the apostolical commission of the bishops, and under them the presbyters, of the Church." But at first there was little concert, and no recognised leader; they fought every one for his own hand. This continued until they were joined by

Dr. Pusey, "the great one," as Dr. Newman used to call him. His great reputation and high position in the University enabled him to give "a name, a form, and a personality to what, without him, was a sort of mob;" while his hopeful, fearless nature, haunted by no intellectual perplexities, supremely confident in his own position, marked him as a leader of men. But the most active and stirring spirit was undoubtedly Newman himself. It was he who, out of his own head, began the *Tracts for the Times*. His distinguishing colours, the principles for which he specially contended, were:—(1.) The principle of dogma. (2.) Belief in a visible Church, and the authority of bishops, the grace of the sacraments, the religious worth of works of penance. (3.) Opposition to the Church of Rome, especially to the worship of the Virgin and the Saints.

Here we come to that which gives its peculiar interest to Dr. Newman's history, viz., his relation to that Church which was drawing him, as by a kind of fascination, to his fate. He sympathized with much in her system, and had learnt from Froude to feel a personal tenderness towards her; but the old impression, that the Pope was Antichrist, though it had been removed from his reason, hung about him "like a sort of false conscience," and remained "a stain upon his imagination." The more tenderly he felt to her, the more strongly he resented what he regarded as her corruptions of the truth. He thought it his duty to write against them, and was even conscious of "a temptation to say against Rome as much as ever he could, in order to protect himself against the charge of Popery;" but he felt all the time like a man who is obliged in a court of justice to bear witness against a friend. On the other hand, his confidence in the substantial truth of the charges which he brought against her, led him to believe that he might safely indulge in the freest exposition of principles which led in her direction. If men said, "This is sheer popery," "True," he answered, "we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a great chasm across the path which makes real approximation impossible." His effort was to get as near as he could to the brink of this chasm, and there to build up and fortify a position for the Anglican Church—a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism. In successive numbers of the *Tracts*, in various articles in the *British Critic*, but especially in a book called *The Prophetical Office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism*, he set himself to work out the "Anglo-Catholic" theory—the theory of a "Catholic" Church, standing on its own basis of antiquity and the teaching of the early Fathers, embracing much of the Roman doctrine, but free from the errors which had formed like a crust around the Romish system.

He had hardly entrenched himself in this position when a horrible misgiving came over him. There was a mine beneath his feet. His foundations were unsound. His whole theory was based on this, that the most important "note" of the true Church, more important even than catholicity, is antiquity. But in August 1839 (the date remained deeply impressed on his mind), the course of his reading led him to study the Monophysite controversy of the fifth century; and there he found that in those pattern times the principle on which controversies were decided was the principle of catholic unity; in other words, the voice of the majority of Christians. The words of St. Augustine, quoted in a Review, came to him like a voice from the clouds, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*." Here, then, was antiquity pronouncing against herself, and in favour of catholicity. The Church of Rome would be found right after all.

After a while the vivid imagination faded away. He felt even a doubt whether the suggestion had not come to him from below. His old convictions remained as before. But he was like a man who has seen a ghost, and cannot be as if he had never seen it. In this frame of mind he felt that "his main argument for the Anglican claims lay in the positive and special charges which he could bring against Rome," and he indulged in bitter invectives against her inconsistencies, her sophistries, her ambition and intrigue. In one letter he said:—

"Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity and heaven and hell, the Church of Rome does seem to me, as a popular system, to preach the Blessed Virgin and the Saints and Purgatory."

Again:—

"We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, bold assertions, appeals to the weaknesses of human nature, to our fancies, our eccentricities, our fears, our frivolities, our false philosophies. We see its agents, smiling and nodding and ducking to attract attention, as gipsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pictures, and gilt gingerbread, and physic concealed in jam, and sugar-plums for good children. . . . We Englishmen like manliness, openness, consistency, truth. Rome will never gain on us till she learns these virtues, and uses them."

But all this was but the bitterness of a lover impatient of imperfections in his mistress. He railed at the dominant errors of popular Romanism; but he as warmly asserted his cordial agreement with the essential parts of the Roman doctrine.

But the question naturally occurred, if not to his own mind at least to the mind of others, "How can we hold Roman doctrine, and yet subscribe the Articles of the Church of England? Were they not drawn up for the very purpose of excluding Roman doctrine?" It was to answer this question that he

wrote the celebrated 90th number of the Tracts. The answer which he gives is in substance : " No, it is not so. The English Reformation was a national, not a theological movement. It was directed not against Roman doctrine, but against Papal supremacy ; and its Articles were deliberately framed in loose and indecisive language, with the view of embracing as many as possible of those who still held to the old faith." And therefore he claimed for himself and his followers the utmost possible latitude in interpreting documents so framed. It was not necessary to consider in what sense they were understood and held by their writers ; nor even what was the natural sense of the words : they might be taken and might be subscribed in any sense which the words could be made to bear, consistent with " catholic " doctrine.

Thus, by a strange meeting of extremes, the champion of dogma and of definite Church teaching struck a fatal blow at the dogmatism of his Church, and enunciated a principle which has proved of the greatest importance in forwarding the development of liberal views.

A universal storm of indignation greeted the appearance of this Tract. To the old orthodox party it was simply an abomination. The Bishop of Oxford insisted that the series of Tracts should be stopped. Mr. Newman agreed, on condition that what had been published should not be suppressed, and on the " understanding," afterwards disregarded, that there should be no public condemnation of his work. The evangelical party were equally furious against the impiety, the blasphemy, the rank dishonesty of signing the Articles in any but their natural sense, forgetting that only in a non-natural sense could they themselves use many of the words of the Prayer-Book, or declare that it contains " nothing contrary to the Word of God."¹ The few liberals then at Oxford joined in the cry, contending, not against the principle of latitude of interpretation, but against the one-sided character of the latitude claimed. But here, departing for a moment from the order of events, we must enter our protest against the statement made by Dr. Newman in another part of his work, that the liberals drove him from Oxford. We can only account for so incorrect a statement by supposing either that his judg-

¹ " I challenge," says Dr. Newman, " in the sight of all England, evangelical clergymen generally, to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words, consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which Tract 90 puts upon any passage in the Articles :—

" ' Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left *power* to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences ; and by *His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins*, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' "

ment at the time was jaundiced by the sort of resentment which men often feel against the views to which they have once had leanings, or that wrath against his present antagonist renders his memory unjust to the party with whom he classes him. It may be true that three out of the four tutors who first publicly called the attention of the Heads of Houses to Tract 90, were or have since become more or less identified with the liberal party. But this, which took place in 1841, had no real connexion with the events of 1844 and 1845. It is certain that the liberals had no share in the measures which ultimately drove from Oxford one whom they regarded with distrust indeed, but with unfeigned admiration and interest. It was not the liberals who proposed a new Test, framed to exclude from the University all who adhered to the principles of the obnoxious Tract; who moved that it should be condemned by a solemn act of Convocation; who passed first a vote of censure and then a decree of degradation against Mr. Ward. When these exasperating, but otherwise ineffective measures were being carried or attempted, the leaders of the liberal party, true to their principles, were stoutly battling for liberty of speech and thought on behalf of him who was for the time their most determined opponent. Dr. Newman ought to know well, unless he is singularly deficient in the power of estimating the true springs of action, and tracing effects to their causes, that the real force against which he had to contend,—the stream which ultimately swept him from his position,—was that turbid stream of mingled “two-bottle orthodoxy” and narrow Puritanism which is even now raging *objicibus ruptis*, if we may not rather hope that it has spent its fury, and is gradually subsiding within its banks.

For a year before this Dr. Newman had been so little satisfied with his position that he had seriously doubted whether he ought not to give up the living of St. Mary's, and he only retained it in compliance with the advice of one or two intimate friends to whom he opened his mind. This doubt had gradually strengthened. Already he had found that the English Church could not stand upon antiquity alone, for she, like her sister of Rome, maintained many doctrines, such as the doctrine of the Trinity, which had not been publicly recognised as part of the dogmatic foundation of the Church till centuries after the time of the apostles. As he went on with his theological studies, he found again, in the Arian controversy, antiquity appealing to catholicity. His trouble returned on him. “The ghost had come a second time.” He was in the misery of this new unsettlement when a second blow came upon him. The bishops, one after another, began to charge against him, in violation of what he had understood to be a promise made to him on their part. On the top of this came the Jerusalem Bishopric. A

bishop of the English Church was to be appointed, who should exercise spiritual jurisdiction over any *Protestant* congregations which would submit to him. How could he retain office in a communion which, while it repudiated the doctrines he loved, identified itself with those it "set his teeth on edge" to hear? How could he maintain a "catholic" theory of that church, which not only forbade any sympathy or concurrence with the Church of Rome, but actually was "courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia, and the heresy of the Orientals?" He put forth a formal protest against this measure, and then, without resigning his living, retired to Littlemore,¹ as to a Torres Vedras, in the hope that some day he might come forth from it, and advance again under his "Catholic" or "Anglican" banner to reconquer the Church now held in temporary subjection by the invading hosts of Protestantism. At times, indeed, his hopes seem to have run higher still. What if the Anglican and the Latin Churches should agree to throw off each its errors and corruptions, and unite to form one pure and true Catholic and Apostolic Church? This were a reformation indeed. Could it be that grace was to be given to him to become a humble instrument in effecting it?

Gradually these hopes vanished; and then came four years of perplexity within and persecution without; a time of darkness and sorrow, when the light was darkened in the heavens. It was not only that he was tortured by that acutest of pains, the consciousness of a great design, and no power to fulfil it. His whole power of action and motion and speech was paralysed by a deadening doubt as to his own position. He could not make up his mind to remain in a Church which was not "catholic;" he could not make up his mind to join a Church which taught the worship of the Virgin. He sought quiet and seclusion to prepare himself for the crisis of his fate; but his seclusion was invaded by prying eyes, and his quiet was disturbed by every sort of distraction and annoyance. He saw himself attacked by paltry assailants who would not have dared to cross swords with him in the hour of his strength, and whose worst assaults would have had no terrors for him if he had been sure of himself. At one time he was taunted for cowardice in not following his convictions, by persons who had never known what it was to have convictions of their own. At another time he was openly accused of being a Romanist in disguise, and reviled as a traitor and a spy. Such attacks, such taunts, such base calumnies he could meet with the scorn they deserved. But it was more difficult to bear the half-uttered reproaches of a great party left as sheep without a shepherd, and the plead-

¹ A small village about two miles from Oxford, part of which is in the parish of St. Mary's.

ings of personal friends accustomed to look to him for light and guidance. Torn by all these contending emotions, what wonder if he dropped at last into the outstretched arms of that Church which promised to heal all wounds and remove all doubts, within whose sheltering bosom the wicked would cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest?

The steps by which he arrived at this end were simple and natural. In February 1843, he formally retracted all the hard things he had ever said against Rome, having been led to believe that her teaching, even where it seemed to differ from that of the early Church, was in fact only the projection, as it were, of the primitive doctrines on a larger ground. "The whole scene of pale, faint, distant apostolic Christianity," he thought, "was seen in Rome as through a telescope." It was unfair, then, to accuse her of magnifying the idea of the Blessed Virgin, when every other idea—that of the Eucharist, for instance, which he so highly valued—was magnified in the same proportion.

In September of the same year, he took a step even more important and significant. A young friend who had come to live with him at Littlemore, under a distinct promise not to leave the Church of England for at least three years, suddenly, and without notice, joined the Church of Rome. Feeling it impossible to retain an official position in our Church when such a breach of trust would be laid, however wrongly, at his door, "after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation," he resigned his living, Littlemore included, and "retired into lay communion," thinking that if he could no longer command, he might still serve as a private in the ranks.

But it was only a temporary resting-place, where he might pause and recover strength before going hence to be no more seen. The old doubts came crowding upon his mind, and merged at last in the simple question, "Can I be saved in the English Church?" On the other hand, books were placed in his way which led him to believe that the errors which appeared to be sanctioned by Rome were no essential part of her doctrine, but mere excrescences, which might be accepted or not as he chose. All this time he was hard at his *Essay on Doctrinal Development*, maintaining that "the Roman additions to the primitive creed were developments, arising out of a keen and vivid realizing of the Divine *depositum* of faith." The rest must be told in his own words:—

"As I advanced," he says, "my view so cleared, that instead of speaking any more of the 'Roman Catholics' I boldly called them Catholics. Before I got to the end I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished.

"On October 8th, I wrote to a number of friends the following letter:—

"*Littlemore, Oct. 8, 1845.*—I am this night expecting Father Dominic the Passionist, who from his youth has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's day last year. He does not know of my intention, but I mean to ask of him admission into the one fold of Christ."

Strange, yet perhaps natural self-delusion, which seeks to see in an event so obviously the sequel of a long train of foregone circumstances, the work of a special providence, unaffected by secondary causes! As if the writer would never have joined the Church of Rome, had not a Passionist priest been led to have direct thoughts of the countries of the north! As if, because Father Dominic had had little to do with conversions, and did not know of his intention, no other Romish influences had been at work!

For a few more weeks Mr. Newman lingered among the scenes endeared to him by so many joys and so many sorrows, so much active work, the companionship of so many loved friends. On Sunday, the 22d of November, he slept at Oxford, in the house of Mr. Johnson the Observer, one of the best and largest-hearted of men; and there he took leave of a few of those with whom he was most intimate. The next day he departed.

"On the morning of the 23d, I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

Hitherto we have followed the course of the narrative before us, adopting almost always the author's point of view, and very often using his words. The seventh part of the book brings us back to the region of controversy, and invites us again to ask how far, and in what sense, if in any, it can be said that "Father Newman informs us that Truth, for its own sake, need not be, and on the whole ought not to be, regarded as a virtue."

We have already intimated our conviction, which will be shared, we believe, by every one who knew Dr. Newman, and by every candid reader of this book, that any one who could use these words in such a sense as to impugn Dr. Newman's personal truthfulness and veracity, must have entirely mistaken the character of the man. But candour equally forces us to admit that the words, taken in their most literal sense, are to a certain extent true; that parts of Dr. Newman's writings have a tendency to lead to the undervaluing of truthfulness, in comparison with other virtues. One of the characteristics of his

mind is the power, and we must add the love, of drawing subtle distinctions; and one who indulges in this habit, though he may be really more honest than many who take what is called a common-sense view of matters, is rarely a good teacher of honesty. Most of his writings have something of a complexion which we can only characterize as morbid,—a complexion which they probably derive from that “impatient sensitiveness” which he himself acknowledges. His thoughts seem to be ever listening for their own echoes: the echo, not of self-applause, but rather of self-distrust; and this produces in an ordinary reader the sense of something not quite simple and straightforward. Moreover, those who have heard or read many of Dr. Newman’s sermons, cannot fail to have felt an uneasy consciousness of a sort of irony running through them, corresponding to the tone in which they were delivered: a tone, sweet indeed and clear, and sustained at a high pitch, but not full and round and natural and manly. In the particular sermon to which Mr. Kingsley refers, there is quite enough to justify the remark, that it is a “very objectionable and dangerous sermon;” for the gist of it is, that openness and manliness of bearing are not—to use a favourite expression of the author—a “note” of genuine Christianity, but rather the reverse; that a great amount of what seems to the world hypocrisy and double-dealing, is in reality the mark of a religious character, which is above the comprehension of worldly men. This, we repeat, is dangerous doctrine. On the other hand, we believe Dr. Newman to be as incapable of deliberately preaching, as of practising, the arts of dissimulation and falsehood; and we venture to think, paradoxical as it may seem, that where he appears to do so, this is closely connected with his innate love of truth. On the one hand, a conscientious feeling leads him to state broadly the difficulties which beset his theory of Christian life; on the other hand, confidence in his own uprightness of purpose prevents his seeing how slippery is the ground on which he treads. There is a want of knowledge of the world, a want of common sense, if you will, but no want of honesty of heart.

But we gladly turn from Dr. Newman as an individual, to Father Newman as the representative of the Romish system. Taking Mr. Kingsley’s words in the sense in which they seem to have been understood by Dr. Newman’s Protestant friend X. Y., when he “confessed plainly that he had read the passage, and did not even think that Dr. Newman or any of his communion would think it unjust,” in the sense in which, as we gather from Dr. Newman’s first pamphlet, he himself could hear them without more than a feeling that they were mistaken, viz., that “the [Roman] Catholic system, as such, leads to a lax observance of the rule of truth,”—taking the words in this their not un-

natural sense, we ask again, How far is this allegation borne out by fact?

To this question it will perhaps be thought that a good Protestant's answer should be short, sharp, and decided. How, it may be said, can there be love of truth where the very fountain of all truth, the Word of God, is disparaged in comparison with the traditions of men? How can it ever flourish on the same soil with priestcraft, and purgatory, and penance, and celibacy, and the confessional? On all these points we hold the Church of Rome to be in grave error; error that must affect, indirectly, her whole mental and moral vision. But we are not concerned now with indirect tendencies, but only with those which are direct.

It will hardly be denied by any reasonable person that every dogmatic system, in proportion as it is dogmatic, tends to undermine or to supersede the love of "truth for its own sake." It leads men to ask themselves, not what they do believe, but what they are expected to believe. It leads them to ask, when an idea is presented to their minds, not, first, Is it true? secondly, What consequences follow from accepting it? but, first, Is it safe? secondly, Is it true? But truth is a jealous goddess. She claims to be loved for her own sake, not for the sake of the blessings, however great, which follow in her train; and she is apt to withdraw herself from those who give her only the second place. And thus the adherents, and still more the professional advocates of any dogmatic system, whether it be Catholic or Protestant, which substitutes authority for argument, and obedience for conviction, which says to grown men, having the full use of their reason, "Believe this, because it is a dogma of the Church: believe this, because otherwise, you cannot be saved," are always in danger more or less of losing their love of truth, and their sense of its importance. Viewed *à priori* this is so obvious, as to be almost a truism. If any one is inclined to doubt whether it is equally true in practice, let him only reflect how seldom the virtues of truth, of candour, of justice, of correctness in statement, and fairness in argument, are preached from our pulpits, especially from the pulpits of dogmatic theologians; may we not add, how universally by theologians, as such, these virtues are disregarded in their controversies with each other?

If this be admitted by all fair-minded men, it will probably also be admitted, that of all dogmatic systems, the most dogmatic is the system of the Church of Rome. Her one distinctive mark is the claim of infallibility. She asserts a right, as the living oracle of God, not only of interpreting Scripture, but of adding to it. The one virtue which she exalts above all others is reverential obedience. And the obedience which she

demands extends not only to matters within the province of theology, but to any that remotely border upon it, to questions of philology, of history, and of science. And though Dr. Newman, in a passage which can hardly have received the *imprimatur* of the Holy See, represents the infallible oracle as not speaking of itself, but only pronouncing a decision already arrived at by a majority in the Church, as the Speaker of the House of Commons pronounces the result of a division; the effect is the same; the oracular voice has spoken, and it is impious to say, and dangerous to think, anything in contravention of its decrees.

Let any one consider the language in which Dr. Newman himself, in the seventh part of the book before us, speaks of the human reason. After an eloquent but rather rhetorical passage, in which he paints in colours of somewhat exaggerated darkness the state of the whole race of mankind as "having no hope, and without God in the world," what is it that he fixes upon (after a passing word about the fierce energy of passion), as the one great monster evil, which calls for a superhuman power to repress it? It is the "all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect;" the "wild living intellect of man," which is the "universal solvent;" it is "freedom of thought" which must be "rescued from its own suicidal excesses." In short, he regards the human reason as a kind of wild beast, to be chained and caged, and, if ever it breaks out, to be beaten back to its den with a rod of iron. What a poor idea does this give of a faith calling itself catholic! that it is to dwell always in the outworks of a man, his outward acts and ceremonial observances, and is not to seek to leaven and absorb and assimilate to itself that which is the very man himself, his divinely-implanted reason. How can we expect that truth will be found, how can we say that truth is loved for its own sake, when the chief agent given to be our guide in seeking her is ever either cowed into silence or goaded into rebellion?

And if it be said that this defect is not peculiar to Rome, that there are Protestant communions, or at least sections of Protestant communions, which endeavour to enforce obedience in the domain of thought, as blind as that which is demanded by the Church of Rome; which, while branding as Antichrist an infallible Pope, do yet practically exercise the tyranny without acknowledging the responsibilities of infallible authority,—we can only answer that in the one case it is an organic defect of the system, in the other a local, and we would fain hope, a temporary disorder.

If, on the other hand, we are reminded that there are even now in the Church of Rome men of large and liberal views, who have shown by able writings in various departments of

literature and of science, that they do not share this cowardly distrust of the human intellect, but will bravely follow as "through words and things it goes sounding on a dim and perilous way," we must rejoin that the very ability of the writers referred to is a proof how strong is that repressive power to which even they have recently found it necessary to succumb.¹

Of all the forms of the passive obedience of the intellect, the commonest is that which it assumes where it comes athwart historical criticism—when it becomes simple childish credulity. In this credulity, and the kind of untruthfulness which is connected with it, no body of Christians, we might almost add of heathens, comes near the disciples of Rome. And this for a very obvious reason, namely, that in no other body of Christians are saints made an object of worship to the same extent; and it is about the lives of the saints that the great mass of incredible fables has clustered. We make bold to call them incredible, although Dr. Newman protests against their being so called, and quotes Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote to prove that if we are to demand historic certainty, the greater part of what we call history will have to be swept away. But though philosophers may tell us that the difference between a solid body and a fluid is only a difference of degree; yet a plain man knows that a pool of water, or a quagmire, is not the same thing as a mass of rock. When Dr. Newman informs us, as a matter of fact for which he appears ready to vouch, that a certain "oil still flows from the relics of St. Walburga; that it is medicinal; that some think it is so by a natural quality, others by a divine gift, but that he himself inclines to regard it as on the confines of both,"—we are at once reminded of the theory which seems to have haunted his mind from earliest boyhood,—the theory that material phenomena have no real existence, except so far as they are the instruments whereby spiritual effects are produced.

Another circumstance which has laid the Church of Rome open to a special charge of untruthfulness, is that she alone of Christian Churches has found it necessary to develop a complete scheme of casuistry. So far as this necessity arose from the system of confession, she deserves no pity for the obloquy which it has brought upon her; and there can be little doubt that these "Counsels of Imperfection," though they may have been intended only for the use of Confessors, having got into the hands of ordinary readers, have produced upon the vast body of half-educated Roman Catholics in Italy, in France, and in Ireland, a demoralizing effect. On the other hand, candour must admit that if Protestants had set themselves to

¹ See Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral, and the last Number of the *Home and Foreign Review*.

do the same work, they probably would not have done it very differently. For ourselves, on the slippery ground of the lawfulness of equivocation we do not intend to trust our feet; especially with the spectacle before us of St. Clement and Alfonso da Liguori, and Jeremy Taylor and Milton, and Johnson and Paley, all losing their footing on the treacherous surface, and slipping or floundering about in a variety of ungraceful attitudes. But it is only fair to remark that throughout it all no one could hold himself more steady and erect than Dr. Newman; and it is pleasing to observe how cordially, on this knotty point, he and his antagonist are agreed.

If the Romish doctrines regarding equivocation remained as abstract doctrines, there would perhaps be little to be said against them. But, unfortunately, in intercourse with Protestants, they start at once into active and most mischievous life. Following his arrogant theory as to the exclusive possession of truth by his Church, the Romanist finds no difficulty in regarding Protestants as the swine before whom pearls are not to be cast; as children, or madmen, who are to be habitually treated, on religious subjects at least, with "economy." "Silence," "evasion," "playing upon words," "material lying," all the many forms of simulation and dissimulation, are allowable in dealing with the outer barbarians; nay, they are positively praiseworthy, if used with the design of "saving a soul;" in other words, of making a proselyte. Not that every Romanist would condescend to these arts. We have not the least suspicion, for instance, that Dr. Newman himself would. Many men, thank God, are better than their theories. But this is what the Romish theories necessarily lead to; and many a family throughout the land can sadly testify that this is the Romish practice.

To sum up what has been said on this subject. The system of the Church of Rome appears to have a special tendency to untruthfulness, and that in several different ways. The burden of its pretended infallibility crushes out of men's minds the sense of responsibility for their own beliefs on every important subject of human thought; its Hagiolatry gives them fables for food; its casuistry furnishes them with excuses for lying; and, as regards those who are without its pale, its assumed monopoly of saving truth sets them above the ordinary laws of fair dealing. And all these are but the different results and manifestations of one and the same central falsehood, the setting up of a human power to mediate between the soul of man and his Creator.

Before concluding these observations, we must turn, once more, for a moment, to that remarkable man who has given occasion to them; who, having set the example of treating

himself as a historical character, will no doubt pardon others for using the same freedom.

It has often been asked, How could a man of Newman's ability ever bring himself to leave our Church, and adopt all the follies and absurdities of the Church of Rome? Such a question savours, perhaps, of a kind of assumption which, if offensive in the mouth of a "Catholic," is simply absurd in the adherent of a professedly national communion. Anglicans may think they see in Romanism the very errors which were re-proved in the Pharisees; but they cannot deny that many good and able men have been Romanists. If the language of the publican had been, "I thank thee that I am not as this Pharisee, who trusts in his own works," would he have gone down to his house justified rather than the other?

But in the case of a convert like Dr. Newman, the question is not without interest; and with this book before us it admits of easy solution. In the first place, it appears that some of the worst follies of Romanism, such, for instance, as the idolatrous worship of the Virgin, have never been accepted by him. How he has settled the matter with the authorities of his new communion he does not explain; but as to his own tenets his language is distinct: "Such devotional manifestations in honour of our Lady had been my great *crux* as regards Catholicism. I say frankly, *I do not fully enter into them now*." In the second place, most readers of this memoir will probably agree, that while it excites a warm personal interest in the writer, it does not leave the impression of a commanding intellect, such as used commonly to be attributed to him. The ore which he works is peculiarly pure and fine, but it is, after all, a thin vein. His theory of life fails to grasp, or rather ignores, some of the deepest problems of humanity. Instead of its being a matter of wonder that he should have joined the Church of Rome, it seems as if her system had been specially devised to suit the needs of such natures as his; that deep sentiment of religion, not only in the modern and good sense of the word, but also in its original and bad sense;¹ that feminine refinement of taste and sensitiveness of imagination, that proneness to superstition, that distrust of the human intellect, that craving for a definite, authoritative settlement of points not ruled by the Word of God. Where this spirit is, whether among Catholics or Protestants, whether in Italy or in England, there will always be, in the germ at least, the most dangerous errors of the Romish system.

¹ It has often been pointed out, and nowhere more forcibly than in one of Mr. Kingsley's sermons, that "religion" is never referred to in the New Testament except in a tone of reprobation. The changed use of the word tells a sad tale.

ART. IV.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued and Instructions given therein ; With an Appendix and Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Four Vols. London, 1864.

ENGLISHMEN are naturally and justly proud of their public schools. There gathers around such venerable institutions as Eton, Harrow, and Westminster the halo of an historic grandeur, the beauty and the dignity of a time-honoured name. The precincts where, for generation after generation, our ancestors have gathered such knowledge and such wisdom as is imparted to boyhood ; where they have sat upon dingy and uncomfortable benches, harbouring thoughts of a character which need not be particularly described about the masters who were trying to instruct them ; where they have left, often upon these very benches, the deep traces of their penknives ; where they have struggled, or not struggled, with hateful tasks ; where they have contended in games, violated rules, and displayed, in a thousand ways, the mischief that was in them ; where, finally, we ourselves have faithfully followed in their footsteps, succeeding to the benches, the indescribable thoughts, the penknives, the tasks, the games, the mischief,—these precincts are, as they ought to be, as we hope they long may be, surrounded with feelings of special tenderness, and hallowed by associations of peculiar sanctity.

Nor can it be denied by the bitterest opponents of the system pursued at our public schools, that they have done and are doing much that is useful, much that is highly necessary for the education of boys. Abstracting entirely, for the present, the mental training, it will be conceded that a large portion at least of the physical and moral training they impart is of an invaluable character. The mere fact of boys being thrown thus early in life upon one another's company ; the feeling of self-reliance, united with the *esprit de corps*, that is thus developed ; the process by which foolish singularities, affectations, idiosyncrasies, are worn away, are benefits the importance of which will not be questioned. No doubt there is in this process of attrition a considerable danger ; a danger the reality of which it would be well that parents should fully understand. We are not likely to suffer from too much originality, and it would be a deplorable thing if a single essentially real feature of a single mind should be driven, by the senseless ridicule of others, to hide itself in shame. But if, as is more likely at that age, it is only the non-essential features that are thus got rid of, it is

obvious that the result is almost entirely beneficial. If a public school can give emulation to the sluggish, readiness to the awkward, and confidence to the shy, it has at least done something to deserve our gratitude.

This tribute we pay the more willingly, because, in the following pages it will be our duty to dwell rather upon the defects than upon the merits of the schools in question. No useful purpose could be served by uttering a panegyric upon institutions, the excellence of which is universally allowed. Nor can we forget that those who hold authority in those institutions are never backward in saying everything that can be said in their own favour. It is reserved, in general, for outsiders to perform the ungracious task of dwelling upon faults which are hidden from the eyes of those who might the most easily apply a remedy.

The fact is, that the advantages we have pointed out spring almost exclusively from the nature of the boys themselves, not from the masters. With regard to the character of the teaching, and the character of much besides that depends upon the masters, we have long felt that there was room for very great improvement. It was therefore with no ordinary anxiety that we looked forward to the publication of the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners, who have now presented us with the result of an inquiry which occupied them from July 1861 to March 1864. Our expectations have been more than satisfied by the four bulky volumes of which it is composed. The Commissioners have performed their delicate duties with a degree of diligence, of candour, of impartiality, and good sense, of which it is impossible to speak too highly. We congratulate Mr. Grant Duff, who proposed the appointment of this Commission, upon the interesting and valuable Blue-book which his motion has secured.¹

We proceed to describe as briefly as possible the manner in which the inquiry has been conducted. First, then, the Commissioners addressed a letter to the authorities of each school, accompanied by what Mr. Gladstone calls "a drastic set of questions" on the Revenues, the Management, and the Course of Instruction of the body to which they belonged. The answers to these questions sent by head-masters and others, are printed at length in Vol. ii. Appendix M. The next step, if we are not

¹ It is right to mention the names of the Commissioners. They are the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Devon, Lord Lyttleton, the Hon. Edward Twisleton, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Rev. W. H. Thompson, and Mr. Halford Vaughan. Professor Montague Bernard acted as Secretary. The schools upon which they have reported are the following :—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury.

mistaken in the dates, was to examine *vivd voce* an immense number of persons, chiefly head-masters and assistant-masters, but also some undergraduates or young graduates who had recently quitted the school about which they were examined; *e.g.*, Lord Boringdon, an old Etonian, and Mr. Ridley, an old Harrovian. Vols. iii. and iv. contain, therefore, an immense accumulation of evidence on the condition of every individual school comprised in the inquiry. To this is added fifty-three pages of General Evidence on the nature of the education given by them, more especially on the teaching of natural science; its present neglect and its possible advantages. Among the eminent men whose opinions will be found in the General Evidence, we rejoice to perceive the names of Professor Faraday, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Max Müller, and Professor Owen. But the indefatigable Commissioners were not yet satisfied. They rightly considered that the inquiry was incomplete unless they could test the results of the instruction imparted at the schools by examining a certain number of the boys themselves. They proposed to hold an examination, not of the cleverest, but of those who had "attained a certain standing," and might justly be considered as boys of average stupidity. Unfortunately all the head-masters, except Dr. Temple and Dr. Kennedy, objected to the scheme *in toto*; and these, too, consented unwillingly. The Commissioners, naturally feeling that they could not enforce their suggestion against the wishes of these authorities, "decided on pursuing the subject no further." Considering the correspondence on this subject, as given in Vol. ii. Appendix B, we cannot help thinking that there is something very unsatisfactory in this dread of the proposed test on the part of the head-masters. They seem to have had a lurking suspicion, which one of their number innocently put forward as a definite objection: "That such an examination would practically be an examination of the schoolmasters rather than of the boys." We must be excused for not perceiving in this unquestionable fact so very grave an obstacle to the Commissioners' plan. But the schools, though delivered from the immediate danger, were not destined to escape so easily. Another ordeal was reserved for them, concerning the results of which we shall have to speak in a later part of this Article. Suffice it to mention here, that a series of questions of a searching character was addressed to "Professors, Tutors, and others at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," and that their answers are given at length in Appendix C. Besides these, a variety of miscellaneous documents are printed in Vol. ii., including letters from Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Whewell, and Sir J. Herschel.

One duty yet remained for the Commission to perform. They

had to embody the results of their labours in the form of a Report, and to give such recommendations as might seem to be required. This they have done in Vol. i., which commences with a General Report, accompanied by General Recommendations, and contains also a Special Report on the condition of each school, with Special Recommendations for its individual improvement.

We consider the publication of this Report a national benefit. Before its appearance, little was known of the English public schools by those not specially connected with them, beyond the fact of their existence. That there were beings in them professing to teach; that boys were supposed to be educated at them; that, whether or not such education was given, much money was paid on the supposition that it was: so much we all knew. But what these public schools really were, what they actually taught or how they taught it; of what nature was their internal economy, in what manner boys passed their time in them; concerning these things we were practically altogether in the dark. The daily working of the schools was shrouded in secrecy. They moved in a mysterious way. They had their technical names, which outsiders could not understand; and their traditional ideas which outsiders could not imbibe. Nor was this ignorance confined to men who had never been at a public school. The members of one school knew little or nothing of the arrangements of another. At Eton, where we find wheel within wheel in endless complexity, the affairs of the College were utterly unknown to the masters of the school.¹ The Commissioners have at length broken the ice, and put an end, once for all, to this obscurity. They have entered with unwearied zeal into the minutest points; they have dragged forth a host of details on the methods of teaching, the punishments, the fagging, etc. They have left no corners unexplored; no sore places unexposed. And this we call a national benefit, because we are convinced that nothing is more dangerous than to leave institutions of such a character to go on untroubled in their old routine; nothing more likely to effect a salutary change than the admission of the public behind the scenes.

Incidentally, the evidence collected by the Commission throws a very remarkable light on the mental condition of head-masters and on that of others holding similar positions. Human nature, as it exists and flourishes at public schools, is brought before us in a brilliant succession of new and striking situations. We find it endeavouring by ingenious answers to parry inconvenient questions; accounting for absurd proceedings by reasons equally

¹ Eton Evidence, 4762, vol. iii. p. 161.

absurd; attempting, by singularly weak and transparent methods, to defend existing practices; driven into corners by polite Commissioners requesting it to explain its meaning; reduced to endless self-contradictions and hopeless imbecilities, by ruthless Commissioners plying it with searching queries; we find it, in short, blundering, stumbling, floundering on in a highly instructive and interesting manner.¹ Far be it from us to convey, by these or any other observations, the slightest accusation against the characters of the gentlemen who administer the system concerning which they have been examined. We doubt not that they are honest and zealous in the performance of their duties, and even patterns of excellence in all the more orthodox virtues. But we desire to consider them now not so much with reference to their moral qualifications as in the light (in which they are revealed to us in the Report) of phenomena in nature.

Very curious phenomena they often are. Doubtless there are many among them who evince nothing that can be justly called a bigoted attachment to the particular system, or the particular details of the system, under which they live. There are some who are perfectly ready to see and to acknowledge the errors that are committed in their school. There are a few, also, who have pet projects of improvement which they are anxious to recommend. But the type which appears to be developed in a more special manner at places of education, at least among the higher masters, differs from either of these by certain very marked distinctions. We do not say that the majority of masters conform to this type—perhaps it is only a minority who do so; what we mean is that so far as any peculiar type is favoured by schools and universities, it appears to us to be distinguished by the characteristics about to be described. The typical masters, then, are remarkable, first of all, for their extreme satisfaction with the existing system. The palpable fact, shortly to be spoken of, that what is called “the best education” (perhaps because it is the least bad), teaches a vast number of men scarcely anything worth learning, and often leaves them at the end of their university career ignorant even of the subjects they have studied, and utterly careless of those they have not; this palpable fact seems to make very little impression upon the amiable minds of the school authorities. There seems to be a singular fascination exercised by a public school upon the feelings of many of the masters. A kind of mental blindness comes over them, rendering it impossible for them to perceive the unwisdom of their ways, or the defects of their systems. Their intellects are cultivated in a very peculiar direction—that of invariably dis-

¹ See especially the Eton Evidence, 3521-3555, vol. iii. pp. 113-115.

covering some excuse, or some defence, for everything that exists. They would seem to be constantly occupied in efforts to solve an insoluble problem: given the present state of things, to prove that no other would do as well. Not that this hopeless struggle produces, as might be supposed, a complete depression of the intellectual faculties. We rejoice to discover that this is by no means a necessary consequence. For if, as we greatly fear, those faculties become somewhat dull in observing the errors that ought to be removed, they are quickened to an extraordinary and marvellous acuteness in detecting the slightest difficulties or the least objections that can be urged against anything suggested with a view to improvement and reform. The educational mind takes refuge in such extremities, in a general notion that nothing which is not done already can ever be done at all.¹

Nevertheless, even Mr. Balston, the Head-master of Eton—in whom these tendencies reach a pitch of extravagance which is almost a caricature—is constrained to admit that, “*from some cause or other*,” not, of course, from any errors in the Eton system, “the success of the work has not been in proportion to the pains bestowed upon it.”² And this opinion is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of the professors, tutors, and others, who write from Oxford and Cambridge to give the fruits of their own experience. We have carefully collected the statements of these gentlemen, and we will now endeavour to exhibit the result.

There are fourteen answers from Oxford, one of which, however, as it deals only with a single question, and that not connected with our present purpose, does not concern us. Of the remaining *thirteen*, no less than *five* distinctly state that the “grounding” of the young men is unsatisfactory; one observes that the rudimentary knowledge is defective, and that the University course is much hampered by the crude state in which men come; another only complains of those from the lower forms, and thinks that the best-prepared students come from the upper forms; a third has not much cause to complain; a fourth considers the schools responsible for some who might have done something, had not their idleness been tolerated; a fifth thinks the boys to blame, not the system; a sixth (one of the

¹ It is but fair, however, to quote the dictum of Sir Stafford Northcote, that “the Commissioners did not find among the masters and managers of the schools any obstinate spirit of resistance to improvement. On the contrary, in every school there was an admission—and more than an admission—of the importance of progress.”—(Speech in the House of Commons, May 6, 1864.) Perhaps Sir Stafford’s notions of progress and our own may be a little different.

² Eton Evidence, 3633, vol. iii. p. 117.

most favourable) says that the school system educates sufficiently "for the minimum of a creditable education;" and lastly, there is one who finds that public-school men are far worse prepared in mathematics than others, knowing only the "bare elements," while the knowledge of the middle-class school-boys is "far superior in extent and accuracy." We have reserved one of the thirteen, because he belongs to a class of *six* who state that mere rudimentary teaching, such as ought to a considerable extent at least to be given at school, has to be done at the University.

We come now to seven gentlemen who write from Cambridge. Of these seven *three* appear to be tolerably satisfied (one of them states that public-school boys are generally superior to others in classics, history, modern languages, and English); one considers that the education given prepares fairly for the classical tripos, though the mathematics are bad; another finds the young men badly prepared in classics and mathematics; and another believes the public schools to be behind others in mathematics and modern languages. The testimony of the last writer (which we are about to quote) is altogether unfavourable.

From this evidence we gather, on the whole, that a considerable proportion of boys leave their public schools very imperfectly grounded, to use a gentle expression, even in classics and mathematics, while of other subjects they are completely ignorant. Even their own language they can scarcely be said to know. Thus Mr. Hedley, late Fellow of University College, Oxford, writes as follows:—

"The University course is much affected by the ill-prepared state in which the majority of the students come, and instead of making progress, a few years ago, the University had to make its course commence with mere elementary teaching, and to insist on the rudiments of arithmetic, and a more precise acquaintance with the elements of grammar. Tutors felt that it was degrading, both to themselves and the University, to descend to such preliminary instruction, but the necessity of the case compelled them. *Had reading and spelling been included in the reforms of that day, it would have been not without benefit to many members of the University.* I have sometimes had to remind my brother examiners and myself in the final examination for B.A. *that we were not at liberty to pluck for bad spelling, bad English, or worse writing.*"¹

The next quotation is from a very important witness. It should be observed, however, in simple justice, that Mr. Girdlestone, the writer, has been chiefly conversant with men who are preparing for the ordinary degree at Cambridge; and it is to

¹ Vol. ii. p. 16.

them, therefore, not to the candidates for honours, that his testimony more especially applies :—

“ For eighteen years I have found employment in Cambridge in supplementing, as a private tutor, the deficiencies of school education, and in teaching the simplest rudiments of arithmetic, algebra, and elementary mathematics, and in preparing in Greek and Latin, candidates for the previous examination and ordinary degree. The greater part of my pupils are from public schools; and I cannot but think that I have to teach them nothing but what they ought to have been thoroughly taught at school.”¹

And the same writer informs us that “ of English literature, English history, and English composition, they are deplorably ignorant.” Now it is worthy of remark that the advocates of our school system meet these charges indirectly rather than directly; dwelling more upon what is done in other ways than upon what is left undone in these.

“ I believe,” writes Mr. Butler, himself a distinguished product of the training he so warmly defends, “ that the system of education pursued at Harrow is admirably adapted to train a boy to do his duty efficiently, and in a generous spirit, in any position of life to which he may be called. It does not profess to train him directly for any one particular profession or employment, nor is it pretended that when a boy leaves Harrow at the age of eighteen or nineteen, he has reached more than the threshold of the education of his life. His actual acquirements are probably extremely scanty. With many of the most useful mental accomplishments he is very imperfectly equipped. To many of the highest branches of knowledge he is practically an entire stranger. He is still a boy and not a man. But it is confidently believed that if he has employed his time diligently at school, he will carry with him, when he leaves it, some capacity for thinking clearly, some sense of the value of accuracy and thoroughness in work, some respect for knowledge for its own sake, some appreciation of the most graceful and the most generous, if not yet of the most profound thoughts enshrined in literature, a consciousness that he knows but little, and a desire to learn more; and turning to the moral and social rather than the intellectual side of the education which he has received, a grateful conviction that he has throughout his school course been treated in a kindly and liberal spirit; always largely trusted, and latterly invested with large responsibilities, as one equally interested with the masters in maintaining the moral welfare of the body to which they alike belong, and taught to believe that that welfare cannot be maintained unless its leaders are distinguished by vigilance, courage, love of justice, sympathy, and courtesy.”²

Such, then, being the arguments of counsel on either side, it remains for us to hear the verdict. It is pronounced by the Commissioners in the following very serious terms :—

¹ Vol. ii. p. 30.

² Vol. ii. p. 282.

“ That boys who have capacity and industry enough to work for distinction, are on the whole well taught in the article of classical scholarship at the public schools ; but that they occasionally show a want of accuracy in elementary knowledge, either from not having been well grounded, or from having been suffered to forget what they have learnt ; that the average of classical knowledge among young men leaving school for college is low ; that in arithmetic and mathematics, in general information, *and in English*, the average is lower still, but is improving ; that of the time spent at school by the generality of boys, much is absolutely thrown away as regards intellectual progress, either from ineffective teaching, from the continued teaching of subjects in which they cannot advance, or from idleness, or from a combination of these causes ; that in arithmetic and mathematics the public schools are specially defective, and that this observation is not to be confined to any particular class of boys.”¹

In the opinion thus expressed, there is certainly nothing to surprise us. It is remarkable for moderation rather than severity. Most people, we presume, will be ready to admit that both in classical knowledge, and in the other subjects named by the Commissioners, the average attainments of young men leaving school are extremely low. The fact would by itself be of small importance, for it is not to be expected that at eighteen or nineteen there should be any considerable learning, either classical, mathematical, or scientific. Were we assured that during the period of life which is spent at school, an earnest effort were made to develop to the fullest extent which is desirable at that age the latent powers of the mind ; could we believe that the nature of those powers being carefully observed they were judiciously cultivated ; that whatever might be taught, be it much or little, were taught efficiently, and with an intelligent regard to the aptitude of the pupil for his subject ; then we might allow that the public schools had at least done their best with the raw material placed in their hands. Nay, if they even made the slightest approach to this ideal, even recognised at all the true objects of teaching, we would not rashly condemn them if they failed in accomplishing as much as might possibly be expected. But what is the fact ? In the first place, we find that the public schools profess to teach *one* subject, and pay little attention to any other. To that one subject they give an enormous preponderance, hammering away at it day after day, week after week ; unceasingly labouring to instil the knowledge of Greek and Latin into *every* boy, utterly regardless of his capacity to learn them. In the second place, we find that even classics are not learned ; the one thing which they undertake to teach they miserably fail in

¹ General Report, vol. i. p. 26.

teaching; and when boys who have sacrificed everything else—modern languages, mathematics, science, every species of knowledge, to this one absorbing study—boys whose mental education is simply *nil* unless they have, after grinding at these languages for eight or nine or ten years, at least come to understand *them*, proceed to the Universities, it is found that even in classics they require to be taught the very rudiments again. Now we do not say, we are most anxious not to say, that undergraduates ought to know Greek and Latin even tolerably well. What we do say is, that when the public schools, practically neglecting all other methods of developing the mind, have forced a man to spend his boyhood in attending to little else than Greek and Latin, his time must have been too fearfully and wretchedly wasted if he does not know something at least of them. And, making a liberal allowance for the naturally unteachable, we still maintain that there must be some error in a system which ends in such melancholy results; some error either in the subjects taught, or in the manner of teaching them. Could we hope, by a few desultory hints, to indicate the direction which educational improvement ought to take, we should be well satisfied to leave practical proposals to be brought forward by those whose experience and judgment would fit them for the task.

When we consider the extraordinary amount of time devoted to the ancient languages, with the small proficiency that is commonly acquired in them—comparatively few men being able to read Greek or Latin books with any pleasure to themselves—we are driven to ask a question, on the ultimate answer to which the whole course of our upper-class education must depend, namely, Whether the classics really are the very best basis that could possibly be laid in the instruction of every gentleman, or whether we do not regard that branch of learning with too exclusive a veneration? This inquiry has pressed itself on the minds of the Commissioners, as it must do on the minds of nearly all reflecting persons, and they have answered it in favour of the present system. “The classical languages and literature,” they say, “should continue to hold the principal place in the course of study.”¹

It is with some diffidence that we desire to question, in the spirit of doubt rather than the spirit of denial, the wisdom of the opinion thus expressed. The weight of authority is undoubtedly with the Commission, but this, we believe, arises in a great measure from the matter being so seldom presented in its true aspect, and also from the natural affec-

¹ General Report, vol. i. p. 53.

tion which is felt by classical scholars for their own studies. If, on the whole, and with great reluctance, we venture to assert that there is no adequate ground for making classics *the* principal study, this is certainly not because we wish to detract from their importance or to deny their value. We should be glad to see the instruction in classics, if not more general, at least more thorough, than it is now. Whether or not you teach everybody classics, it is fervently to be desired that where they *are* taught for any length of time, the labour so spent should result in some degree of real insight into the spirit of classical literature; some power of seizing the leading features of the leading minds among the Greeks and Romans; some appreciation of their culture, their philosophy, their "Weltansicht," in short; and some knowledge of their history that might extend beyond a barren catalogue of names and dates. Whereas, under our present system, although the proportion of time spent upon classics is certainly immense, there is nothing gained, in the great majority of cases, beyond a purely superficial smattering. Nor can we think that better teaching would provide more than a partial remedy; for where the tendencies of the mind are not in the classical direction, we doubt the expediency of forcing it into a channel in which, after all, it is likely to make but little progress. There is great force in some of the remarks of Sydney Smith: "Up to a certain point we would educate every young man in Latin and Greek; but to a point far short of that to which this species of education is now carried. . . . Why are we to trust to the diversity of human tastes, and the varieties of human ambition, in everything else, and distrust it in classics alone? The passion for languages is just as strong as any other literary passion. There are very good Persian and Arabic scholars in this country. Large heaps of trash have been dug up from Sanscrit ruins." And yet, he continues, "we think that, in order to secure an attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man—whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke—begin with him at six years of age, and never quit him till he is twenty; making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians."¹

Now, whatever may be said in answer to this reasoning on the extreme importance of the classics, misses the point which is really at issue. Nobody, or no rational person, denies the importance of the classics. But the question to be considered is not whether any other study shall displace the classics, but whether the classics shall displace, more or less completely, every other study. Yet it is constantly argued, it is argued

¹ Sydney Smith's *Works*: Essay on "Too much Latin and Greek."

sometimes by the Commissioners themselves, as though we had only to prove the excellence of these languages as a training for the mind, in order to prove also that they are more excellent than anything else which might possibly be adopted. Thus, from premises which are strictly limited, a general conclusion is attempted to be drawn. The premises would legitimately prove that the classics are entitled to be *a* principal subject; it is assumed at once that they ought to be *the* principal subject in our course of education. This conclusion, however, we cannot admit, unless it can also be shown that no other subject would be of equal value.

The Commissioners, no doubt, propose to escape the pressure of this difficulty by including a very considerable range of study in the regular course at school, thus keeping the classics pre-eminent, but not to the exclusion of other things. They also think that when a boy reaches a certain place in the school, he might drop some of his classical work, "in order to devote more time to mathematics, modern languages, or natural science." We quote Recommendations IX. and X., indicating by small capitals the extraordinary range of study which they believe it possible to combine with efficient teaching of Greek and Latin :—

"In addition to the study of the classics and to RELIGIOUS TEACHING, every boy who passes through the school should receive instruction in ARITHMETIC and MATHEMATICS, in ONE MODERN LANGUAGE at least, which should be either French or German; in some ONE BRANCH at least of NATURAL SCIENCE, and in either DRAWING or MUSIC. Care should also be taken to insure that the boys have a good general knowledge of GEOGRAPHY and of ANCIENT HISTORY, some acquaintance with MODERN HISTORY, and a command of PURE GRAMMATICAL ENGLISH.

"The ordinary arithmetical and mathematical course should include ARITHMETIC so taught as to make every boy thoroughly familiar with it, and the ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, ALGEBRA, and PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. In the case of the more advanced students it is desirable that the course should comprise also AN INTRODUCTION TO APPLIED MATHEMATICS, and especially to THE ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS."¹

On reading these paragraphs, we become impressed with the conviction that the Commissioners by no means appreciate the serious obstacle which would be offered to so extended a course by limitation of time. A great deal might undoubtedly be done by improved methods of instruction, as we shall have occasion to point out, but this would involve fundamental and radical changes, of which the framers of the Report apparently do not even dream. All these things are, no doubt, exceedingly useful; and we should be glad to see them introduced (except, perhaps,

¹ General Report, vol. i. p. 53.

the higher branches of mathematics, which might well be left to a later age), if it could be effected without increasing the strain upon the working powers of the boys. This, we fear, would be very difficult, if it were still necessary for every boy to make classics his chief occupation; and any addition to the hours of work we should regard as disastrous. Our conviction is, that the pressure is already far too great upon those who honestly fulfil the required tasks.¹ We are perfectly aware that most boys contrive, by sufficiently simple means, to avoid being inconveniently over-loaded. But what we complain of is, that the burden falls with so dangerous a weight upon those who are either too ambitious or too conscientious to take refuge in complacent shirking. We cannot forget a conversation with the physician of one of our largest public schools, who was constantly attending on the boys, and had every opportunity of observing their physical condition. He informed us that, towards the end of the school-term when the examination was held, those who worked hard generally fell rather below par in regard to strength, from the severity of their exertions. And speaking, as we do with all confidence, from personal experience, we do not hesitate to assert that, at the school in question, a boy of average talents who was desirous of attaining a high position in his form, could scarcely fail to work far more than was likely to be at all compatible with the preservation of vigorous health. The following evidence of Dr. Acland is to a similar effect: "I must say, as a physician, that being my main business now, that I really view with alarm the way in which boys are pressed now. . . . I am afraid it remains to be seen fifty years hence what the effect of this system on the *physique* of the country will be."² We should be the last to oppose the introduction of additional *subjects* in the school curriculum; but we have thought it right to allude to the dangers of introducing additional *work*, because, at the age of schoolboys, it would be a still more serious evil to cramp the development of the body than to neglect the development of the mind.

Supposing, nevertheless, that the practical difficulties of maintaining the sovereignty of the classics can be overcome, is it sufficiently proved that there is reason for exalting a single department of human knowledge at the expense—as it always must be more or less—of all the others? Upon this point the arguments of the Commissioners are so able and so eloquent that we should be doing them a great injustice if we did

¹ To the remarks in this paragraph, Eton, the great stronghold of idleness and ignorance against the busy tendencies of the age, may possibly constitute an exception.

² General Evidence, vol. iv. p. 409.

not submit them at full length to the consideration of our readers:—

“We believe that for the instruction of boys, especially when collected in a large school, it is material that there should be some one principal branch of study, invested with a recognised, and, if possible, a traditional importance, to which the principal weight should be assigned, and the largest share of time and attention given.

“We believe that this is necessary in order to concentrate attention, to stimulate industry, to supply to the whole school a common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion.

“The study of the classical languages and literature at present occupies this position in all the great English schools. It has, as we have already observed, the advantage of long possession,—an advantage so great that we should certainly hesitate to advise the dethronement of it, even if we were prepared to recommend a successor.

“It is not, however, without reason that the foremost place has, in fact, been assigned to this study. Grammar is the logic of common speech, and there are few educated men who are not sensible of the advantages they gained as boys from the steady practice of composition and translation, and from their introduction to etymology. The study of literature is the study, not indeed of the physical, but of the intellectual and moral world we live in, and of the thoughts, lives, and characters of those men whose writings or whose memories succeeding generations have thought it worth while to preserve. We are equally convinced that the best materials available to Englishmen for these studies are furnished by the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. From the regular structure of these languages, from their logical accuracy of expression, from the comparative ease with which their etymology is traced and reduced to general laws, from their severe canons of taste and style, from the very fact that they are ‘dead,’ and have been handed down to us directly from the periods of their highest perfection, comparatively untouched by the inevitable process of degeneration and decay, they are, beyond all doubt, the finest and most serviceable models we have for the study of language. As literature, they supply the most graceful and some of the noblest poetry, the finest eloquence, the deepest philosophy, the wisest historical writing; and these excellencies are such as to be appreciated keenly, though inadequately, by young minds, and to leave, as in fact they do, a lasting impression. Besides this, it is at least a reasonable opinion that this literature has had a powerful effect in moulding and animating the statesmanship and political life of England. Nor is it to be forgotten that the whole civilisation of modern Europe is really built upon the foundations laid two thousand years ago by two highly civilized nations on the shores of the Mediterranean; that their languages supply the key to our modern tongues; their poetry, history, philosophy, and law to the poetry and history, the philosophy and jurisprudence of modern times; that this key can seldom be acquired except in youth, and that the possession of it, as daily experience proves, and as those

who have it not will most readily acknowledge, is very far from being merely a literary advantage."¹

These observations are very striking, and in the main very just. They might possibly be accepted as quite conclusive, if Society consisted of a single sex. But as it does not, we cannot refrain from putting a question which in general appears to be, by some singular oversight, entirely unthought of, namely, why the subjects which are considered so indispensable in the education of men are silently eschewed in the education of women. The advantages of studying the ancient languages which the Commissioners so powerfully state, if valid as reasons for teaching them to men, are of at least equal, if not greater force, as reasons for teaching them to women. Knowledge of grammar, logical accuracy, severe canons of taste and style, powers of reasoning and reflection; these are the qualities which classical studies are peculiarly fitted to impart, and which could hardly fail to be of the greatest value in correcting the tendency to hasty and inaccurate thinking commonly supposed to exist in the female mind more strongly than in the male. It may be quite true that there are some very plausible people whose notions of the education of women are of a purely mercantile character, and upon whom, therefore, the preceding argument would make no impression. Marriage they regard as the supreme end of female training; and they would therefore aim at making their daughters eligible rather than excellent; at increasing their market value rather than their intrinsic worth. To such persons we would suggest that even their contemptible ideal would perhaps be more perfectly attained by giving a good education than by giving a bad one. Rational husbands, it may fairly be presumed, will not be contented with mere managers of households and producers of children; they will be at least as anxious for literary sympathy in their wives as in their male acquaintances. If, then, it be desirable that "a common ground of literary interest" should be supplied to boys at school, and to men among each other, is it not fully as important that this common ground should be extended also to men and women?

¹ Vol. i. p. 28.—In an elaborate footnote, the Commissioners cite, among other authorities, the following sentence from Goethe's works:—"Möge das Studium der griechischen und römischen Literatur immerfort die Basis der höhern Bildung bleiben." They observe that "Goethe's strongly expressed opinion is peculiarly valuable on account of the large range of his literary knowledge, and of his ardent attachment to natural science." Certainly; but we may be permitted to refer, on the other side, to the case of Shakspeare, who is said by Ben Jonson to have had "small Latin and less Greek." Moreover, it ought to be known that in Germany this study, being usually demitted on leaving school, really does constitute "*die Basis der höheren Bildung*;" whereas here it is, as Sydney Smith says, "a foundation so far above ground that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it."

While, however, there is every reason to desire that the progress of affairs may bring us to this happy consummation, most people would readily perceive the folly of rendering the study of the classics obligatory on *every* girl, and insisting that it should constitute the major portion of her work from ten to twenty. They would not only allow, but maintain, that however excellent Greek and Latin might be intrinsically, it could by no means be considered as established that nothing else could compete with them as a training for the female mind. Moreover, it would probably be admitted in the case of women, that a study which was admirably adapted to one, might nevertheless be altogether unsuited to another. And we are at a loss to discover any tolerable reason for refusing to extend the same argument (if it be a just one) to the case of men. Attention might be concentrated, and industry stimulated just as well by scientific as by literary subjects, provided only the competition in the scientific classes were sufficiently active. Nor does it seem to be at all essential that there should be a "common ground of literary interest, and a common path of promotion." It is almost ridiculous to talk of literary interest in Homer or Demosthenes, Virgil or Cicero, as existing among boys, for wherever it does exist, it is only among the more studious, who might feel it equally well without the aid of the great majority who feel it not. And if a "common path of promotion" be taken to mean a path in which promotion can only be obtained by the same means, it is difficult to conceive anything more palpably unfair. It is notorious that a subject which to one boy may be interesting and easy, may be to another difficult and repulsive. One may accomplish in half an hour what will occupy another fully an hour. Thus, though it might be impossible in a public school to hit upon a system which should be absolutely just, it might surely be altogether possible to devise something rather less unjust than this plan of giving a preponderating weight to a single study.

It is not a little remarkable that the Commissioners avow, among the grounds of their opinion, that they are not prepared "to recommend a successor." We are sorry that they should give the slightest countenance, even unwittingly, to the popular notion that he who combats a prevailing error is bound immediately to "propose a substitute," to be worshipped in its stead. It is on this ground that the labours of earnest men are often childishly depreciated as purely negative. What do they give us, it is asked, in exchange for that which they take away? As if, forsooth, the destruction of falsehood were not in itself one of the greatest of benefits!

Let it be honestly acknowledged that there are cases where

substitutes cannot be found. There are quack medicines, the pretensions of which cannot be rivalled by the resources of science. The believer in some "Morrison's Pill" for the cure of every imaginable disease may fly into a rage, if he will, with the physician who points out its impotence. He may say that all his family, for generations past, have put their trust in Morrison, and pitiably complain that his most sacred feelings are outraged by the cold scepticism which maintains that Morrison is not infallible. He may urge, in eloquent terms, the wisdom and the beauty of having in a family some one principal medicine, "invested with a recognised, and if possible a traditional importance." Lastly, he may imperiously demand that unless the doctor is prepared to recommend a successor that will cure all diseases, he shall at least leave him his faith in Morrison's Pill, which at any rate professes to do so.

Such is the language, by no means exaggerated, of believers in various kinds of Morrison's Pills. Let us not, however, be misled by the specious sound of arguments such as these. Let us rather struggle, as our *first* duty, to shake off the errors that have gathered around us, trusting that if we have courage to do that, truth will body itself forth even as it is needed for us. Let us have faith (and it requires a very deep faith) to pull down as well to build up. "Life centres deathless underneath decay;" we need not doubt that the natural, the heavenly, the true, will arise in due course upon the shattered ruins of the conventional, the worldly, and the false; the worship of the one God following the destruction of the altars of Baal; Christian churches standing upon the site of heathen temples; and the distracted clamour of sectarian Christendom yielding, one may humbly hope, to the more melodious tones of a purer worship.

What, in this particular instance, may be the exact shape which improvement ought to take, or what precise measures ought to be adopted to effect it, we can, no more than the Commissioners, undertake to say. But in doubting the propriety of the exclusively classical system now in vogue, we take our stand upon one broad principle, which appears to be pretty generally overlooked in modern education, namely, that different minds are differently constituted, and require therefore to be differently treated. To educate, *educere*, means, as we believe, to *draw out* the latent powers, not merely to cumber them by loading them with Latin grammar or Greek verbs. We see in public schools a great deal of this kind of loading, very little indeed of drawing out. The quantity and quality of the educational food is considered everything; the condition of the digestive organs nothing.

The following remarks, which we have dug up from the pages of an obscure writer, are not unworthy of attention:—"It may be beyond our power," he says, "to give the best education in its true sense—that is, the education most suited to his mind—to every child. But surely we may lay aside some of our false notions, and discard some of our present practices. We need not assume any longer that what is best for one is best for all, nor impose the usual studies upon minds obviously intended for something else. Much progress has already been made in this direction. New branches have been opened for those who were not inclined to travel for ever by the main line. Yet far more remains to be done. *The true object of education remains to be acknowledged.*" This object he afterwards states to be "the highest possible development of the intellectual, mental, and moral capabilities." And though this applies in the full sense rather to the whole of life than to any one period of it, we heartily concur with the writer in thinking that this supreme end should be the one towards which all teaching should earnestly and constantly lend its assistance.

Bearing these principles in view, we should endeavour, had we the power, to combine in our public schools two things, hitherto most unfortunately dissociated: the social advantages, which they offer now; and the advantage of good instruction, which they do not. Side by side with the older studies we would introduce natural science, and allow a given quantity of work in one department to be counted as equivalent to the same quantity in the other. Which of the two, or even three, courses that might be open to him, he pursued, should be left as much as possible to the boy himself, subject, of course, to the advice of his parents and his tutor. The machinery of such a change already exists in embryo in the Natural Philosophy School at Rugby,¹ and we cannot think it would be impossible to introduce it in other places. We are far, however, from intending to assert that the scheme we have recommended is precisely the one which would be found the best in its practical working. We offer it merely as a suggestion, tending to show the nature of the steps which in our opinion ought to be taken. It is undoubtedly quite possible that the objections to introducing two separate courses of study in a public school might be so overwhelming as to render it more advisable to adhere to the existing subjects. In that case we should have to content ourselves with introducing a more effective method of teaching Greek and Latin, in order that time might be found during the remaining years for other things.

Should it be found that the adoption of these or any other

¹ Vol. i. pp. 252, 278.

measures tended to prejudice in any appreciable degree the study of the ancient writers, such a result would be regretted by none more sincerely than by ourselves. While, however, it is perfectly possible that as a purely *superficial* study they would be less general, we cannot think that as a *real* study they would be seriously affected. The majority of those who read them at schools and universities do so much more to learn the language than to understand the author; indeed, their attention is in general so completely absorbed by the mere words employed, that they think very little of the thoughts expressed. Such men—and it must always be remembered that they are the rule, not the exception—might possibly make themselves much better acquainted with classical literature if they were not obliged to spend their time in mastering the mere outward form in which it happens to be clothed. Doubtless, those who desire to obtain a *thorough* understanding of the authors they read, will study also, under the present or any other system, the language in which they wrote. But it is surely possible, for all ordinary purposes, to read books and to understand them, without knowing their original language. An obvious instance presents itself in the case of the Old Testament. It might have been supposed that if there was one language above all others which everybody should learn, that language was Hebrew. Yet it is never pretended that a very fair appreciation of the meaning of Old Testament writers may not be acquired by means of the English version. And, accordingly, the study of the original tongue, however important, is left to those who for some special purpose desire to undertake it. Nor is the general ignorance of Hebrew found in practice to be either so dangerous or so inconvenient as might have been expected, orthodox persons being able, with the utmost confidence, to accuse Colenso of mistakes in a language of which they do not pretend to know a single letter.

Undoubtedly, there is another argument in favour of classical education, which remains untouched by everything we have urged respecting the inutility of the little acquaintance with the ancient tongues that is now imparted to the great majority. We observe, pervading the minds of the defenders of our established system, a common feeling which, when driven to express itself distinctly, assumes pretty nearly the following form. Education, they contend, should be based on literature, not on science. General cultivation, rather than special knowledge, should be the result at which it aims. Its object is simply “to train the mind.” This being the case, the public schools cannot condescend to the low and vulgar notion of teaching anything that might possibly be “useful.” Nor can they at-

tempt to communicate mere "information," such things being beneath their dignity. Now, if by this reasoning it is intended to assert that, among the other merits of public schools, they teach very little that is useful in after life, and communicate very little information, we should admit, with the utmost readiness, that in these important achievements they have attained a success which their most sanguine friends could hardly have expected. If, however, we are desired to infer from this gratifying fact that they are successful also in that which is justly regarded as the end of education, the training of the mind, to such a demand upon our credulity or our indulgence, we should strongly demur. The very thing in which the education of the upper classes most lamentably and completely fails, is precisely this important item of training minds. Very ignorant men can hardly be expected to have well-trained or cultivated minds. Take, for example, the following case, and judge what is the value of a mental training which is embodied in results of this description:—

"If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, *with an uncultivated mind, and no taste for reading or observation*, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public-school education, but, *speaking both from the evidence we have received, and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be*, making ample allowance for the difficulties before referred to, and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large."¹

It would require, perhaps, but a slight softening of the harsher features of this very vivid picture, to render it a fair representation of "the ordinary product of English public-school education." Even if this assumption be unwarranted, it is easy to perceive that the Commissioners are not speaking, in the above paragraph, of an exceptional instance. And it is simply ridiculous to pretend that accusations of this very specific and circumstantial nature can be answered by the

¹ Vol. i. p. 31.

vague assertion that our public schools are intended only to "train the mind."

Underneath this fallacious reasoning there lies nevertheless an important truth. The instincts of those who argue thus have led them to discern, though in a confused and distorted way, a real merit in the English system. They have found it possible, as by taxing our imaginative powers we ourselves have done, to conceive a system that would certainly be worse. Whatever mistakes have been committed, one mistake at least, perhaps the most serious of all, has been consistently avoided, that, namely, of making education minister to the ends of a vulgar and material utility. English education, bad as it is, has not yet fallen so low as that. It aims, if in its blind and blundering course it can be said to aim at all, at cultivating the mind; not merely at supplying weapons for the mercenary conflicts of professional life. The intention is so entirely right, that we may fairly be asked to pardon many defects in the manner of its execution. None the less does it become us to point out the errors into which an unqualified and almost dogged aversion to every practical standard has conducted the national mind. For it does not follow that instruction, in order to be mentally useful, must of necessity be practically useless. It does not follow that because education ought to be unpractical, therefore it should include nothing that can by hook or by crook be made available in the business of later life. On the contrary, we believe that the really best, most complete, most catholic training will also prove the most widely and permanently useful.

Considered in this light, the instruction given at the schools in question is especially defective. In its desire of being literary rather than scientific, it almost entirely ignores some of the most valuable branches of human knowledge. "Rugby School is the only one," we are told, "in which Physical Science is a regular part of the curriculum." The others, or at least some of them, give opportunities of learning it to those who will do so voluntarily, and at extra hours, but they do not teach it. Now, this is a state of things which argues an extraordinary backwardness in making use of the great discoveries which are in a peculiar degree the glory and the treasure of our age. Professor Owen, in his interesting evidence, asks only for a single hour in every week for the purpose of scientific teaching, and as the Commissioners fully recognise the importance of this species of culture, we trust that so modest a demand will not long continue to be refused, even if more than this cannot be granted.

It is, we think, a very unfavourable symptom of the effects

of a mainly classical education, that so many of those who have undergone it, including some excellent scholars, completely fail to recognise the immense value of the Physical Sciences as a training for the mind. If they do not actively oppose their introduction among the boys, they at any rate assume a position of passive resistance which is nearly as bad. They seem to consider it incumbent upon them to do nothing. Where they take measures of any kind, they nevertheless put science on a footing of such marked inferiority, that it is evident how very lightly they esteem its claims in comparison with those of their own studies. Now, if there is one question rather than another upon which it might be supposed that a well-trained mind would hesitate to pronounce a dogmatic judgment, it is that of the relative importance of various studies. He who has been able to look for a moment beyond the narrow walls that bound his own special reading—and no man should deem his education complete unless he has done so—can hardly fail to perceive that there lies in each department of human inquiry a value and an interest peculiarly its own. He will see, moreover, that none can boast itself independent of the rest. Feeling these truths, he will hesitate to declare that the things he does not know himself are less important than the things he does. His attitude towards other workers in the field of knowledge or of thought will be one of humility and respect, not of presumptuous self-assertion.

That any mere "system of education" should impart these qualities to commonplace men, it would be unreasonable to ask. But it might surely be expected that the more brilliant specimens produced by a method which loudly professes to "train the mind," shall exhibit a little of that humble spirit, that readiness to admit the merits of studies different from their own, to which we have referred. It is, therefore, with considerable surprise that we have found a scholar of Dr. Temple's eminence, from whom we should have looked for better things, maintaining the altogether indefensible doctrine that a classical man though ignorant of physical science can properly estimate its value; while a scientific man, if ignorant of classics, is not competent to estimate theirs.¹ What Dr. Temple may mean by his assertion, that natural science does not humanize, we find it hard to understand.² His tone, however, sufficiently proves that Greek and Latin, whether they humanize or not, are very inadequate, in themselves, as a training for the mind. A tendency to undervalue the intellectual pursuits of others is, generally speaking, a sign of ignorance with regard to their nature; it implies a narrowness of vision which a sound educa-

¹ Rugby Evidence, 1037-1040, vol. iv. p. 271.

² Vol. ii. p. 311.

tion should endeavour, as one of its leading objects, to mitigate, and if possible, to remove.

The fact is, that the study of ancient history and of ancient thought, is admirably adapted to strengthen and to cultivate one special class of intellectual faculties; those, namely, to which the Commissioners allude. Others, of fully as great importance, it leaves entirely untouched. There is a class of sympathies, and a class of powers, which predominate in scientific men, and are perhaps more especially called forth by scientific instruction. It is scarcely necessary to mention the faculty of *observation*, or the infinitely wider range of thought which is acquired by its exercise. There is another quality of still higher value which appears to us—though we say it with hesitation—to be called out in a more marked manner by scientific than by classical pursuits. We mean *the love of truth*. This may very possibly arise from the intrinsic difference of the two studies. In the classics everything is fixed, immovable, unprogressive. There is nothing more to be done, except to discern more perfectly the meaning of what has been done already. But in science all this is exactly reversed. It is essentially progressive. If from antiquity we derive an impression of rest that can never be broken, from modern inquiries we derive an impression of motion that can never cease. The world of science is impelled in the strongest manner to be constantly active in revising its conclusions, in making fresh experiments, in establishing fresh generalizations. It can never sit down and say that its task is done.

“The language of the old world,” says a recent writer, whose eloquent observations may help to illustrate our meaning, “speaking to us through its art, its poetry, its philosophy, is all the same: ‘It is well to create the beautiful, to discover the true: to live out the good and noble. I *have* created beauty, discovered truth, lived out the good and noble.’ The language of the new world, coming through the thousand tongues of our multiform civilisation, is one long cry of longing aspiration: ‘Would that I could create the ineffable beauty!—would that I could discover the eternal and absolute truth!—would! oh would it were possible to live out the good, the noble and the holy!’”¹

Assuming, however, as we are probably correct in doing, that education in England will retain for many years its present classical character, there is another question which remains to be considered, namely, whether the present methods of teaching classics ought also to be retained. Now, the system at present employed for imparting a knowledge of the ancient languages

¹ *Broken Lights*. By Frances Power Cobbe, p. 131.—See the same notion expanded by the authoress in *The Cities of the Past*, pp. 154-157.

is founded on tradition, not on reason. It offends in various points against the simplest principles of common sense. And, while we fully admit the great difficulties to be encountered in subverting its mistakes, and thereby rousing to opposition the formidable feeling of peculiar veneration that attaches to irrational customs, we are yet sanguine enough to believe that it really would be possible to communicate, in the course of ten years mainly occupied with learning Greek and Latin, a tolerable knowledge of those languages.

First and foremost among the obstacles that hinder the attainment of more satisfactory results, we place without hesitation the practice which prevails in English schools of compelling every single boy, no matter how complete his inaptitude, to compose verses in the dead languages; chiefly in Latin, but in the upper classes in Greek also. We will not undertake to prove to the satisfaction of our readers that this practice is supremely ridiculous. We are fairly entitled to assume that it is so unless the strongest reasons can be urged in its favour. What would be thought of any foreigner who should attempt to teach English by requiring his pupils to manufacture a certain number of lines per week, that might, when done particularly well, bear some distant resemblance in mere sound and structure to *Childe Harold*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, or ring upon the ear like a ghastly echo of *Locksley Hall*? No very elaborate argument would be considered necessary here to show that this teacher was not acting precisely in the wisest manner. What then, can be the overwhelming advantages by which a custom, apparently so injudicious, is vindicated from the charge of being nothing more than a time-honoured absurdity?

The question is one of some importance; we regret that we are not aware of anything that can properly be called an answer. Reasons of course may be given for this practice, as excuses may be made for every conceivable species of human folly. Let a man only be determined to persist in some insane proceeding, and he will not lack a justification of his conduct. But the apologies for this particular mania certainly do strike us as utterly ludicrous. Head-masters, and persons of that description, when questioned on the subject, will probably say that they "attach great importance" to versification. Why they attach it we do not know, and we have often wished to discover whether they knew themselves. No doubt it may be said that a certain number of words are learned in this manner, that an interesting exercise is provided for the mind, that the habit of composition is acquired, etc. All this may be very true; but is there no better way of spending the many hours devoted to versification? Could not the languages be learned equally well,

or better, without the expenditure of so much time on an absolutely useless accomplishment? For it deserves to be borne in mind that the only result of all this labour, except in a very few remarkable individuals, is to enable young men to turn out, by a purely mechanical process, wretched imitations of Virgil or Horace, or any other poet who may have written in the required metre. "A pupil," says Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, "after years of profitless toil, may acquire the mechanical power of wedging together geometric blocks of deal into the form of an hexameter. But the time and trouble wasted on the acquisition of this mechanical dexterity, might have carried him over a broad field of reading in the classics, or a wide range of scientific study, or through the leading authors of some modern literature."¹

What, then, we ask despairingly, *can* be the reason for keeping up the practice of versification? If it be desired to teach the ancient languages, it would have been difficult to devise a worse or a slower method of attaining that end. If it be desired to impart the power of writing verses, the object itself is palpably absurd. We have called the process purely mechanical, and such it is. A certain number of feet are given; it is required that those feet may be filled up with words. The way in which this is done is perfectly familiar to all who have tried it. Most nouns are provided with a certain suite of appropriate adjectives; more or fewer according to their dignity. From these (which revolve like satellites around their sun) is selected the one that happens to fit the line, and then the noun and its attendant epithet are ushered in, preceded and followed by a certain number of the other parts of speech which are found to scan. An effort is made to arrange the words with some reference to sense, and the general result is supposed to be a verse. And the book which provides the artificer with the proper epithets—a very essential part of the machinery—is actually called a "GRADUS AD PARNASSUM," a name which, if it were not too sadly serious, might certainly deserve some credit for its profound and bitter irony. Parnassus, we take it, will not be reached by any number of "Gradus" of this description.

Those who believe that, because the practice of verse-making exists, and has existed some time, it must be right, will doubtless tell us that although very little is learned by it, the minds of the boys are usefully exercised by the conversion of bad English prose into still worse Latin verses. And if the object of the masters be to occupy a great many hours with the smallest possible result, we grant that they have hit upon an admirable expedient for that purpose. Should it be found that after attending to all really important subjects, there re-

¹ *Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster*, by D'Arcy W. Thompson, p. 25.
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mained any considerable reserve of unoccupied time upon the boys' hands, which could not conveniently be spent in play, it might possibly be desirable to fill up the vacancy by making verses. No great harm, perhaps, would be effected by this contrivance. But while, as our readers have seen, the power of writing our own language is nowise cultivated at our public schools; while the literature of England remains to be recognised, as Lord Russell has suggested that it should be, in the school course; while it is complained that there is a want of time for natural science; so long we must emphatically and earnestly protest against the elaborate frivolity of verse-composition. We mean no censure upon those by whom that frivolity is maintained, and who regard it as so sacred that our language must appear to them very shockingly profane. We sincerely regret it if, in attacking their idol, we give them pain. But the idolatry is, in our eyes, a deeply pernicious waste of time. Believing this, we cannot consent to approach it under any flimsy pretext of mock reverence, or to veil in courteous phraseology the melancholy conviction that the fame even of such authors as Bland and Oxenham is not destined to endure for ever.

Scarcely less irrational than making verses are various other features in the mechanism of our school teaching. What, for instance, can be more monstrous than a Greek grammar written in Latin? Are *τύπτω* and *ἵστημι* too simple in themselves, or do the rules of the Greek Syntax make more impression by being put in a less intelligible form? And if we turn to the Latin grammar, with its grotesque jargon, its "*Propria quæ Maribus*," and its "*As in Præsenti*," the case is scarcely better. Altogether, the object would seem to have been originally to render the study of the classics as painful, as laborious, as slow as possible; and now, when there is more to learn, and less time for unfruitful labour, the means adopted in an age even less enlightened than our own are religiously conserved. It is, we think, a reproach to this country, certainly it is a national misfortune, that we should regard with an apathy that can scarcely ever be roused to anything but a sneer, the fearful amount of unnecessary and irksome work which is imposed upon our boys. A little discussion, a little anxiety to obtain information from others, a little more community of feeling among teachers, a little earnestness in the public, might effect great things. But meanwhile, the English nation isolates itself in this respect from every other, and the English schoolmaster isolates himself even from his colleagues. In Germany, there prevails a better spirit. Much, we believe, might be learned from German schools, and especially, it might be possible to obtain from them a lesson on the manner of overcoming the dry and tedious character of our classical instruction. In that country, it appears that the more

formal parts of the ancient languages are mastered first, from twelve to fourteen; after which it is found possible to read classical works with intelligence and interest.¹ Here, it must be confessed, that the meaning of the author is too often lost under the painful attention given to the words they employ. The notion of appreciating or enjoying their writings can hardly be said to exist at our public schools. It is one sad round of dreary and unchanging drudgery.

While, however, the remedies for these things are by no means recondite, we have little hope of their being adopted, so long as it is thought in England that any one who has received a University education may, without an atom of special preparation, assume the office of master in a public school. With reference to the children of the poor, it is at length admitted that some sort of previous training is requisite for a teacher. But with the children of rich parents, we are not so careful. Anything, it seems, is good enough for them. Is it wonderful if uninstructed instructors do not succeed? Is it wonderful if when any stray clergyman may take up teaching as a convenient prelude to clerical duties, the progress of his pupils is not brilliant? Small blame to him, if it is far otherwise.

The art of teaching does not come by instinct. True, there may be some who are by nature formed and fitted for the task of imparting knowledge, but even these can scarcely hope to dispense with the technical rules which are ratified by the experience of others. Much less can it be expected that men who have no special inclination for the work shall be able to hit at once upon the speediest or soundest method of fulfilling their duties. It is not to be supposed that an art of so complex and delicate an order can be mastered in any way except by practice. But this practice should begin under the eye of a superior, who might correct the mistakes and point out the deficiencies of the would-be pedagogue. Obvious unfitness would thus be rendered apparent, and those who were not unfit would gain the inestimable advantage of being already familiar with the ground to be trodden before they are left to tread it unguided and alone. We cannot but believe that the masters

¹ Our informant, himself holding a position in a German school, writes to us as follows:—"Jetzt gilt als Norm, dass wenn der Unterricht in Latein und Griechisch langweilig ist, es eben ein schlechter Unterricht oder ein schlechter Lehrer sein muss." If he afterwards admits that in the first years of classical lessons (from twelve to fourteen), there is much which is tiresome, he is able to say of the later period (from fourteen to eighteen): "Jetzt kann der Lehrer die Klassiker mit seinen Schülern eher so lesen, dass sie einen *Genuss* davon haben; man liest von jedem Schriftsteller viel *mehr* (ich glaube z. B. den ganzen Homer), man erfreut sich an seinem Inhalt, wird in dessen Geist, in den bildenden Geist des Alterthums überhaupt mehr eingeweiht, wozu man neuerdings auch viel mehr historische, antiquarische, sprachvergleichende, etc. Hilfsmittel in Bewegung setzt." Painful contrast!

of our public schools would themselves be glad to receive such preliminary tuition. They are drawn, as it is right they should be, from the most intelligent and cultivated class to be found in the community, and it cannot be doubted that they would readily avail themselves of the superior judgment of their seniors in the same profession. At present they are left to acquire experience at the expense of their pupils. It is an arrangement that inflicts injustice upon both. But perhaps the masters are the greatest sufferers, for they lose the gratification of success, and they are in some danger of losing also the confidence of the public. The persevering and patient efforts of many among them are worthy at least of the respectful affection of their pupils, but even this reward it is too seldom in their power to obtain.

Limitation of space compels us to touch with the utmost brevity upon a topic of considerable magnitude; we allude to what is commonly spoken of as "religious instruction." This is so characteristic a feature in English education, that we cannot conclude these very fragmentary remarks without a word upon the subject, more especially as the Commissioners treat it in a highly unsatisfactory manner. "Religious instruction!" The term strikes us as an exceedingly strange one. Religion, we should have thought, can scarcely be a subject of instruction; at least if it can, we feel sure that the way to teach it has not been discovered by our public schools. If indeed religion be a mere series of cold mathematical or logical propositions, if it be expressed in distinct formularies addressed to the intellect alone, if it be found in

" catechisms or creeds that oft

Men's lips repeat, while their hearts feel them not,"

then perhaps it may be taught. But if it be something altogether different from these, something far better than any of these, then we fear that those who so lightly undertake to teach it, have shown themselves unable to comprehend its nature. What *they* teach is not religion, but merely doctrines. We will not attempt to explain the difference to those who have never felt it.

A gleam of light is thrown upon the subject unwittingly by a letter of Mr. Johnson's, one of the Eton Masters, and a gentleman on the whole of very liberal opinions. After recommending chemistry and other branches of science, he observes that he would add geology, but that "experience has convinced him that the theory of geology cannot be received by mere boys without a violent disturbance of their religious belief."¹ Yes!

¹ Vol. iii. pp. 159, 160.

but what sort of religious belief can that be which is violently disturbed by scientific facts? Mr. Johnson perhaps has not analysed his own meaning; we will do it for him. His statement means—we do not say he means himself—that “mere boys,” unaccustomed to the sophistical ingenuity of “reconciliations” and “interpretations,” will be likely to accept plain words in a plain sense. This being so, they will not be altogether prepared to perceive the propriety of the very far from plain sense in which their masters take them. They will be staggered by those “terms . . . which an ingenious critic”—too ingenious for them to follow—“may twist four thousand years afterwards into a curious conformity with discoveries in astronomy or geology, the property of his own generation.” They will not yield at once to the persuasions of those Christian teachers of whom it has been admirably said, that “By a system of forced interpretation, of violent criticism, or vague ambiguous paraphrase, they can get rid of the plainest declarations, and make the New Testament itself say this, that, or nothing.”¹ They will be too young to feel the charms of that soft and yielding theology which has room for all men within its ample folds, but requires as a first step in the initiation to its mysteries, the sacrifice of their own sincerity. They will be too old to receive with implicit submission the make-shifts of a wavering belief, which requires geology to enable it to understand the Bible, and watches in tremulous anxiety for the latest intelligence from the scientific world.

Let those who dread a premature acquaintance with modern discoveries cast a glance upon the past. The battle which geology is fighting now against a well-meant but mistaken timidity has been fought and won already by its elder sister, astronomy. The Copernican system was once replete with the very dangers which, in the present century, are supposed to be lurking in the crust of the earth. Objections as weighty as any that can now be urged against imparting to “mere boys” the disclosures made by organic remains, might then have been considered valid against explaining to them the relative positions of the sun and the planets. In the face of these considerations, it is unreasonable to doubt that the struggle of our own day will prove, as its prototype has done, beneficial alike to Science and Religion; since, by impressing upon them that each is supreme within its proper sphere, but powerless in that of the other, it will place both upon a wider and a surer basis.

¹ These excellent expressions are taken from *The Book and the Life*, by Charles John Vaughan, D.D. Pp. 16, 28. See especially the striking and candid observations at pp. 16, 17.

- ART. V.—1. *Eastern Europe and Western Asia.* By H. A. TILLEY. London: Longmans, 1864.
2. *L'Empire des Tsars au point actuel de la Science.* Par M. J. SCHNITZLER. Paris, 1862.
3. *Russland unter Alexander II. Nicolaicwitsch.* Leipzig, 1860.
4. *Geschichte Russlands und der Europäischen Politik, 1814-1831.* Vol. i. TH. VON BERNHARDI. Leipzig, 1863.
5. *The Russians at Home.* By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. W. H. Allen & Co.: London, 1861.

RUSSIA, said a French historian to an English friend, is a siren, with whom it is dangerous to parley. "Just look at Haxthausen's book; he starts as a very good German, but he becomes more Muscovite than Muscovy, before he gets to the end." If the remarkable man, who used these words, had ever thought of Russia, except as a subject for dithyrambic rhetoric, he would probably have reflected, that, to say of a country, that the more you examine it, the better your opinion of it is likely to be, is to pass upon it a very equivocal kind of censure. We place his remark, however, at the very commencement of this article, in order that the reader may not be unwarned, but may suspect us, if he finds anything more favourable to Russia than he anticipates, to have listened too long to the voice of the siren.

What are the elements which make up the ordinary ideas about Russia, now floating in English society? First, there is a general feeling of dislike, not unmingled with disgust, which may be traced up perhaps to the publication of Dr. Clarke's travels. That writer, who influences many who never read a line of his works, visited Russia during the reign of the Emperor Paul, and suffered like most who did so, from the caprices of that maniac. His descriptions have been criticised, but were probably in the main correct, and the state of society, which he found in Russia, was eminently detestable. The impression which his book left upon the mind of Western Europe was heightened by the bitter diatribes of M. de Custine, and even those who would have been willing to look, with a friendly eye, upon the Russian people and their advancing civilisation, have been revolted by the impudent pretensions of their Government to give law to Europe, and by that long succession of presumptuous follies which, commencing with 1814, only came to an end when the heart-strings of the Emperor Nicholas cracked in the agony of defeat and humiliation. The bloody repression of two Polish insurrections, the long grim tyranny of Nicholas, and the fact that the events of even the present reign come to us coloured, as has been well said, either by the views of Germans who fear, or of Poles who hate Russia,

have combined to make the task of any one, who asks the liberal party in England to look upon the empire of the Czars as it really is, very far indeed from an easy one.

Alexander the First during the earlier years of his reign seemed inclined to give his attention to the internal affairs of his empire. Too soon, however, he was dragged into the whirlpool of the revolutionary wars, and ere long the utter failure of Napoleon's mad attempt put him in a position to dictate to the Continent. He caught, too, beyond his own frontiers, that strange malady of religious enthusiasm which broke out all over Europe, when the subject nations began first to hope for an opportunity of shaking off the domination of France. Opposition to the Revolution estranged the pupil of Laharpe from the doctrines of his master. The influence of Madame de Krüdener made the eldest son of the Holy Eastern Church, a mystic according to the Western manner. After the peace, he still cherished hopes of making Warsaw a centre, whence a modified liberalism might be conducted, at the good pleasure of the Czar, from one city of Russia to another; but the difficulties he met with from a people, which then as now cared much more for national freedom than for forms of government, of however liberal a character, gradually altered the views of Alexander about Poland, while he became engaged ever more and more deeply in the Congress politics, of which Metternich was the moving spirit. Before he died he was little more than the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia, while the legitimate functions of the Autocrat were discharged, and discharged detestably, by his all-powerful favourite Araktchéieff. We have said that Alexander was gradually led into this unfortunate policy; indeed, nothing would be more mistaken than to suppose that even the signature of the Holy Alliance was coincident with his reaching any very advanced point on the political "Descensus Averni." So much nonsense has been talked of late about the Holy Alliance, in connexion with the Carlsbad and Kissingen interviews of this summer, that we shall not do wrong to remind our readers what that agreement really was.

The document called the Holy Alliance was originally sketched at Paris, in the French language, by Alexander's own hand, after a long and animated conversation with Madame de Krüdener and Bergasse. It was suggested, perhaps, by some words spoken by the king of Prussia after the battle of Bautzen, but was chiefly the result of the influence, upon a mind always inclined to religious ideas, of the conversation of Madame de Krüdener and of the philosopher Bader, the admirer of Tauler, Jacob Boehm, and St. Martin, the deadly foe of Kant and his successors in Germany,—a man who may be called, in a certain sense, the father of the Tractarian movement, and who used to

speak of the Reformation as a *deformation*, just as Richard Froude did at Oxford some twenty years afterwards.

The Czar dreamt of founding a Communion of states, bound together by the first principles of Christianity. He hoped to see the Turk driven out of Europe, and he had not much more affection for the Pope than for the Turk. The King of Prussia signed the paper from motives of friendship for the Czar, without attaching much importance to what he did, to the vexation of Madame de Krüdener, to whom, of course, his carelessness appeared a sort of profanation. The Emperor of Austria, the least sentimental of mankind, at first declined to sign, Because, he said, if the secret is a political one, I must tell it to Metternich; if it is a religious one, I must tell it to my confessor. Metternich accordingly was told, and observed scornfully, "*C'est du verbiage.*" Indeed no one of the princes who adhered to the Holy Alliance, with the single exception of Alexander himself, ever took it seriously. It was doomed from its birth. As M. de Bernhardi observes: "It sank without leaving a trace in the stream of events, never became a reality, and never had the slightest real importance." What had real importance was the continuance of the good understanding between the powers who had put down Napoleon, and their common fear of France.

This good understanding and that common fear led to the treaty of the 20th November 1815, by which it was stipulated that the Powers should, from time to time, hold Congresses, with a view to regulating the welfare of nations and the peace of Europe. It was these Congresses, and not the Holy Alliance, which kept up close relations between the rulers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and enabled them, when the liberal movement on the Continent, which followed the conclusion of the war, began to be alarming, to take measures for a combined system of repression.

Alexander the First, when he lay on his deathbed at Taganrog, had wandered far away from his mystic benevolence of ten years before. The danger of revolution had come much nearer, and although he did not know all before he closed his eyes, he knew enough to understand that the whole of his system, and even the lives of the imperial family, were in imminent danger. It is well, perhaps, for his reputation as a humane and well-meaning sovereign, that he did not return to encounter the rival conspiracies of the south and of the north---the republicanism of Pestel, or the constitutionalism of Ryléieff.

His brother Nicholas, who succeeded him after a short, but most dangerous interval, was a man of narrow views, and brave rather from the force of will than from impulse. At the critical

moment when the attempted revolution had to be encountered and put down, he behaved with great spirit, but his nerves were unquestionably shaken by what occurred. Long afterwards he said to an English diplomatist, who remarked to him, that only two thrones in Europe were secure, that of England and of Russia: "Speak of England, if you please, but I, you know, sit upon a volcano." When he came to examine into the state of the empire, he found nothing to reassure him. All was in disorder. He set to work, and from that time till his death, although his principles were false, and the objects which he set before him were impossible, it cannot be denied that he tried hard to improve the country over which he ruled. He had, however, inherited from Alexander the unfortunate legacy of the foreign policy, which had been inaugurated during the years which followed the Peace, and his own imperious temper, no less than his extreme fear lest the revolutionary spirit should cross his frontiers, led him to plunge deeper into the complications of Western Europe. He strove so successfully to show his hatred to liberalism, if not to counteract its efforts, that the name of Russia became detested by every intelligent man in Europe, and only the few who were led by accident fully to examine the character of the man, and the nature of the circumstances in which he was placed, could ever think of Nicholas except as a demon reigning over one of the circles of the *Inferno*. Those who knew the truth could make more allowances, and could perfectly understand how it was that the type of all absolutism should have quizzed Lord Heytesbury about the fears with which the English Tories regarded the Reform Bill, and have assured that minister, that if he had been the sovereign of England he would have found no difficulty in assenting to it.

The mistaken foreign policy of two reigns brought its own punishment. The conduct of Russia in the commencement of the Crimean dispute is intelligible enough, and it would not be impossible to justify some of the claims of the Czar. Certainly the war would never have occurred, if it had not been for the utter abhorrence with which Russia was regarded by all the liberal and progressive elements of Western society. The English Cabinet went to war for Turkey, but enlightened public opinion supported it, because it saw an opportunity of striking a heavy blow at the stolid power which lent itself to prop up every decaying throne and every worn-out authority from the Vistula to the Ocean.

The great struggle began, and although short, was decisive. It ended too soon, perhaps, for the glory of the English arms, but not before the object which the nation, as distinguished

from the Government, had at heart, was thoroughly attained, for peace was followed by the utter break-down of the whole system of Nicholas at home and abroad.

With the death of the great oppressor, and the accession of a sovereign who was justly supposed to resemble rather his uncle than his father, a change came over the tone of society in St. Petersburg and Moscow. All tongues seemed to be loosed. The government was as freely criticised in many drawing-rooms as if it were not still omnipotent, and even to the press an altogether unwonted latitude was allowed. Numerous projects of reform, social, political, and industrial, were put forward and discussed. Out of all this fermentation there has hardly come, up to this time, a proportional amount of solid advantage, although it would be most unjust to deny that Russia is much better prepared for reforms of many kinds than she was ten years ago. One extremely important measure has indeed become law; we allude, of course, to the emancipation of the serfs. There is, we trust, every reason to believe that as this was a change without which no real improvement in any direction was possible, so it will be only the first of a series of measures, which may reflect glory upon the reign of Alexander the Second, laying broad and deep the foundations of the true greatness and prosperity of Russia; and we hope indeed to show ere we conclude that many salutary innovations are tolerably far advanced.

Before we give some account of the emancipation of the serfs, it will be necessary to take care that our readers should have a clear notion of the condition of the Russian peasant before 1861. It is quite a mistake to suppose that all Russian peasants were serfs up to that year. Several large exceptional classes must be deducted from the mass of the peasantry, before we come to those who were actually serfs.

First, there were the small proprietors, or *odnodvortzi*, a word which signifies possessors of a single house or court. M. N. Tourguénef, who wrote in 1847, calculates their numbers at 1,400,000. They were not to be distinguished from the other peasants, either by their dress or manner of life, but they retained the recollection of the days when they had been in the position of the *schliachta*, or "*petite noblesse*" of Poland, about which we have lately heard so much; and these recollections, combined with their personal freedom, before the law, to keep up their self-respect, although they were too often treated by their wealthier neighbours, and by the agents of Government, as if they were actually serfs.

Secondly, the Cossacks, a numerous body, or rather aggregation of bodies scattered through different parts of the empire, enjoying peculiar privileges, subject to peculiar hardships, and

forming the nucleus round which cluster many of the most incredible stories which are told about Russia.

When Napoleon said that in fifty years Europe would be either Cossack or republican, he made a false prophecy in the most unlucky language possible. "Free as a Cossack" is a common proverb in Russia. The truth of the matter is, that the first Cossack communities were composed of bands of heterogeneous adventurers, who, at first little better than brigands, were at length allowed to establish themselves on the frontier of the empire, with a view to protect it against the Tartars and other barbarous tribes. In return for a nominal allegiance, and for their warlike service, they were permitted to rule themselves after their own fashion. The most celebrated of the Cossack associations is that of the Don. Dr. Clarke visited it before the changes which were introduced into its organization by Alexander the First, and he gives a very curious and far from unpleasing picture of Cossack manners and mode of life, contrasting them very favourably with those of the inhabitants of Great Russia. They are now chiefly known as largely contributing to the light troops of the empire, and making themselves extremely useful in keeping up communication, cutting off stragglers, and so forth. For actual fighting they are not well adapted. Small, rough-looking men, on small, rough-looking horses, they swarmed in Poland during the recent insurrection, and no doubt had their fair share in the atrocities that were so freely committed on both sides. At the same time, we believe that M. Tourguénief is supported by the testimony of all entitled to judge, in saying that the Cossack is not naturally cruel. Probably it may be very truly said of him, as was said by one who was laughing over the alarming stories about the Croats, which were circulated in Germany during the Hungarian War, and into which reminiscences of the days of Tilly and Pappenheim very largely entered: "Ah! the modern Croat is much improved, he prefers plunder to murder."

Thirdly, the free labourers, a class which was called into existence during the reign of Alexander the First. They were calculated by M. Tourguénief at only about 70,000, because the endless formalities with which the transformation of serfs into peasants of this class was attended, had prevented the benevolent design of the Emperor being carried out as fully as he had expected.

Fourthly, the foreign colonists, numbering about 84,000, and dispersed over very distant regions. Full and interesting accounts are given of some of these by Haxthausen, more especially of the Mennonite settlers in the south of European Russia.

Fifthly, the enormous class of the Crown peasants, who, although very much harassed by the employés, were really free "comme on l'est en Russie," as M. Tourguénief observes, who, inhabiting the domains of the Crown, were, in addition to the capitation-tax, only bound to pay a small sum, of the nature of rent, in return for their share of the communal lands. It has been often said that these peasants were worse off than the serfs themselves, because they were oppressed by the inferior agents of Government, and were without the protection of any seigneur. This is, however, a complete mistake, as is proved by the fact, that the happiest serfs were always ready to make great sacrifices to pass into the hands of the Crown, and so to become Crown peasants.

Sixthly, the peasants of the appanages, consisting of the inhabitants of a large number of properties which were separated under Paul the First from the domains of the Crown, to be a special provision for the members of the imperial family.

Seventhly, the peasants of the *arendes*, a class which was created by Alexander the First, who put an end to the bad, old custom of giving away to private persons domains belonging to the Crown, with the peasants inhabiting them; thus reducing these peasants to the position of serfs; but instead of it, introduced the nearly equally bad custom of giving, to persons whom he desired to favour, leases of portions of the Crown lands called *arendes*. The lot of the peasants who were in this way let to private persons, was extremely wretched. The custom existed only in the Baltic provinces, and in those governments which formed part of ancient Poland.

Eighthly, peasants attached to the establishments of the Crown, employed in the Government mines, factories, and works, and sometimes even in those of private persons. They formed a large and often very ill-used class, calculated by M. Tourguénief at about 200,000.

Ninthly, the peasants attached to the administration of the posts, or *yamschiki*, also very hardly used, but not falling within the class of serfs.

The Government, by recent legislation, has facilitated the acquisition of a portion of land by each family of Crown and appanage peasants, so that in less than fifty years the whole of this immense mass of men will be turned into peasant proprietors, holding in fee-simple, except in so far as the rights of the commune may continue to exist.

At length we arrive at that large and interesting class which has recently passed from serfdom to liberty amidst the applause and thanksgiving of the whole civilized world. And before we go further, we should advise all those who take an interest in the

question of serf-emancipation, to make themselves acquainted with that portion of M. Nicolas Tourguénef's book, *La Russie et les Russes*, which deals with this subject. That excellent and very distinguished man was, in early life, attached as Russian Commissary to Stein during the advance of the armies of the Czar upon Paris. After the Peace he returned to his own country, and was the first, or almost the first, to press the importance of the serf question upon the Russian reformers of that period. He and his brother, along with some other much larger proprietors, presented a project of emancipation to Alexander the First. Fortunately for M. Tourguénef, he was travelling abroad when the attempted revolution of December 1825 broke out. Summoned to return by the Government of Nicholas, he wisely refused, and Mr. Canning treated with silent contempt a proposal for his extradition from England. There can be no doubt that in the then temper of the Czar he would have been sent to Siberia or put to death, although there was not a tittle of evidence to connect him with any of the treasonable designs which were undoubtedly cherished by some of the persons with whom he was more or less connected. For many years he has lived in Paris, and was there at the time when he composed the book to which we are calling attention, and which, although seventeen years have elapsed since its publication, is still one of the best which we possess upon Russia. No living man has laboured so long and so steadily for the emancipation of the serfs, not only because he sympathized most deeply with a body of men whose excellent qualities he well knew, but because, half a century ago, he saw what few then perceived, that this great reform was a *sine quâ non* for all real progress in Russia.

The novels of his namesake and connexion, M. Ivan Tourguénef, are also most valuable, as giving a faithful picture of the working of serfdom, and some portions of Haxthausen compared with, and to some extent corrected by, the appendix to M. Herzen's *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, ought to be read by any one who desires to have a fair notion of the state of the Russian serf up to 1861.

Every person in Russia who does not belong to the nobility, or the *bourgeoisie*, must necessarily belong to some *commune*. The *commune* of Russia is simply a slightly modified form of the village community which was one of the earliest institutions of the Indo-Germanic race, and is still the basis of society in Hindostan.

Modern jurisprudence, following the mature Roman law, looks, in the words of Mr. Maine, "upon co-ownership as an exceptional and momentary condition of the rights of pro-

perty ;" but in India, and we may add in Russia, this order of ideas is reversed. It is separate proprietorship that is exceptional, while co-ownership is normal. The word *mir*, by which the Russian describes his commune, is the same word which he uses when he wishes to speak of the Kosmos. Haxthausen says, and we think he is right, that it is untranslatable by any word in the Romance or Teutonic languages, and he gives a most curious list of proverbs which illustrate the idea of sanctity attached to it.

The commune or microcosm is, or rather should be, in theory, as regards the State, a single individual. The State has no right to go beyond it. It is responsible for all its members, and its deliberations ought to be regarded by all external to it, as we in the West should regard the workings of a man's own mind. Each commune possesses a certain amount of land, and has the absolute power of parcelling out this land in equal portions to the individuals who compose it ; the individual obtaining only the usufruct, while the property remains in the commune. The commune decides without appeal what portion of the taxes imposed by Government upon itself, is to be borne by each of its members, or rather, by the land whose usufruct belongs to each member. Every male dwelling in the commune has a right, as soon as he arrives at majority, to demand a portion of land, and then becomes entitled to a voice in the communal affairs, and is subject to pay his share of taxes. The elective head of the commune or *Starost* has great authority over every individual, but no authority over the commune itself. M. Herzen points out that M. Haxthausen makes a great mistake in saying that the authority of the Czar is reflected in the *Starost*. The truth is, that the *Starost* can only act despotically when he is supported by the public opinion of the commune. This local administration was, before the emancipation, and still is, in fresh observance. The power of the seigneur stopped with the commune. In the words of M. Herzen : " Le seigneur peut réduire la terre concédée aux paysans ; il peut choisir pour lui le meilleur sol ; il peut agrandir ses bien-fonds, et, par là, le travail du paysan ; il peut augmenter les impôts, mais il ne peut pas refuser aux paysans une portion de terre suffisante, et la terre, une fois appartenant à la commune, demeure complètement sous l'administration communale la même en principe que celle qui régit les terres libres ; le seigneur ne se mêle jamais dans ses affaires."

An Englishman finds it very difficult to understand how such a degree of self-government was consistent with serfdom, but his surprise is diminished when he reflects that these communes were very much isolated, and had often but little communica-

tion even with the communes which formed part of their own group. The serf since the days of Peter the Great bowed low his head, in the words of M. Herzen, and allowed misfortune to pass over him. It is his absolute retirement, within the circle of the commune, from everything like political life, that accounts for his having kept many good qualities, which, if the whole weight of tyranny had pressed upon him, would have crushed all good out of his character.

How was it, however, that not only an absolute government, but the thousand petty local tyrants respected the organization of the commune? The answer to this is, that there are some things which every government must respect, and on the few occasions on which the Russian Government was imprudent enough not to respect the communes,—as, for instance, in the affair of the military colonies under Alexander I.,—it was met by a resistance which, coming from one of the gentlest of races, seemed so preternaturally savage that it has for a long time taken good care to let well alone. The occasional encroachments of the *seigneurs* were checked by similar opposition, accompanied too often by great though not unprovoked cruelty.

The justice of the village tribunal is, it would appear, of a very rough-and-ready kind, and by no means dispenses with the argument from the stick, which is so frightfully common in Russia. Those who have witnessed a meeting of villagers to discuss their common affairs, give a curious account of the gradual process by which a conventional unanimity is arrived at, and it has been well pointed out how completely this Slavonic idea of a conventional unanimity broke down, when, transferred from the narrow circle of the commune, it was adapted in the Polish Diet, to great affairs.

Most persons will see in the communal institutions of Russia merely an interesting sample of arrested social development, and will look with interest for the slow and gradual breaking-up of the communes, and their replacement by individual ownership. M. Herzen is, or was in 1853, of a different opinion. He thinks, or thought, that Russia with her commune stands before an epoch in which the anti-communal civilisation of feudalism and the Roman law has come to a dead-lock, and he dreams or dreamt that the barbarians of the north, and our home barbarians, may find out that they have a "common enemy, the old feudal monarchical edifice, and a common hope, the social revolution." His friend, M. Ogareff, wrote his *Lettres à un Anglais*, published in 1862, chiefly to bring out and defend the Socialist side of Russian institutions. They are well worth studying.

The communal institutions of Russia are far older than its

serfdom. They saw that evil institution begin as they have seen it end. Serfdom, properly so called, only began in Russia with the reign of the usurper Boris Godunoff, and with St. George's day of the year 1593. It was on that day that the peasants whose rights of moving from one master to another, had been for some time confined to that festival, became through enormous districts *adscripti glebæ*. Afterwards, however, and more especially in the reign of Peter the Great, things became much worse, but it was Catherine the Second who completed the iniquity by introducing serfdom into the wide region called Little Russia, which did not form part of the empire of Boris Godunoff.

The agricultural serfs were divided into two great classes—those who were obliged to work for a certain length of time, generally three days in the week, for their masters, and those who were bound to pay an *obrok* or rent. This rent was almost always moderate, and the peasants who paid it were generally the happiest. This was particularly the case in the great central governments of Jaroslav and Vladimir, whose inhabitants wander all over Russia, exercising their various trades, and paying to their seigneur a small acknowledgment. A few *grands seigneurs* possessed serfs who were enormously wealthy. This was the case more especially with the great family of Cheremetieff. Of course, according to law, all the property of these wealthy serfs belonged to their masters, but a custom stronger than law prevented this right being often enforced, although there were exceptions, and sometimes very melancholy exceptions to this rule, for an account of some of which we may refer to *La Russie et les Russes*.

In addition to the agricultural serfs, there was a still more unhappy class who were really very nearly slaves, and who were called personal serfs or *dvorovyé*. M. Tourguénef says of them, “On les appelle en Russie *gens de cour* (*dvorovyé*), et pour ne pas donner aux courtisans la même denomination on a inventé pour eux une variante, en les appellant *gens près de la cour* (*pridvorovyé*).

The idea of emancipating the serfs was not a new one. The serfs of the Baltic provinces became freemen in name, if in name only, under Alexander the First; and Nicholas during the latter part of his reign bestowed much attention upon a project which was to apply to the whole of the rest of the country where servitude existed. It is said that the present Emperor was, when heir to the throne, by no means favourable to the project; and that the Grand Duke Constantine was its chief partisan in the imperial family, while Count Kisseleff, Count Bludoff who died this year in honourable poverty, after

having exercised enormous power for many years, and General Bibikoff who had already introduced considerable improvements in the situation of the peasantry in Kieff, Volhynia, and Podolia, were its principal supporters in their immediate *entourage*. Prince Dolgoroukoff tells in the first number of his Review called *Le Véristique*, a curious story of the deathbed of Nicholas, and traces what Alexander the Second has done since, to the words of his father upon that occasion.

When the emancipation had been fairly determined upon, the nobles were requested to send in their views as to the way in which certain general principles, which the Emperor declared were to be the basis of his great reform, should be carried out. Forty-six provincial committees laboured for eighteen months to come to an agreement as to details, but without arriving at any result very satisfactory to the Government, which afterwards took the affairs into its own hands. Upon one point, and almost upon one only, were all parties agreed, and that was that no indemnity was to be paid to the proprietors for their personal rights over the serfs.

The state of feeling which prevailed during the transition period which intervened between the announcement of the intention of the Government, and the production of its plan, were well described to English readers in the pages of *Russia by a Recent Traveller*, a small but very remarkable book which was published at the office of the *Continental Review* in the year 1859. The situation was to the last degree uneasy, and might have become dangerous; the Government only obeyed the dictates of common sense in at last taking the affair into its own hands.

The landed proprietors, by the testimony of one who had perhaps a better right to express an opinion upon the subject than any other man, showed in the whole transaction all the defects and all the merits of the Russian character. While the method of emancipation was still uncertain, they were most impractical and unsatisfactory in their suggestions. When it was once settled, they threw themselves heartily into it, and have tried honestly to carry it out.

The whole number of serfs, male and female, in the beginning of 1861, was about twenty-three millions, but of these considerably more than half a million may be left out of count, as the arrangements which applied to them were special, and not those of the general measure of enfranchisement. The 22,500,000 serfs to whom that measure applied were scattered for the most part over forty-six governments of European Russia. The excepted governments were Archangel, where there were hardly any serfs, the three Baltic provinces which, as we have seen,

were under a different *régime*, and the district inhabited by the Cossacks of the Black Sea where serfdom never existed. In Siberia there were in all only 3700 serfs. Out of these 22,500,000, about 1,300,000 were *dvorovyé*, the rest were ordinary peasants.

The proclamation of enfranchisement was issued on the 3d of March 1861. By that proclamation all the serfs instantly acquired personal liberty and civil rights, but it remained to regulate the relations between them and their former masters in respect to the land. For this a period of two years was allowed.

With a view to effect this purpose, the Government created a new body of officials, answering somewhat to our Justices of the Peace, and taken from amongst the gentry of the country. On them was thrown the duty of arbitrating, upon certain fixed principles, between the serfs and their former lords, and of seeing that the deeds of agreement between these parties were correctly drawn up. The clearest and most succinct account of what has been done which we can recommend to the ordinary reader, is the pamphlet published by M. Milutine last year in Paris, and which was originally read as a paper at the meeting of the French Politico-Economical Society, in May 1863. M. Milutine has taken a very active part in devising and carrying out the Government scheme, and no man is better entitled to speak about it.

In May 1863, when he read his paper before the Economists of Paris, nearly all the necessary agreements had been drawn up. Out of 112,000 which had to be concluded, 110,098 were already finished, besides a number of agreements between the very small proprietors and their serfs. Authentic details had only been received with regard to 99,420 agreements. These 99,420 agreements represented an equal number of communes, with a male population of 8,762,956 ; out of that number, 48,023 agreements were drawn up in consequence of friendly agreement between the parties, and they applied to a male population of 3,617,079 ; 51,397 agreements, applying to a male population of 5,145,877, were drawn up by the proprietors, and received the sanction of certain provincial commissions created for the purpose, and were afterwards accepted by the serfs, although not so freely as those in the other class. There were three kinds of agreements : the first, of which there were 30,368, reserved for the proprietors provisionally the right of *corvées* or forced labour, giving however to the peasants the right of compounding for that forced labour by an annual payment ; the second category, which consisted of 57,750, reserved only a rent and abolished all *corvées* ; the third category, consisting of 11,302, abolished all land relations whatsoever between the

serfs and their former lords, so that the former became, for a consideration, subject of course to the rights of the commune, absolute owners of the soil, or of some portion of the soil which they had formerly cultivated as serfs; or, in other words, arrived—except in so far as the commune still remains—at that position to which it is the object of the Russian Government, by means of a complicated system of arrangement of advances made through the bank, eventually to raise the whole mass of the peasantry. It may be reckoned that already 15·5 per cent. of the Russian serfs have become proprietors, 50·8 pay the *obrok* or rent until they are able to acquire the fee-simple of their lands, and 33·7 remain provisionally subject to forced labour, which may however be commuted for rent.

The *dvorovyé* received their liberty on the same day as the others, but their obligations towards their masters were provisionally retained for two years. These obligations consisted either in household or farm service or in payment of a rent. Many of these serfs appear by a legal fiction to have had their names inscribed on the rolls of the rural communes, and many in this way have become entitled to a share in the lands allotted to the communes of serfs *adscripti glebæ*; others, however, were not so provided for, and in this way some think that a dangerous element of pauperism has been introduced. This does not, however, seem to be M. Milutine's opinion, and economists in the West of Europe will generally share his views. Russia, during the next generation, will be a battle-field in which the rival principles of individual property and Socialism will contend for the mastery. We shall be well content to see the experiment fairly tried.

Amongst other wholesome changes which may result from the enfranchisement of the serfs, we should give particular prominence to the great reinforcement which will accrue to the class of the resident gentry. Many persons who have hitherto neglected their estates, now find themselves obliged to go to look after them, and it seems probable that during the next five years necessity will cause the landed proprietors of Russia to learn how to make their diminished possessions more productive under a system of free labour than they ever were in the bad old times.

Many of the effects of serf-emancipation are, of course, extremely doubtful, and the ablest of those who have studied the question have probably in store for them not a few surprises. No one can say to what an extent the break-up of the old communal system may go, nor how far the love of wandering, which is characteristic of the half-nomade Russian, may ere long be carried. Then, again, is it certain that the peasant who

has hitherto only communicated with the State through the commune and his lord, will very readily come to understand the allegiance which he now owes to the law? Will the district tribunal receive the same cheerful obedience as the patriarchal assembly of the village? Will not the tendency be ever more and more to forsake the country and to crowd into towns, to exchange the allegiance to the commune for the ever-changing, elastic combinations of the trades' associations or *artels*? Will, again, the proprietors try to use their power in the provincial assemblies for the re-introduction of serfdom in some form or other? Time only can answer these and other questions; but one thing is certain, the abolition of serfdom is the corner-stone of all real reform in Russia. If that corner-stone is displaced, it is impossible to foresee the consequences, but our anticipations, if anything of the kind occurs, cannot be too gloomy.

In the spring of 1861 a large party was gathered together at the house of a well-known Russian in London to celebrate the emancipation of the serfs. It was a meeting of a kind not usual in our staid metropolis, for the whole of the exterior of the building in which it took place was illuminated, to the astonishment and confusion of the neighbourhood. The house would have been as gay within as it appeared to be without, if it had not been for intelligence which had reached London a few hours before, and had thrown a gloom over the festival.

It was the news of the first collision between the troops and the people at Warsaw. What the news of that tragedy was to the gathering in London, that the Polish insurrection has been to the reign of Alexander the Second. It has dimmed, nay, in the minds of many it has altogether blotted out, the glory which had accrued from the emancipation. And yet nothing can be more utterly false than the statement which is often made by those who arrogate to themselves the title of friends of the Poles, that they "were driven to revolt by the bad government of the last two reigns." During the whole reign of Nicholas they were thoroughly cowed. Nay, with that utter absence of political tact which has characterized them at so many periods of their history, they did not even stir a finger during the Crimean War, obeying, as they now allege, the suggestions which they received from Paris, as if those suggestions would have been really sufficient to keep them quiet, if they had had an organization for purposes of revolt, such as they afterwards set on foot. What the Poles wanted, it cannot be too often repeated, was not better government, but national independence. National independence they had a perfectly good right to wish for, and to demand, if they thought they were

strong enough to obtain it, at the sword's point; but to say that they were driven by oppression to revolt, is simply to pervert history.

Alexander the First returned to his own dominions after the great Peace, full of the most generous intentions towards Poland. In early life, while his grandmother was still alive, he had knit the closest relations with Prince Adam Czartoryski, which began in a sort of stolen interview in the Taurida Gardens at St. Petersburg, and ended in a firm friendship. At one time, he even dreamt of re-annexing to Poland those western provinces of Russia, which she won back in 1772 from her old enemy and former oppressor, but the strong feeling which was excited by this proposal, and which found a mouthpiece in the historian Karamsine, soon induced him to dismiss from his mind his half-formed purpose. The liberal inclinations of Alexander never hardened, so to speak, into liberal principles; they were *vellétés*, as the French say, nothing more. He was ready to let everybody have the most perfect liberty, provided that that liberty was never used except just as he wished it. In Poland, as elsewhere, he was always halting between two opinions, and whilst with one arm he upheld the Polish constitution, with the other he upheld the authority of his half-madman, half-monster brother, Constantine. This *régime*, at once irritating to national pride, and stimulant of national hopes, gave rise to an extensive conspiracy, which was connected with that of Pestel, and would have broken out simultaneously with it, if a premature end had not been put to the designs of that enterprising man. After the failure of both the Russian conspiracies, the Poles determined to act alone, and broke into open revolution some years afterwards. As usual, they chose a most unlucky moment, and as usual they were utterly defeated. Nicholas, when once fairly their master, used his power without a thought of mercy, and every hope of Polish independence seemed, for a moment, to be for ever crushed, except in the hearts of those who had escaped over the frontier. Gradually, however, two tendencies began to manifest themselves amongst the Poles in Poland, for we leave the exiles, who were feeding on hope as usual, out of account. When Nicholas was dead, and it became possible to breathe freely, these two tendencies showed themselves more openly, and their representative men in the early years of the reign of Alexander the Second were the Marquis Wielopolski and Count André Zamoyski. The first of these, who had been the envoy of the insurrectionary government in England in 1831, was fully convinced that Poland had nothing to hope from the Western Powers; that the time was come for her to resign all ideas of

political independence, and to ask only for administrative independence. The other hoped, by improving the material prosperity of the country, gradually to make it strong enough to try another fall with its mighty neighbour. The views of these two men unequally divided the gentry of Poland; the former having very few, the latter very many partisans. Between 1831 and 1861, however, a new power had grown up. Something like a middle-class had been called into existence. This middle-class was composed of the so-called lesser nobility (an absurd term which we use for want of a better, although the persons who composed it were chiefly in the position of the humbler portion of the middle-class in England), of the Jews, and of the Catholic clergy. The men of enterprise in the middle class, from various motives, but above all from a very natural and laudable patriotic sentiment, were excessively anxious for national independence, and they kept up the closest relations possible with the democratic section of the emigration; while what we may call the aristocratic section of the emigration was in equally close connexion with the party of Count André Zamoyiski. The rule of Alexander the Second in Poland at the beginning of his reign was milder than anything that had been known since the death of his uncle, and encouraged by the comparative mildness of his government, and hopeful of great convulsions in Russia as the result of stirring the serf question, both the Zamoyiski party and the democratic party prayed and worked.

The former had for their chief organ the Agricultural Society. The latter gradually wove a great secret conspiracy extending over the whole of Poland, and connected by invisible threads with the democratic party in most continental countries. Presently demonstrations of a religious character took place. The Government, at once afraid of being inhuman, and afraid of allowing the movement to get too strong for it, wavered and took half-measures. Things got more and more alarming, and at last unarmed multitudes were attacked in the streets of Warsaw, and the first blood was shed. Then began the period of which M. de Montalembert gave an account to Europe in the eloquent and sentimental pages of *La Nation en deuil*. Every day through 1861 and 1862 the excitement in Poland grew more intense, and the determination of Russia to hold her own, more savage. It was perfectly clear that the breaking out of a deadly struggle was only a question of time. The beginning of the year 1863 saw the government of Poland in the hands of the Marquis Wielopolski. Holding the views which he held, there was nothing which he so much dreaded as the outbreak of a revolution. Standing aloof from the great mass of his countrymen, and thinking the Zamoyiski party and the

democratic party equally unwise, he fondly hoped to be able to save his country in spite of them both. Haughty to an excess, he was restrained by neither affection nor pity from doing what appeared to him to be abstractly best. Clear-sighted and able, but destitute of political tact, he did not feel that it is impossible to save a nation against its will, and that his only proper course would have been to retire from a position where he could do no good, and to leave the sanguine Poles and the grimly-resolved Russians to the only arbitrament which they could accept.

He decided otherwise, and fancied that, by a stroke of statecraft, he would get out of his difficulties.

Since the close of the Crimean War there had been no conscription in Russia or in Poland, but a new one had been ordered for the beginning of 1863. Between the close of the Crimean War and the commencement of 1863, a new law had passed, by which the old system of conscription in Poland, under which the government had the power of taking any one it pleased, had been done away with, and a system like the French had been introduced. In order to carry this out, it would have been necessary to collect large bodies of men in the towns for the purpose of drawing lots, and Wielopolski saw clearly that if this was done, the revolution which he so much dreaded, as likely to prove absolutely fatal to the country, would immediately break out. He determined, therefore, deliberately to break the law, and to cause the conscription to be made after the old fashion, with a view to get into his power, and to draft off into the army the persons whom he thought most dangerous. His secret was badly kept, and his *coup-d'état* utterly failed, for many of those whom he most desired to seize escaped, and getting into the woods, began the insurrection. The broad outlines of the history of what followed are sufficiently familiar to all readers of newspapers. Through the whole of last year the hopes of the revolutionists were buoyed up by expectations of assistance from abroad, and more especially from France. When, however, Austria, which had connived at the export of arms and munitions of war across her frontier, changed her policy, and began to be as severe in her repression as the Russians themselves, all reasonable Poles saw that the game was up,—a conclusion to which less interested observers had come some months before.

Now that all is over, we do not care to criticise the conduct either of our own Government or of any other, with regard to the Polish question; but we do wish to press upon all serious political students the importance of coming really to understand the difficulties of this question, so that when next

the affairs of Poland come up for discussion, they may be able to give some advice which will be worth listening to upon the subject. They will be met at the outset by one great difficulty. There is no really good book about Poland, answering, for example, to Mr. Paget's work on Hungary. The late war has brought into existence several *livres de circonstance*, of which far the best is Mr. Bullock's interesting and well-written *Polish Experiences*, written from the insurgent point of view; with which may be compared Mr. O'Brien's book written in the interest of the victors. A paper in *Vacation Tourists* by the Cambridge Public Orator, two articles which appeared last autumn in the *Spectator* and the *National Review*, and a series which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, may also be mentioned. What we want, however, before we can form any very definite opinions about the future of Poland, is a book of a quite different kind: a book which shall sum up all the resources belonging to the one party and the other, which shall point out the difficulties in the way of Russia's assimilating Poland, the difficulties in the way of Poland's becoming reconciled to Russia, and after having gone minutely into all this, shall attempt to strike the balance and say, Whether any future Polish insurrection will or will not deserve the sympathies of the liberal party in Europe? Do those who struggle for Polish independence follow a reasonable instinct which will one day lead them to attain what they desire; or has the time come when they must submit for ever to that "inexorable necessity," the idea of which enraged the Emigration so much when that phrase was used last January with reference to the war which was then drawing to a close?

It is not only from sympathy for a brave and unhappy race, but because we are anxious to see Russia far greater than she is, that we long for some satisfactory arrangement of her Polish difficulty. When, however, we ask what is to be done? a load of despondency settles down upon us. The struggle which has just ceased, has left behind the embers of a conflagration more terrible than that which has lately blazed. Five years ago many enlightened Russians wished to give up the Kingdom. Few indeed would venture to propose that now, for there flows between Warsaw and Moscow a stream of blood too wide and deep for messages of peace to cross. Another generation will, however, soon grow up which has forgotten the past. That is the only hope; but it is a faint one. The Russians, under the able guidance of M. Milutine, have lately introduced into the Kingdom a territorial arrangement as favourable to the peasants as unfavourable to the landed proprietors. Their intention has been to conciliate the sympathies of that class

which was least concerned in the insurrection. Will they succeed? It is more than doubtful.

The peasants did not take a very active part in the national movement,—not because they liked the Russian Government,—not because they had any great dislike to the gentry, but because they had not sufficient education to come within the spell of Polish nationality. Wealth, however, will bring education, and with education that spell will come. The year 1888 may find Russia face to face with an insurrection as much more formidable than that of 1863 as it was, *teste* Mouravieff, more formidable than that of 1831. We are quite ready, nay, only too anxious to be convinced that there is a happy future for Poland; but nothing that we have ever heard either from the partisans of the insurrection, or from the partisans of Russia, leads us to hope that either are strong enough to overcome the others, and so arrive at a state, so to speak, of stable equilibrium. Poland must remain, we fear, the Ireland of Russia, as much more perplexing than our Ireland as Russia is larger than Great Britain. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. Well will that Russian deserve of his country who can in any way rid her of this terrible embarrassment.

Of course, it is more than doubtful whether it is not a positive advantage to Western Europe that Russia, for some time to come, till she has transformed herself into a thoroughly civilized state, should have a joint in her armour through which she can always be attacked with deadly effect. Nay, looking only to the interests of the rest of continental Europe, it would probably be exceedingly desirable to have a small State bitterly hostile to Russia interposed between Germany and that country. The question is not, however, is this desirable, but is it possible? and if so, is it worth the sacrifices which Western Europe would have to make in order to obtain it? We are far from disposed to answer that last question by an absolute negative.

During the first debate which took place last year in the House of Commons about Poland, there was, if we remember, only one person who alluded to the religious element in the insurrection. For once, that monomaniacal horror of the Jesuits, which makes him see the finger of Rome everywhere, led Mr. Newdegate not right, but in a right direction. It is quite true, that on that frontier land between two civilisations, Rome and Byzantium were fighting the old quarrel out. There were causes enough of a purely political kind to bring the war about, but the venerable feud of the "Filioque" was not without its influence. The pleasant lectures of Dr. Stanley, who always seizes so well the picturesque aspect of a subject, have done

something to rouse our interest in those far-scattered and too much forgotten communities which, in the words of Mr. Neale, "extend from the icefields which grind against the walls of the Solovetsky Monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar;" but we suspect that, in spite of Dr. Stanley's vivid pictures, the reader must actually stand in the Kremlin and Troitza before he fully realizes what a mighty, although latent power, the Greek Church still is, and how great a part it may have to play in the drama of human history. Inert, abject, superstitious, full of abuses it undoubtedly is. It can hardly be said to have done anything for literature or for art, nothing at least that has become famous beyond its own frontier, and yet a form of religion which has supported its adherents under the successive deluges of misery which flowed over Russia during the middle ages, and in spite of the dull weight of wretchedness which has weighed on the Russian peasant almost up to the present hour, has made him so gentle, so enduring, so tolerant, must have some not inconsiderable merits. Its education of a thousand years must have something to do with that inexhaustible gentleness which, in the words of Schedo-Ferroti, is the base of his character: with "that incomparable sweetness of temper which causes his soul to reflect everything in a way different to that which we observe in the lower classes of other nations."

We have more than once asked lay and clerical members of the Russian Church, whether there was any book which could give us the same sort of glimpse into the influence of their communion upon the minds of its adherents, which Miss Sewell's novels do with regard to the Church of England at this moment, or the *Memoirs of Eugénie de Guérin* do with regard to the contemporary Church of France? We have never received a satisfactory answer, and do not believe that anything of the kind exists.

The art of the Russian Church is, as is well known, essentially conventional; but of late years it has become less purist than formerly, and some of the modern pictures are at least graceful. The exquisite music, a modification of the old Gregorian chant, has often been described, and can never be over-praised. It is amusing to observe, that controversies of which we know something nearer home, have agitated the Russian Church. Mr. Sutherland Edwards mentions that the Emperor Nicholas was anxious to introduce an organ into the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, but that the Metropolitan Philaret threatened to resign if this sacrilegious innovation was attempted. The story may or may not be true, but there is no doubt that the dislike of the Russian peasant to the "kist fu' o' whistles" would be quite as intense as anything to be found in Scotland.

The reforms necessary in the Russian Church are, alas! of a very rudimentary kind. Before any accommodation of its dogma to the existing state of human knowledge can be hoped for, the great mass of the clergy must be raised out of the state of abasement in which they now are. Some means of providing a decent subsistence for the secular clergy, who are obliged by the ecclesiastical law to marry, must be discovered. They must be better educated, and educated if possible, as Schedo-Ferroti proposes, along with those who are destined for other callings. At present the son of a priest usually enters an establishment in connexion with the theological seminary at eight years old, and until his education is finished associates only with persons who are destined to take orders. Further, they must be freed from the abject subservience in which they are held by their bishops who are taken from the regular or black clergy; and lastly, they must be taught that they have duties which are quite incompatible with their performing the functions of assistants of the police.

M. Golobensky, whom Haxthausen saw at the Troitza, is now dead. Such persons are of course quite exceptional, but it would be interesting to know how many priests there are in the whole of the Russian Church who have studied any of the more important works of theology or biblical criticism, which have been produced during the present century to the west of the Vistula. The theological seminary attached to the Troitza would be called in any country but Russia a truly wretched place, and although the educated society at Moscow speak highly of the learning and ability of its professors, we venture to doubt whether they apply to them a very high standard of excellence.

A reader would, we think, carry away too favourable an impression of the Russian Church if he were to trust only to the interesting sketch of Dr. Stanley, and perhaps if he were to take his ideas exclusively from the pages of *Russia by a Recent Traveller*, he might, on the other hand, rate its merits too low. The truth is that a very strong line must be drawn between the clergy of high rank and the ordinary priests. The former are much looked up to, and a high position is favourable to the development of their best qualities. The latter when not in the exercise of their sacred office are thoroughly despised, and the contempt with which they are regarded reacts upon their characters and lives.

It is sad to think that even if the mighty improvements to which we have alluded were carried out, the Russian priests would not be necessarily superior to some of those who are justly considered nuisances and obstructions in Western Europe;

but bad as things are in some other countries there is in Russia a lower deep still, and as—

“Die Weltgeschichte geht unendlich lang,”

it may well be a hundred years before even these changes come to pass.

The question of the Dissidents is one of the gravest with which Russia has to deal. Stated in a sentence it is this: There are some nine millions of subjects of the Czar who are for most purposes beyond the pale of the law. The Government ignores their existence that it may not be forced to act up to its own detestable principles, and to prosecute them accordingly. Every act which these people can perform from birth to death is performed on sufferance or in secret. They have neither family nor right of inheritance; indeed, they can hardly be said to have any civil existence at all. Through the mazes of this difficult subject the Western reader is fortunate in possessing the guidance of the admirably informed and most sensible writer who masks himself under the *nom de plume* of Schedo-Ferroti.

It is constantly said in and out of Russia that great danger may one day arise to the empire from a rising among the Dissidents, and this is the reason why they are treated with so much harshness. Schedo-Ferroti, in a chapter, which is simply a demonstration, combats this idea. His reasoning is in a few words as follows: “There are two kinds of Dissidents, the ‘Bespopowzi,’ and the ‘Popowzi,’” that is to say the anti-hierarchical and the hierarchical: the first kind is divided into two classes, the *sectaries*, who have nothing in common with the Russian Church, and the *schismatics*, who have kept its creed and traditions. This religious subdivision corresponds to a political subdivision, so that we have not two but three different ways of thinking with regard to the State as with regard to the Church. The wild sects who form the first subdivision, full of apocalyptic ideas, madder than those of Dr. Cumming himself, dream either of the imperishable empire of Ararat, or of the return of Peter III., or of Napoleon, or of Christ. Not one of them cares the least for the Russia of to-day, and they all with one accord look to the East. If China were inhabited by a great and warlike people, and some barbaric conqueror marched from it through Siberia, proclaiming that he had found the Christ in that country, or if not Christ, then some of the other expected ones, the result would no doubt be formidable enough, but this is out of the question, and there is not the very slightest chance of any of these people joining an enemy coming from the West. Except the Napoleon sect, they all existed in 1812, and

none of them joined the French army, or dreamt of doing so. The schismatics, who admit the priesthood on principle, but as a matter of fact have no priests, have nothing in common except their hatred to the Church and Government of to-day, and their love for those of the long ago. Bring back Ivan the Terrible, and his Boyards and his priests, and these men might rally around him, but if no such miracle is worked, they are not to be feared. We come, then, to the nonconformists—the still hierarchical old believers—peaceable, laborious, well off; they disapprove of the Church as it is, and long for the times before Nikon; but they submit quietly to the State, are perfectly inoffensive, and conservative in their inclination. The position of the Dissidents in Russia is, we thus see, only so far dangerous as any frightful social injustice is dangerous. It retards her civilisation, it weakens her power; it must be speedily amended, but a rebellion amongst these oppressed people is not to be feared.

Of course, amongst the Russian laity, who travel so much, it is easy to meet with persons whose religious ideas are those which are common amongst the most educated classes in the West. The simplest and purest form of Christianity has no national colour, and belongs to a region far above the contentions of rival churches, but there is a kind of man in Russia rarely seen in the West, who, thoroughly and intensely attached to what he calls the Orthodox Church, yet holds its tenets as an educated man. The typical instance of this was the poet Chamaïakoff, now dead, whose pamphlets, published by Brockhaus, we cannot too strongly recommend to those curious in such matters.

So surely as an Englishman is introduced to a Russian priest of rank, he will hear some civil things about the possible future union of the two Churches. The name of William Palmer is familiar to many both in Scotland and England, and there now lies before us a pamphlet, called *Papers of the Russo-Greek Committee*, which show that the dreams which were once cherished by him still live both in England and in America. Those persons who dream of effecting a union between the Anglican and orthodox communion little know the signs of the times. They remind one of Philip de Comines, who, as Arnold observes, wrote as if the idea had never crossed him, that the knell of the middle ages had sounded. On the eve of carrying farther the great and glorious work of the Reformation, we have something else to do than to coquette with the Eastern Church. And yet these men are doing an immense deal of good. They are multiplying the personal relations between England and Russia; they are increasing good-will and toleration by increas-

ing knowledge, the mother of both. We wish to speak of them with the greatest respect, although we believe that their efforts will have no direct effect at all, till the day dawns for that general reconciliation of Christendom which lies away far down the centuries, in a time that we shall not know.

Politically, we are convinced that England and Russia have all to gain and nothing to lose by being better acquainted. M. Herzen, writing under the name of Iscander, asked, in 1858: "Is it not time to destroy the delusion of a rivalry, which has its foundation only in an ignorance of geography?" Where is it that our interests and those of Russia are likely to clash? Is it in Asia, is it in the Eastern Peninsula, or is it in Central Europe?

Sir Henry Rawlinson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, remarked upon the apathy with regard to Russian aggrandizement in Asia which had succeeded to the panic of twenty-five years ago, and he pointed out that the frontiers of our empires are now much nearer to each other than they were then. To us it seems that the Governments of England and of Russia, if directed by wise counsels, ought to be not rivals but a support each to each in Asia. Neither of us can hurt the other seriously, except by exciting insurrections amongst our respective subjects, or stimulating the hostility of the tribes conterminous to our borders. Such a policy must react against the power that uses it, for against both the cry of religion in danger, and the cry for independence, can be easily raised. If the statesmen of the two empires thoroughly understood each other, it could be nothing but a cause of rejoicing to us that Khiva and Bokhara received laws from St. Petersburg, and the reaction against barbaric invasion which was begun by Demetrius of the Don, had reached at length the ancient capital of Timur.

Much has been said about its being the destiny of Russia to renovate our decrepit civilisation. Our civilisation is not decrepit, and her mission is a nobler one. It is to take revenge on the countries which sent forth the hordes that ravaged Europe, by forcing them to submit to the arms and to learn the arts of Frangistan. Writers like M. Michelet, who have listened too exclusively to the prejudices and the "history made to order," by Duchinski, and a certain school of Polish writers, think that the Muscovite, as they delight to call him, is incapable of civilizing Asia. We entirely disagree with them, and looking to what has actually been accomplished, we may say of this problem, *solvitur ambulando*.

There are many in this country who think that the importance of Constantinople has been exaggerated, and some who

even go so far as to say that that great and ancient city is in our days less really important than a mushroom growth like Chicago. This last is, we think, a very questionable proposition, and we are sufficiently anxious not to see the Eastern Rome added to the gigantic Empire of Russia, to listen with satisfaction to any who tell us that Russia would not be prepared to make for its possession any very enormous sacrifices. Constantinople should, we think, become, when the Turkish Empire breaks up, a free city under the guarantee of all Europe. Haxthausen points out that the religious sentiment which draws the Russian people towards St. Sophia is one of the vaguest kind, and believes that if it were ever to lead to a successful attempt upon the Bosphorus, it would undo much of the work that has been accomplished since the accession of Peter the Great, and make Charkoff and Odessa, rather than St. Petersburg and Moscow, the centres of the Russian government. Doubtless, in case of any reconstruction of Turkey, Russia might with perfect justice insist upon obtaining considerable advantages; but we should trust that, before that event arrives, Western Europe may have come to so good an understanding, with respect to her own interests in the matter, and public opinion in Russia may have been led to take so reasonable a view of what her Government has a right to claim, that any renewal of the events of ten years ago may be quite impossible. We do not dream of a golden age, but the increasing amount of intelligence which is every year brought to bear upon public affairs can hardly permit nations to fight as fiercely for imaginary interests, as they doubtless will continue to do, for real gains or to avenge wounded pride.

Are we then likely to be brought into collision with Russia, in order to prevent an invasion of central Europe by the "New Huns?" We confess that we think this to the last degree improbable. It may be presumptuous to disagree with a writer so profoundly acquainted with Russia and so able as Buddeus, whose remarks upon this subject in *Russlands Sociale Gegenwart* should most certainly be read; but we have been too much accustomed to the panic fear with regard to Russia, which prevails from time to time in Germany, to attach the same importance to his views upon this as upon other subjects. Germany is in some respects fifty, in some a hundred, years ahead of Russia, and if she has anything to fear from that country, it is entirely her own fault. If Germany becomes united, or anything like united, round a free Prussia, she may laugh at the bare idea of peril from Russia. If there were any danger of her falling, for any length of time, into the hands of such rulers as Bismark and his friends, no reasonable human

being need care how soon the Cossacks are encamped in the Mark of Brandenburg.

We have not very much respect for those Russians—a very numerous class, nevertheless—who still raise the Pansclavist banner, and urge their Government to make reforms, chiefly that it may be more able to go to the rescue of oppressed Slavonians everywhere, on its way to the conquest of Europe. Those who have not learnt by this time that Russia is weak for aggression, must be very unapt scholars. In these days there are two conditions without which real power cannot exist. They are wealth and knowledge, and Russia is deplorably deficient in both. Before she has gained wealth and knowledge, all classes will have come to see that they can do something better than to ape Attila, and the strong barriers of a Scandinavian union, a German union, and a united Italy will have been formed across their path.

We fully believe that the result of Russia's entering into the sort of retirement into which she entered when Gortschakoff said, "*La Russie se recueille*," will be that she will come forth stronger but less inclined to aggression. The Russian is naturally peaceful; it is the German government that has made of the empire a great camp. Intensely true is the sentiment of that poem of Chamaïakoff's which is quoted by Haxthausen :

" A LA RUSSIE.

" Le flatteur dit : Courage, sois fier, oh pays au front couronné, au glaive invincible, toi qui disposes de la moitié de l'univers.

" Pas de frontières à ton empire. La fortune obéit à un signe de ta main. Le monde t'appartient et plie en esclave devant ta majesté.

" La steppe s'épanouit en champs féconds, tes montagnes élèvent dans les airs leur tête boisée, et tes rivières ressemblent à l'océan. Oh mon pays, dépose ta fierté, n'écoute pas les flatteurs.

" Et quand tes rivières rouleraient des ondes comme l'océan, et quand tes montagnes ruisseleraient de rubis et d'émeraudes, et quand sept mers t'apporteraient leur tribut,—

" Et quand des peuples entiers baisseraient les yeux devant l'éclat de ta toute puissance, dépose ta fierté, n'écoute pas les flatteurs.

" Rome a été plus puissante, les Mongols plus invincibles : Où est Rome, que sont devenus les Mongols ?

" Ta mission est plus haute, plus sainte, c'est le sacrifice et l'amour, c'est la foi et la fraternité."

Of course the Russian people has inclinations of conquest; what people has not ? This very Chamaïakoff astonished a friend of ours by his minute knowledge about India, and the way in which his mind seemed dazzled by the possibilities of Russia's future there. Long, however, is the way from inclinations to acts. Let the Russian people once be the masters of their own

destiny, and the seventh part of the land surface of the globe, with some moderate rectifications of frontier, will seem, we think, enough for them.

The chief question for us to ask is: Are reforms progressing which may destroy for ever the artificial military organization? Of some we have already spoken, of a few others we must speak very briefly. Let it then be observed that the army has no longer, as it had under the reign of Nicholas, the precedence of all other services,—that one of the results of the Crimean War was to depress the German or Petersburg party, which is always thinking of Russia's position in Europe, and to exalt the national or Moscow party, which looks to improvement in Russia by means of local self-government, and which, full enough of Pansclavic aspirations, adjourns the commencement of its Pansclavic victories for a long time. Again, the organization of provincial assemblies of a constitutional kind, which is already far advanced, will tend to increase the interest in internal reforms; while the great judicial changes which are already carried, or about to be carried into execution, will entail others, and tend still further to occupy the national mind with its own affairs. The intense desire for increase in material prosperity, which burst out after the Crimean War in so many bubble speculations, has only been checked, not stopped by the recent commercial crisis. Vast educational reforms have been rendered more necessary than ever by the emancipation which has created, so to speak, many millions of persons in Russia, where before these were only fractional parts *of*, or dependants *on*, persons. Lastly, let it be remembered that a profound self-distrust may be observed in the conversation of all Russians who know anything of Western Europe, and we think we have accumulated reasons enough to show that it will not be a trifle that will make Russia engage in an aggressive war, for many a day to come.

For the purposes of a defensive war she is of course enormously strong, and is becoming stronger. Nor will it do too much to reckon upon joints in her armour. Finland already possesses a sort of constitution of her own, and although there is a Swedish party, consisting chiefly of persons of Scandinavian blood, the mass of the people is by no means inclined to separate from Russia. It will be the fault of the Czar himself if he ever loses that province. If it is decently governed, it will become in time as dependable as Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, which are about as likely to break their connexion with Russia as the Shetlands are to break theirs with Scotland.

As to Circassia, we cannot do better than refer the reader to an article in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, on the Russian question. VOL. XLI.—NO. LXXXI.

sian side of the question, as compared with one in the last *Quarterly*, which is vehemently hostile to Russia. Every humane person must regret the misfortunes of a gallant people, but for years it has been perfectly clear that the subjugation or expulsion of these brave barbarians was only a question of time.

The disorder of Russia's finances, as to which the reader should consult M. Wolowski's recent work, tells naturally more on her capacity for offence than for defence. It is much to be hoped that the disorder in her affairs may induce her, ere long, to revise her whole fiscal and commercial system. Fortunately the free trade party is growing rapidly, and we do not think that Russia will be the last country in Europe to abandon false economical views.

Our hopes of Russia becoming a good, instead of what it has long been, an evil force in the world, depend of course entirely on the non-resurrection of the system which prevailed up to the death of Nicholas, and the success of the wiser portion of the liberal party.

The liberals in Russia, as elsewhere, are divided into several sections. Of these we may count four:—1. The bureaucratic Liberals; 2. The Constitutionalists; 3. The moderate Republicans; 4. The Socialists. The first of these is headed by the Grand Duke Constantine. It is relatively strong in men of ability, and is the party which at this moment has far more power than any other. Indeed it may be said just at present to govern Russia. The second has its centre at Moscow, and is strong in several of the provinces. The landed proprietors of Twer and of Toola more especially, have shown themselves strongly in favour of its views. The western reader is fortunate in possessing an excellent guide to these, in the works of Prince Dolgoroukoff. The traces of strong personal resentment break out continually in his writings, but the very fact that these occur so often, puts those who use them on their guard. In helping to complete the picture of Russia as it is, his books are most valuable, being full of matter which it is difficult to procure elsewhere, and they are characterized very often by sound sense and political knowledge.

A remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1863, brings out into strong relief the too unfamiliar fact that, although we are accustomed to associate Russia with ideas of an almost Asiatic despotism, parliamentary government has been, in former ages, by no means unknown on these wide eastern plains. Taking the courtly Karamsin and the more ultra-national Aksakof, with some other writers, chiefly Russian, for his principal guides, the author shows us how "the

Slave worked out his earlier civilisation very much like the Germanic races;" how, as early as 997, we hear of a Veché or Wittenagemote at Kief; how, in 1219, the Veché of Novgorod the Great told their prince, "If you forget your oath, we will bow you out of the city." We follow the writer with interest as he points out how the great bells which summoned the citizens to deliberate on their common affairs, continued to sound, though becoming ever rarer all through the period of the Tartar domination, until, in 1510, the liberties of Pskof were overthrown by Basil IV. Within a generation after this commenced the period of those assemblies irregularly summoned, and varying from time to time in their character and powers, which may be called the Russian States-General. These reached almost to the accession of Peter the Great, with whom began the period of purely autocratic rule, broken, but hardly broken, by the short-lived Commission of 1767, called by Catharine II. to draft a new code, consisting of 565 deputies, and "a parliament all but in name." From that time to the death of Nicholas, little indeed was heard of representative government; but the reader should bear these facts in mind before he too rashly concludes that a government like that which Prince Dolgoroukoff desires is not suited for Russia. The third or moderate republican party desires to see Russia divided into several great federative republics, and this is the programme which would be generally supported by the revolutionary party in the rest of Europe. This section is not very strong in point of numbers, but it is increasing. Its views are well represented in some documents quoted in the appendix to *Les Reformes en Russie*. The fourth or Socialist section is very strong amongst young men, much stronger than the preceding. Many of its adherents are, no doubt, persons of good intentions, but it comprises in its ranks a great many dangerous lunatics. A ridiculous and detestable document, proceeding from this section, may be read in *Le Véridique*.

It is, we presume, with the Socialists that we ought to class a man who has been long well known in England, and has done very great services to his country, though, of course, we do not for a moment suspect him of having favoured any of the wilder views of the party, and although he is utterly disclaimed by its most advanced members. M. Herzen has long been the severest and the most dreaded censor of Russian misgovernment. Not only has he by publishing his memoirs given the Western world a most curious picture of the difficulties which beset the man who was bold enough to think for himself under the rule of Nicholas; not only has he printed the secret memoirs of Catherine II., and traced the development of revolutionary

ideas in Russia; but he has by means of his newspaper, the *Kolokol* or Bell, kept up an unceasing warfare against all those proceedings, either on the part of the Government or of individual functionaries, which did not appear to him to be politic or just. It has been said that the Emperor himself was one of his readers during the earlier part of his reign; and there is no doubt that M. Herzen's newspaper was, in spite of rigorous prohibitions, very generally circulated in Russia. Since the commencement of the Polish insurrection, however, his popularity has much diminished. Before it broke out he was thought to be only a stern monitor of his country. Of late he has been too generally considered to be her enemy. The views of M. Herzen, which, as we have seen, are more or less deeply tinged with Socialism, have shared his unpopularity, and since his name has ceased to be one which it was dangerous to pronounce, and he has been freely quoted and criticised by the Russian press, he has lost that prestige which always attaches to what is forbidden and mysterious. He is in some sort the Mazzini of Russia, although differing in many and most essential particulars from that remarkable man. We do not think that the views which he advocates, and which will be most readily gathered by the reader from his work, *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, are likely to prevail either in Russia or elsewhere, but his name should always be mentioned with respect. The *Lettres à un Anglais* of his friend M. Ogareff should also be consulted by those who desire to know the views of this most important fraction of the Russian emigration.

The anti-liberal party is by no means large, chiefly because the Czar has put himself at the head of reforms, and partly because an immense number of the landed proprietors who were no friends to the emancipation of the serfs, have since that event determined to try whether, in return for their loss of material advantages, they could not obtain greater political rights, and have in consequence joined the Constitutionalists.

No attempt to cast the horoscope of Russia will succeed, if we fail to remember that that great empire rests on a democratic basis. The middle class is altogether insignificant. We doubt whether there are half a million of people who could be with propriety included in it. The nobility is a body utterly different from our own, and just as different from that of Germany. Primogeniture is recognised neither by law, nor by custom, except in a very few families. The extraordinary wealth of certain great houses, and the recklessness which makes many Russians of moderate means appear very rich when they travel, because they are spending their capital, deceives the nations of "the old civilisation." We suspect that out of St. Petersburg

and Moscow £2000 a year is a large fortune for Russia. The attainment of a very low *tchin* or rank in the government service gives personal nobility. The higher ranks give hereditary nobility, which before the emancipation carried with it the right of possessing serfs.

The so-called Russian nobility, in the widest sense of the term, consists, according to Buddeus, of more than two million persons, but of these not much more than 100,000 were owners of serfs, and even in this class an enormous number were extremely poor. Very many, again, of the members of old families have hardly any property at all. Of the 120 Prince Galitzins, for example, a large proportion are princes only in name. It is unlucky indeed that the word *Kniaz* cannot be translated by some word less hopelessly misleading to English ears.

The venality and incapacity of the *tchinovniks* or functionaries, all of whom above a certain class are, as we have seen, noble in virtue of their offices, does scant credit to their order, and is one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the Empire. The organization of this powerful body, introduced by Peter the Great, but much modified since, has been often explained, and is found in all the common books about Russia. It was borrowed from countries whence it has long disappeared, and the sooner it is improved off the face of creation, the better. "Who is the devil?" said a Russian peasant's child to his father. "The chief of all the *tchinovniks*," was the ready reply. A considerable check to the unrighteous gains of this class has resulted from the abolition of the brandy farming.

Without entering the government service, nobility is not retained for more than three generations. Those who desire to inform themselves about the few families amongst the Russian nobility which have anything like historical illustration to boast of, will find a full account of them in a book by Prince Dolgoroukoff, which has been translated. They are, however, few and far between. "The only aristocrat in my dominions," said the Emperor Paul, "is he to whom I speak while I speak to him." It must be said to the credit of the Russian nobility that, while it reckons amongst its ranks the worst enemies, it contains also the warmest friends of liberty, and this is true of all its factions. Almost a nation in point of numbers, it is divided into as many parties as divide the nation at large.

One of the first acts of Nicholas was to intrust to the eminent jurist, Speranski, the codification of the Russian law. A full and interesting account of the circumstances which led to this measure, and the manner in which it was carried out, will be found in Schnitzler's *Histoire intime de la Russie*, a book

which deserves to be better known in England.¹ Although, however, Russia is more favourably situated than our own country in respect of the form of her law, her code must be completely re-modelled before she can be called by any enlightened man a thoroughly civilized state. It has been well observed, that it would be an immense boon, not only to England, but to mankind, if this country, which has incomparably the best system of law in the world, could only point to some series of volumes, not requiring the study of a life, from which that law could be learned. It sounds like a paradox, but we do not hesitate to say, that the codification of the English law would do more to advance good government in Russia and over the whole of the Continent, than any other measure that occurs to us.

The Russian press is still subjected to a severe censorship, but of late this has been exercised with so much tact as to make Europe imagine the expression of opinions hostile to the views of Government to be easier than it really is. In truth, a great deal of latitude is allowed, provided certain limits are not transgressed. For a history of Russian literature in recent times, in its bearing on politics, the reader should compare the work of the absolutist Gerebtzoff upon Civilisation in Russia, with M. Herzen's book on the Growth of Revolutionary Ideas, to which we have already alluded. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, whose *Russians at Home* is, for the Englishman who wants to read only one book on Russia, far the best we know, better even than Mr. Tilley's, gives much interesting information about Russian newspapers and reviews. M. Katkoff, editor of two very important periodicals at Moscow, is perhaps at this moment one of the most popular persons in the whole Empire. One of these is a newspaper, the *Moscow Gazette*, which has taken the lead in the anti-Polish and patriotic crusade of the last eighteen months. In its eyes the Grand Duke Constantine is what "Clemency Canning" was during the Indian Mutiny to the Calcutta Press. It has exalted Mouravieff into a national hero, and fostered the enthusiasm

¹ This writer, whose Herodotean *naïveté* often makes his readers smile, knows probably more about the *larger* or *Russian* portion of Europe than any inhabitant of the *smaller* or *historical* portion of it, although in some departments of research M. de Bernhardt, M. Bodenstedt, and others, are doubtless superior to him. Up to this time France and Germany have done most to make us acquainted with Russia. We much want a good American work on that country, to bring out the analogies between it and the United States. Railways, that greatest material blessing of the future to the empire of the Czar, will no doubt give us this. Scotland, at least, has done her duty, as the names of Gordon of Auchlenchries, of his namesake who wrote the Life of Peter the Great, of Wylie, of Bremner, and last, not least, of Murchison, sufficiently prove.

which reached its culminating point when his admirers presented him with a statue of the Archangel Michael! Before we too severely condemn this effervescence of patriotic savagery, let us reflect how we should feel if there was a serious insurrection in Ireland. Those of us who most fully admit that there has been, in times past, much atrocious injustice there, and that all is not even now as it should be, would, we fear, be hardly as humane as Cromwell, who at least offered his enemies the alternative of "Hell or Connaught." And the Irish, it should not be forgotten, have never invaded England, while the Poles perpetrated the most frightful cruelties in the very heart of Russia, only 252 years ago. Yet in spite of all this, we think that ere long the conductors of the *Moscow Gazette* will feel that they went too far, and will acknowledge that men like Walouieff and Suvaroff, who did not quite wish to "eat up the Poles alive," were wiser than they. Nobler work lies before them, and we hope and think they will do it, although M. Herzen, in two remarkable articles in the *Kolokol*, prophesies evil things.

Another remarkable figure amongst Russian journalists is M. Aksakoff, who, since the death of his brother, has been the most conspicuous of the Slavophiles. The student of contemporary history may compare with great advantage the Oxford movement of 1833 with that of which he is the Coryphæus. As that was an attempt to fall back upon old English, so this was an attempt to fall back upon old Russian ideas. What William III. was to our Tractarians, that Peter the Great was to the Slavophiles. The liberalism which Dr. Newman hated so heartily was closely allied to those "Western ideas," which were the bugbears of his representatives in "Moscow the Holy." The beautiful description of that sacred city, which is quoted by Mr. Sutherland Edwards from the History of the Russian Church, by the brother of the terrible Dictator of Lithuania, is conceived in the very spirit of Faber's Sonnets about Oxford.

The oldest Russian University has only existed for about a century. In the 22d volume of the Statistical Journal will be found a paper upon the Russian Universities, which we recommend, not only because it contains a concise and intelligible account of those institutions, but because its tone represents extremely well the current views of the best class of young men in Russia. Its author, M. Kooloomzine, would certainly have been *inter primos* amongst his contemporary Oxonians. We learn from him that in 1856 the whole number of students at the Russian universities was over 4000; thus divided—2634, sons of nobles and employés; 181, sons of priests; 316, sons of merchants; 797, sons of persons above the rank of serfs. "The freedom of speech of the professors in their lectures," says

M. Kooloomzine, "and the perfect freedom of the students, causes their general spirit to be very high and liberal." It should be observed that this paper was written before the disturbances at the University of St. Petersburg, which attracted some attention in England, and which gave an opportunity to the reactionary clique to try to alarm the Emperor. Since those events, the Russian University system has been in confusion, but plans have been considered for its re-organization, and it is hoped that these, under the management of M. Golownin, the present Minister of Public Instruction, who is a man of ability and liberal inclinations, will soon be in thorough working order.

The education of the higher classes in Russia is conducted to a great extent at home, a custom of which Nicholas naturally enough disapproved. Their proficiency in modern languages has often been remarked. This arises much more from the fact that they travel a great deal, and are accustomed from their earliest years to speak several languages, than from any peculiar aptitude. It is said, and probably with truth, that their attainments are somewhat superficial; but we are inclined to think that a Russian of good family at twenty-two will in general be more really educated, as well as more accomplished, than an Englishman who has gone through Eton and Oxford with no more than the usual knowledge of those who only aspire to take an ordinary degree. It is later in life that an Englishman, who has been an idle boy at school and an idle man at college, is forced by the pressure of competition, or by the duties that are thrown upon him, to become fit for something, while the young Russian, hampered by a vicious political system, too often sinks into a loungeur or a debauchee. It is English public and professional life which reflects light on our wretched English education.

The dark side to all this progress, and to all those inclinations towards improvement, does not reveal itself till we know how brilliant was the promise of the years from 1815 to 1826, and how terrible was the period which succeeded to that premature spring. Liberty has hardly yet struck roots in the Russian soil. Let but the Autocrat give the sign, and many of the wise words which we now hear will cease to be uttered. Luckily, humanity has a hostage in the interest of those in power, no less than in their good-will. A return to the system of Nicholas means political ruin. It means a period of insolent triumph at home, and lowered influence abroad, followed by conspiracies, outbreaks, and revolution.

Buddeus mentions that the Czar constantly repeats the words, "Better from above than from below." If so, he is, as Cavour

once said to the writer of this paper, when speaking of Louis Napoleon, "*Un homme habile qui connaît son peuple et son temps.*" We hope everything for Russia; but our hopes are mingled with fears, which the reader who has accompanied us through the preceding pages, will hardly think unreasonable. What M. de Custine said is, we fear, still true: "Russia is the country in Europe where men are most unhappy." Before she reaches the point at which we in England have arrived—great as are the still uncured evils of our society, she has many a difficult crisis to traverse. Will she ever succeed in reconciling Poland to her sway, or in cutting adrift and converting into a peaceful and friendly neighbour so much of that country as she cannot assimilate? Will she be able to substitute for her communal organization, so unfavourable to individual enterprise, a system like that of the West, without creating a mass of pauperism worse than that with which we are struggling; or, if not, will she succeed in a new experiment, and reconcile the commune with advanced agriculture and civilisation? Will the empire hold together under one central authority; or, if not, will its surface be covered by independent communities, which will keep the peace, and do no hurt each to the prosperity of each? Will the Russian Church shake off those unnumbered superstitions, and rise from that abasement which makes it, for all purposes of influencing human conduct, far inferior to Rome, although it has never committed itself to the worst Roman absurdities? Will, in short, the high and pure form of Christianity, which is held by the best minds in Germany and England, be substituted in any reasonable length of time for the delusions which now prevail? Will the universal venality of the functionaries be gradually amended? Will the army be reduced within reasonable limits, and military service cease to be a curse and a scourge to the population? Will justice and law be soon substituted for the arbitrary decisions of power? Will the Russian government, while asserting its fair claims as a European power, more especially in the Eastern peninsula, learn that its true field of fame is Northern and Central Asia? Will the experiments we are working out, teach Russian statesmen that nothing is gained by fostering branches of industry which have no real affinity for the country? Will a succession of wise and moderate rulers inaugurate and watch over the commencement of constitutional government; or will Russia have to win her liberties as others have won them, with blood and toil? Who can answer these questions; and yet, while they remain unanswered, how uncertain must be the future of this mighty empire, and of the political state-system of which it forms so important a part!

ART. VI.—*The Scotch Lawyer of the Seventeenth Century.*

THE Lord Justice-Clerk, in his valuable lecture on the Historical Study of Law, delivered in the Juridical Society last session, directed attention to the state of the Bar of Scotland in the seventeenth century, and to the noble character and conduct of many of our Advocates, contrasting with the profligacy of the Government, and the degrading subserviency of the Judges, in that bad time between the Restoration and the Revolution.

"It is obvious," his Lordship said, "that some very great change must have taken place in the tone and spirit of the Scottish Bar since the time of Sir Robert Spotswood, and that its members were now animated by aspirations after professional independence and personal liberty, which were scarcely dreamt of in the previous generation. The intervening period had witnessed the birth and the extinction of a political freedom, the child of violence and wrong, naturally doomed to a brief existence. But the restoration of the monarchy without any checks on the prerogative, while it had to all appearance recalled the despotism of James as it existed in the worst period of his reign, had yet been insufficient to destroy all recollection of those doctrines of constitutional liberty which had such a charm, not for the mass of the people only, but still more for the learned and the thoughtful; and it is not therefore surprising that a body of highly educated and able men, united by the ties of professional interest and personal friendship, should have been the first to show themselves in an attitude of firm and deliberate resistance to an act of tyranny and injustice. . . . It is a most gratifying reflection that as the lawyers of Scotland, including both Advocates and Judges, have in every age been the authors of the best measures for the improvement of the law, so the Advocates of Scotland took the lead in asserting and vindicating the independence of their profession, in an age when the true relations between the Bench and the Bar, and their important bearing on the general interests and liberties of the community, were but imperfectly understood in other countries" (p. 37).

The special "act of tyranny" against which so many of the Scotch Advocates rebelled, was the "disbarring" of all lawyers who would not disavow the right of Appeal to Parliament against the decisions of the Court of Session. Fifty Advocates took up this quarrel, and, in 1674, left the emoluments of their profession, and seceded to Linlithgow as their *mons sacer*. They were the leading men of the profession; indeed, they left few behind them of name or reputation. Many of them have become illustrious, if that word may be used for a Scotch celebrity, and their names still ring in our ears to admonish us

that a nation is never hopelessly sunk while its Advocates preserve their independence.

Of the training and education of those law worthies, we know chiefly the fruits. Some of them were accomplished, and even learned beyond their age and their "jealous" profession; and most of those whose legal labours are preserved, show a wider, a more philosophical scope, a more classical range of studies than we can hope to find in the barrister of our hurried, practical, somewhat commercial age. It would be of great interest for Scotch history to trace the education of those distinguished Advocates, and some of the families founded by them. The *noblesse de la robe* of Scotland must possess materials for such an inquiry. To one only we propose to devote some pages.

The Lord Justice-Clerk speaks justly of Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, as

"A remarkable example of consistency and independence, maintained in most trying times, and throughout a long life. He was the contemporary and personal friend of Lockhart, and was associated with him not only in the struggle of 1674, but in most of the great causes of their time. His voluminous mss. contain treasures of historical information, which have never yet been thoroughly explored. But the two printed volumes of collected decisions which are in every one's hands, abound in instructive and entertaining matter, containing, as the title-page of the book bears, not only the decisions of the Court of Session, but the transactions of the Privy-Council, of the Criminal Court, and Court of Exchequer, and interspersed with a variety of historical facts, and many curious anecdotes" (p. 40).

Having access to these MSS. of old Fountainhall, and especially to one little square volume, now in Mr. David Laing's possession, which has hitherto escaped the notice of Lauder's biographers, we propose to lay before our readers such information as they afford, of the parentage, birth, and education of John Lauder, who became Sir John Lauder, second baronet of Fountainhall, and sat in the Courts of Session and Justiciary as Lord Fountainhall.

Lord Fountainhall's father, Sir John Lauder, the first baronet, was thrice married. By his first wife he had three children; by his second, sixteen—fourteen sons and two daughters; by the third, six, of whom four were sons. This patriarch wrote himself, "Merchant and burgess of Edinburgh," and had the honour of being one of the bailies of the city. His immediate forefathers were merchants also, but they were not indifferent to the feeling of territorial ancestry, and claimed to be the descendants and representatives of the old Lauders of Bass, and of the family who had once been hereditary bailies of

Lauderdale. His wives were taken from his own class. The second, Isobel Ellis, was daughter of a merchant, burgess, and bailie of Edinburgh, and laird of Morton-Hall, who drew gentle blood, if not nobility, from ancestral Setons, Inglises, and Nisbets, as well as from a Signor Ambrosio, secretary to Queen Mary of Lorraine, whose daughter, the Lady Beatrice, one of the Queen's maids of honour, was content to marry Adam Nisbet, "the King's merchant," ancestor of the Nisbets of Dean, Craig-entinnny, and Dirleton. Isobel Ellis's mother was an Edward, daughter of Nicol Edward, Dean of Guild, and grandchild to another Nicol Edward, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1593—being, as Fountainhall himself notes, "of a most ancient descent within that burgh, and who built these great lodgings in the middle of Niddrie's Wynd, where I have seen the said Nicol Edward's name and arms on the lintell of a chimney, with the anagram on his name in French—*va d'un vol à Christ*—goe with one flight to Christ." The merchant had thriven by his merchandise, and by purchase and marriage acquired three or four small landed properties, besides educating and providing for all that enormous progeny. John Lauder, the eldest son of the second family, and who was the eldest of his father's sons when the old patriarch died, was born on 2d August 1646.

On both sides he inherited strict Presbyterian principles, and was brought up after the straitest form of the sect, with a decided leaning to the Covenant. If there was a dash of spiritual pride in the young Puritan, and of contempt for the "blinded Papists," the half-and-half English Prelatists, for "our Bishops," it must be said, in his defence, that during one part of his life general toleration was a mere mask for Roman Catholic ascendancy; and let us add, to his honour, that he became more tolerant as he got older, while a fund of prudence and the education of a lawyer kept him out of vehement and useless demonstrations of feeling, and carried him in safety through the dangerous times of the last two Stuart kings, to reap his reward and due honours when the Revolution set all men's conscience free.

Nothing is known of Fountainhall's early life and home-education. We can only conjecture that he is that "Joannes Lauder" who, under the regency of a (former) James Pillans, took the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Edinburgh on 1st July 1664, he being then eighteen years old.

And here our uncertainty ceases. The remainder of his life is well known, and the period immediately following is minutely chronicled by himself with that amiable garrulity which adhered to him through life, and which makes even his collections of law decisions pleasant and amusing reading.

The most important and not the least agreeable part of the young Scotch lawyer's education of that day was the *Wander-jahr*, his season of foreign travel and study, and on that expedition we propose to bear young Lauder company. What the young Scotch traveller observed abroad reflects light on what he had left at home. Whether he praises or blames, admires or dislikes, the objects of his remark are necessarily compared in his mind with his own country. It is on that account chiefly that the young man's anecdotes of travel are interesting to us. Lauder took horse at Edinburgh on 20th March 1665, and arrived in London, 4th April, where he stayed but five days to see the lions and to sell his horse (which fetched only £5), and then crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais. After a night of sea-sickness, "about six in the morning," he notes, "we landed in France, the land of graven images." From Calais, he and his companions joined the Messenger for Paris—who found them in horses, and defrayed their journey—one Pierre, "a sottish fellow, yet one who entertained us nobly." Among his travelling companions was "a son of my Lord Arreray or Buoll" (Orrery or Boyle doubtless). The young Scot was not yet well up in modern English peerage, but he notes him as a very sharp boy. They rode by "several brave towns, as Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, Beauvais,—chanced to lie a night at a pritty village called Birnay, where his chamber was contigue to a spacious pleasant wood that abounded with nightingales, who, with the melodiousness of their singing, did put sleep quite from him." They arrived in Paris on the 14th April, eight days after leaving London; and the whole expense of Lauder's journey from Edinburgh to Paris was £10 sterling. He had received from his father in gold, ten Caroluses (twenty-shilling pieces), and eight Jacobuses, fourteen-pound pieces (that is, pieces of fourteen pounds Scots), besides some "money," that is, silver, in crowns and half-crowns; and some of that coin was still in his purse when he presented his father's letter to Francis Kinloch, a Scotch merchant in Paris, the brother of Bailie Kinloch of Edinburgh. As he has copied the letter in his diary, we give it here in part:—

"EDINR., March 15, 1665.

"SIR,—The bearer heerof, my sone, inclining to study the French tongue and the laws, I have therefore thought it expedient to direct him to you, being confident of your favour and caire, entreating your recommendation by a few lines to one Monsieur Alexandre, Professor of the Laws at Poitiers, to which place I intend he should go; as also to place him there for his diet in the most convenient house, but especially with one of our profession and religion. He has a bill drawn on you, with a letter of advice and credit, which I hope you will obey. . . . I must, without vanity or flattery, say, that hitherto he has not

been inclined to any vice or evil way, and I hope will so continue. I know not positively what may defray his charges in his studies, diet, and otherwise, but I conceive about seven or eight hundred franks a year may do it. . . .—Your real friend,
JOHN LAUDER."

Even the form of the bill of exchange is not without interest now. It is drawn by an Edinburgh goldsmith in the following terms:—

EDINBURGH, 17th March 1665.
For 400 livres T. L.

SIR,—4 days after sight of this my first bill of exchange (my 2 not being payed), please pay to Mr. John Lauder, or his order, 400 livres T. L., value received heir from his father, B. John Lauder. Make punctuall payment, and place it to account as by the advice of your humble servant,
THOMAS CRAFTURD.

For Mr. FRANCIS KINLOCH, }
Merchant in Paris. }

The letter and bill produced somewhat more than a credit on a banker now-a-days. "Francis having read this, out of his kindnesse, would suffer me to stay no wheir but in his owne house, wher I stayed al the space I was at Paris, attended and entertained as give I had bein a prince." These are Lauder's own words, but we anticipate and save repetition by observing that wherever he had occasion to stay—in city, burgh, or village—his national instinct directed him to the house of some Scot, who always received him kindly, and in whose house he was sure to meet others of his countrymen and of "the Religion," all eager to grasp the hand and hear the tidings of the last arrived from the fatherland, all ready to show him hospitality and speed him on his way.

Poictiers was the object of Lauder's journey, but its classes were on the point of rising, and he was advised by Kinloch and his friends at Paris, to spend some time at Orleans, in Mr. Ogilvie's house, or at Mr. Doull's at Saumur, at either of which places the language is better spoken than at Poictiers, and where fewer Scotsmen resorted. Economy was also considered, for at either of these places he could have a master to give him a lesson in the Institutes once a day for a pistole a month, which could not be got at that rate at Poictiers.

To Orleans he went accordingly, and found there in pension with a Mr. John Ogilvie, his young chief, the Master of Ogilvie with his servant, young Thirlestan with his man, besides English, French, and Germans. He found the city to be as big as Edinburgh, together with the next greatest city of Scotland. His first remark is on the vast number of lame folk, both men and women, but especially women. He arrived on

the eve of the feast of commemoration of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans; and here let us take once for all the zealous puritan's growl against the rites and ostentation of the Catholic Church: "The ceremony consisted of a procession partly spiritual or ecclesiastical, partly civil or temporall. To make the spiritual, there was there all that swarm of grasshoppers which we are foretold should ascend out of the bottomless pit; all these filthy frogs that we are foretold that beast, that false prophet, should cast out of his mouth, I mean that rabble of religious orders within the body of that apostatical and pseudo-apostolicall Church of Rome. Only the Jesuits was wanting, the pride of whose hearts will not suffer them to go in procession with the meaner orders. In order went the Capuchins, then the Minims," etc. He describes the dresses of the different orders with some contempt, confuses monks and friars with that reckless ignorance which had already become fashionable in his country, and tells of the Friars Minims being restricted to a diet of fish and roots, that he may quote Erasmus, who calls them fishy men,—"*homines piscosos*."

Here Lauder had a master for French, a master for the Institutes, and attended the *salle de danse* of M. Sellovant. One of the boarders at his house was a son of the Dutch Admiral Opdam, who, with his companions, carried himself marvelously proud. He was so confident of his countrymen beating the English fleet in the great sea-fight in the Channel, that he and his friends had prepared many punshions of wine to celebrate the victory. At first, the news favoured the Dutch; the English had lost, the Duke of York was slain! Then came the truth of the three days' fight, the Dutch defeated, Admiral Opdam killed! The Dutch at Orleans slighted the defeat, and boasted they would equip a better fleet in a fortnight!

Than the country lying about Orleans and its forest, nothing, says Lauder, can be pleasanter to the eye. The people were very miserable, ignorant, and poor, "our beggars leading a better life than the peasants of France." Lauder did not make long stay at Orleans, but long enough to chatter French readily, and to join cheerily in the laugh at his own blunders—"for I stood not on stepping-stones to have assurance that it was right what I was to say, for if a man seek that, he shall never speak right"—long enough to rival the young lord of Airlie in the good graces of Mademoiselle Ogilvie, his host's lively daughter, who was pleased to interest herself in his education—long enough, too, to have an argument with the *Præfectus Jesuitarum*, the head of the Jesuits' house, who treated him politely and dismissed him with an admonition to search the Scriptures; and with a parish *curé* with whom he "fell hot by the ears," touching pre-

destination, free-will, purgatory, and other things, and found him "a stubborn fellow, one voluntary blind." Their dispute lasted above an hour, and during it, gathered about them half the parish gazing on the stranger as a fool and mad, that durst undertake to control their *curé*, every word of whose mouth did they take for an oracle, though they understood it no more nor the stone in the wall. These discussions were in Latin, in which let us hope the follower of Calvin was as strong as his opponents. At all events, he never hints at any deficiency in the language of the schools, the familiar use of which was preserved by academical prelections and disputations being still in Latin, both here and on the Continent. One scene where Lauder assisted in impugning a young graduate's thesis is amusing enough to warrant transcription, if the language of the logical combatants,—the *distinguo*, the *transmitto*, the *revoco—si tu transmittis ego revocabo*—was not now a forgotten tongue.

Lauder left Orleans on the 4th July (the 14th with the French), travelling by boat to Blois, which he finds on a steep eminence, "in some places as steep as our kirk heugh." He saw the castle and heard the tragedies of its old history much as they are told now. From the upmost bartizan he had "one of the bonniest prospects that could be. About two leagues from us, in the corner of a forest, we saw the castle of Chamburgh, a place worthy the seeing, as they say, for the regularity of its bastimens. Within a league we saw also two pretty houses belonging to M. Colbert, whom we would have to be a Scot." Next day he took boat for Tours, visiting Amboise by the way. With one of his companions, a Dutchman, he had again to do, vindicating his prince as the most just prince of the world in all his procedure with the Hollander. The fellow behaved himself very proudly. When the Benedictines at Marmoutier—"a verystupendous piece, give ended"—were showing the party their relics—the heart of St. Benedict in crystal set with diamonds—St. Martin's skull in a bowl of beaten silver—and then a very massy silver cross watered over with gold, very ancient, said to be the gift of an Englishman, "I inquired," says Lauder, "how they might call him. The monk could not tell till he cast up his book of memorials of that church, and then he found that they called him Bruce, on which I assured him that was a Scots name, and indeed of a very honourable family." Next day by boat to Saumur. On the way they found nothing but brave houses and castles standing on the river, and among others that of Montsoreau, two leagues large from Saumur, where the river of Chatellerault or Vienne, which riseth in the province of Limosin, tumbleth itself into the Loire. There he stopped to see the remains of the

ravages committed by a terrible inundation of the river, and soon after arrived at Saumur. And there the young Scot, with an eye for natural beauty and the cultivation then unknown in his own country, breaks out in rapture :—

“ Before I leave thee, O fair Loire ! what shall I say to thy commendation ? Surely if anything might afford pleasure to man’s insatiable appetite, it must be thee. Give there be any vestiges of that terrestrial paradise extant, then surely they may lively be read in thee. How many leagues together were there nothing to be seen but beautiful arbres, pleasant arrangement of trees ! the contemplation of which brought me into a very great love and conceit of a solitary country life ; which brought me also to pass a definitive sentence that give I were once at home, God willing, I would allot the one half of the year to the country, and the other half for the town. Is it not deservedly, O Loire, that thou art surnamed the garden of France ! ”

At Saumur, Lauder stayed in the family of his countryman, Mr. Doull. On his arrival the mistress of the house was absent in the country, trying if its pleasures might dissipate the melancholy she was in for the parting of her son, whom his father had some few days before sent for England, to wit, for Oxford, merely that he might be free from his mother’s corruptions, who, answering him too frankly in money, the lad began to grow debauched :—“ Behold,” moralizes the young Scot, “ the French women as great fools as others ! ” On the morrow the lady returned, and among other expressions, said it gave her encouragement to let her son go, that she saw that Lauder, as young a man, had left his native country to come travel.

At Saumur, Lauder visited the young Marquis of Douglas, living there with a tutor, in poverty and some discontent, wearing his winter suit for lack of another.

Mr. Doull told Lauder, the manner of graduating at the University of Saumur was wholly the same as in other places, they gave out theses which the students defended ; only they had a pretty ceremony about the close, each of those to be graduated got a laurel branch, on the leaves whereof was his name engraven in golden letters. *Item*, He said that when he reflected on the attendance that the regents in Scotland gave to their classes, he thought he saw another Egyptiacal bondage, for with them they attended only four days of the week, and in these no longer than they took account of their former lesson and gave them out a new one.

After two days at Saumur, Lauder hired horse for Poitiers, only the fellow who owned the horse running at his foot. He rode by Montsoreau, passing for three miles under the shade of vast walnut trees on each side the road, laden with fruit. At Montsoreau he left Loire, and struck south-east by the

banks of the river of Chatellerault in Touraine. He calls Tours the most renowned town in all France for manufactures of silks of all sorts. Richelieu, unmatched for its single stately street of such magnificent houses that each might be a palace; so uniform that ye shall not see one chimney higher than another; the castle beautifully environed with its canal, on the banks of which are such pleasant palisades and umbrages of trees, making alleys to the length of half a mile, like the buildings of the town ranked all equal, and though monstrously high, yet all observing such equality that ye shall find none arrogating superiority over his neighbours. Passing through the castle, he admires the sculptures and paintings, the rich tapestry and brave plenishing, as chairs, looking-glasses, tables, beds. For the preserving of the curtains, each bed had *tours de lit* of linen; when these were drawn by, they were found some hung with rich crimson velvet hangings; others with red satin; others with blue; all laid over so richly with lace that you could hardly discern the stuff. One bed, in a chamber which they call one of the king's chambers, was hung with dool (*deuil*), which when occasion offered they made use of. This minded Lauder of Swintone's wife, who, when she was in possession of Brunstone, had her alleys and walks so appropriated to particular uses, that she had her alley wherein she walked when she was in mourning, another when she had on such a gown, and so forth.

In one chamber was the cardinal's own portraiture to the full, in his red robes and his cardinal's hat, with a letter in his hand, to tell that he was the king's secretary. His name is beneath, Arnoldus Richelieu, anagrammatized *Hercules alter*. Surely the portrait represents a man of a very grave, wise, and reverend aspect. Beside him hung the portrait of his father and mother. His father had been a soldier. The cardinal was born in Richelieu. Up and down the garden were growing hollyhocks of all colours.

The way to Poitiers was through rows of trees loaded with apples and plums, now ripe, which our traveller "looked not on as forbidden fruit, but frankly pulled." As soon as he came in sight of Poitiers, he welcomed it as to be his place of rest. He recognised in its situation Buchanan's allusion, *Pictones o scopuli*! for it is on an eminence, environed with rugged rocks and craigs. Eight days after his arrival, on 28th July 1665, he entered pensioner with M. Daillé, and soon met all his countrymen who had come there on the same errand with him. There were "Colinton," three Humes, Mr. Alexander, Mr. David, and "my right reverend, goodsir, Mr. Patrick," for whom he had letters from Pighog, and John Suty, with a Scott of Ardross, and

Graham of Morphie. He entertained all his countrymen and his Professor Alexandre at the hostelry of the "chapeau d'or" to supper, which cost him 17 livres 10 sous.

We do not get much of his life at Poitiers. The daily studies and some dissipation gave little to journalize. But his interest and curiosity about the religious orders are extreme. He again encounters the Jesuits at their celebration of the feast of their founder, Ignatius; is present at the ceremonial and festival of Saint Radegunde, the patron saint of the city, and witnesses with more interest the admission of two novices into the order of the Capuchins, whose poverty and devotion had a strange effect upon the zealous Protestant:—

"Their poverty is such that they have nothing to sustain them but others' charity when they come begging, and that every twenty-four hours. They have nothing laid up against to-morrow. If there be any day wherein they have gotten little or nothing, they come all to the table notwithstanding, though nothing to eat, each man says his grace to himself, and there they sit looking at one another, poor creatures! as long as give they had had something to eat. They fast all that day, but if there be any that cannot fast it out, then he may go down to the yard, and hock out two or three carrots to himself, or stew some leeks, some sibows, beets, or such-like things, and this is their delicates. If there be any day when they have gotten more than suffices them, all the overplus they give to the poor. The convent hath no more rent than will defray their charges in keeping up their house about their ears. All this do these misers under the hopes of meriting by the same! Yet I would be a Capuchin before any other order I have seen yet."

Let us mention here the passing bell—*l'agonie*—not for the well-known custom itself, but for the Presbyterian's toleration of it. When any are at the point of death, and near departing, they cause send to any religious house, not forgetting money, to ring an *Agonie*, that all who hear may know that a brother is departing, and may help him with their prayers, which surely seems to be very laudable, and it may be not amiss that it were used with us. The Church of England hath it, and on the ringing, any people that are well disposed assemble themselves in the church to pray.

The form of the Huguenot service, he says, differs not much from ours. On the Sabbath morning, during the gathering of the congregation, they sing a psalm. Then the minister coming up, by a short set form of exhortation, stirring them up to join with him in prayer, reads a set form of confession of sins out of their *prieres ecclesiastiques*, or liturgie, which being ended, they sing a psalm, which the minister nominates, reading the first two or three lines, after which they read no more the line as we

do, but the people follow it out as we do in "Glory to the Father." The psalm being ended, the minister has a conceived prayer of himself, adapted for the most part to what he is to discourse on. This being ended he reads his text. Having preached, then reads a prayer out of their liturgy, then sings a psalm, and then the blessing.

Lauder brought away lessons of gardening, and learnt to discriminate and value the varieties of delicious pears unknown at home. Common fruit, as apples and plums, were extremely cheap, and indeed all provisions. A quarter-hundred delicate pears cost a sou; a quattrain (26) plums like our "white corne," for two deniers, or eight pennies a hundred. Madame Daillé bought fat geese for twelve to eighteen sous; a capon from twelve to twenty sous. Discoursing of the commodities of sundry nations transported to France, their ordinary expression was, that they are beholden to Scotland for nothing but its herrings, which they count a very gross fish, no ways royal, as they speak, that is, not for a king's table. As for linen cloth and other commodities the kingdom affords, we have little more of them than serves our own necessity.

"I was five months in France," writes the Scot, "before I saw a boiled or roasted egg. Their mutton is neither so great nor so good here as it is at home, the reason of which may be the little room they leave for pasturage in the most parts of France. They buy a leg here for eight sous, whiles ten sous. Among ten Frenchmen, you will have nine who prefer fish to flesh. The most esteemed here are the sardine, which seems to be our sand-eel (!), which we saw first at Saumur, and the sole, which differs not from our fluke (!). The French term it *la perdrix de la mer*, as being the most delicate of fish. Our hosts perceiving that we loved not fish, often would not have fish once in the month."

Their bread was more wholesome than Scotch, being without barm. Their *potages*—differing exceedingly from ours—made 1st, of that fine bread; 2^d, lard, mutton, beef, of each a little morsel; 3^d, herbs for seasoning, whiles kail, whiles cucumbers, whiles leeks, whiles mint or others—very nutritive and wholesome. Frugal Madame Daillé used to make the *potage* of two kinds of bread, turning the whiter sort to the boarders' side of the dish; the brown, like our rye-loaves, for herself and her husband.

Lauder learnt not only from M. Daillé, but from persons of more refined judgment, yea, even from religious persons, that the French, so courteous to strangers of other countries—to Scots, English, Germans, Hollanders, Italians—had no civility for a Spaniard. It arose, they said, from the contrariety of their humours, for the French are frank (whence they would

derive the name of their nation), galliard, pleasant, and pliable; the Spaniard quite contrary, retired, austere, rigid, proud. Who knows not the pride of the Castilian! If a Castilian, then a demigod, he thinks himself *ex meliore luto natus* than the rest of the world. It was a fine drollery to see a Frenchman counterfeit the Castilian as he marches in his streets of Castile, with his Castilian beaver cocked, his hand in his side, his march and pace speaking pride itself. Who knows not also that mortal feud the Castilian bears to the Portuguese, and the Portuguese reciprocally to him, and all from pride and conceit! "Yet we have observed," says the observing youth, "the French, from the highest to the lowest (let him be ever so base or so ignorant), to carry about with them a beastly (perhaps translating *bête*) proud principle that they are born to teach all the rest of the world knowledge and manners." It is plain the English traveller had not yet made himself offensive. We remark, too, there is no reference to the "natural enmity" between French and English—to the ancient feud between the English and Scots. It is painful to acknowledge that the Englishman—perhaps we should say the Briton—has in our time taken the place of the Castilian in Lauder's sketch.

Our traveller saw several of the annual *fêtes* of the trades or crafts of the city—as the sutors, the websters, the tailors, and so forth, who each celebrate their festival with processions, when, instead of crucifixes and crosses, they carry on the shoulders of four of the principal of the trade a great farle of bread like the buns we use to bake with currants, all busked with flowers the season affords, or in winter with herbs; and this with a sort of pomp, four or five drummers going before, and as many pipers playing, the body of the trade coming behind. Only the incorporation of the "merchants" used not this ceremony, looking on it as below them. The jurisdiction of those they call consuls is to decide controversies arising betwixt merchant and merchant. Their power is such that their sentence is without appeal, and they may ordain him whom they find in the wrong to execute it within twenty-four hours, and on failure they may incarcerate. These vestiges of ancient burgal usage, once known over Europe, are still interesting, and not least in the country where the institutions of the *communes*, the cradles of freedom, have entirely disappeared.

What follows is useful only as showing the popular and probably not very erroneous estimate of the great aristocratical fortunes of the seventeenth century:—

"There are among the French nobility," writes Lauder, "some a great deal richer than any subject of our kings; for the greatest subject of the King of England is the Duke of Ormond or the Earl of North-

umberland, neither of which two hath above £3000 sterling, which makes some 300,000 livres in French money—which is ordinary for a peer in France."

Lauder relates how the Earl of Northumberland was prohibited by the English Parliament from going into his own county, by reason of his dangerous power there, and adds:—"It might be telling Scotland if such a restraint were laid on the house of Huntly, the cock of the north, for then the Jesuits and Papists would not have such reason to boast, nor so great footing in the north as they have."

On the 22d September, parted from Poitiers for Paris four of our society: Mr. Patrick, David and Alexander Humes, with Colinton. The three that were left behind hired horses, and gave them the convoy to Bonnivette, intending to have accompanied them to Richelieu, but were prevented by the badness of their horses, which gives occasion for a Scotch story:—"It minded us of that profane debauched Bishop Lesly, who, the last time the bishops were in Scotland, when Spotiswoode was archbishop, was Bishop of the Isles. He on a time, riding with the King from Striveling to Edinburgh, was very ill mounted, so that he did nothing but cursed within himself all the way. A gentleman of the company coming up to him, and seeing him with a very discontented countenance, demanded, 'How is it?—how goes it with you, my Lord?' He answered, 'Was not the devil a fool, man?—was he not a fool? If he had but set Job on the horse I am on, he had cursed God to his face!'" Let any man read his thoughts from that.

The relative wealth of France and Britain has changed much since the middle of the seventeenth century, although France with long peace is now again taking its natural place among the rich countries of the world. Lauder finds it necessary to explain the causes of the superior wealth of France:—

"The richness of France is not much to be wondered at, since, to lay aside the great cities with their traffic, as Tours in silk, Bordeaux with Holland wares of all sorts, Marseilles with all that the Levant affords, there is not such a petty city which hath not its proper traffic, as Parthenay in its stuffs, Chatellerault in its oil of olives, its plum-damas, and other commodities, which, by its river of Vienne, it imports to all the places that stand on the Loire."

Lauder was very happy at M. Daillé's, and his genial nature appears unaffectedly in many of his notes:—

"We cannot forget," he says, "what good company we have had some winter nights at the fireside, my host in the one nook, Madame in the other, and I in the mids, in the navel of the fire. He was of

Chatellerault, she of Partenay. They would fall to and miscall one another's country, reckoning over all that might be said against the place where the other was born, and for their own. Whiles we had great bickering with good sport. They made me judge to decide according to the relevancy of what I found them allege. I usually held for Madame, as the weaker side. Some winter nights I have caused Madame Daillé sit down and tell me tales, which I found of the same very stuff with our own, beginning with that usually, *Il y avait un Roi et une Reine*; only, instead of our wirricous and giants, they have *lougars* and *warwoophs*. She told me on a time the tale or *conte* of Daft Jock with his *sotteries*, just as we have it in Scotland. We have laughed no little at some."

His observations are put down promiscuously, and we shall not study to class them. Speaking of various languages, he says, "The most eloquent language at present is the French, which gets such acceptance everywhere, and relishes so well in every man's palate that it is almost become universal. This it owes to its *beaux esprits*, who have reformed it in such a fashion that it miskens the garb it had fifty or sixty years ago;" and he cites Montaigne and Du Bartas, who have written marvellously well in the language of their time, but at present are found noways smooth nor agreeable. He admired how copiously the poor peasants at meeting express their compliments, their very language bearing them to it,—so that ye might see more civility in their expressions (as to their gestures it is usually not very seemly) than may be found in the first compliments on a rencontre betwixt two Scotch gentlemen, tolerably well bred. In those that be ordinary gentlewomen only, there is more breeding to be seen than in some of our countesses in Scotland.

Lauder disapproves of the French pronunciation of Latin, though he could understand them for the most part well enough; and he laughs at their Greek, making *ou* and *u* the same sound.

Judicial torture was attracting attention in Scotland at that time, and Lauder describes several used in France, each province having its sundry manner of extorting confession:—

"In Poictou, the manner is with boards of timber, which they fasten close both to the outside and the inside of the legs. Then in betwixt the leg and the timber they drive in (*caw in* is Lauder's word) great wedges from the knee down to the very foot, and that both in the outside and inside, which so crusheth the leg that it makes it as thin and as broad as the loofe of a man's hand. The blood issues forth in great abundance."

Are we to understand that "the boot," which soon acquired such favour with our Courts, required to be described in Scotland?

The young law student is, of course, observant of varying legal customs. He finds some peculiarities of the law of tutors and curators, such as that the friends of a pupil who meet with him for choosing a curator, are responsible if the person named be unfitting or fraudulent.

Marriage customs differ also—not the law of marriage, which is uniform throughout Christendom—England excepted. A woman is admitted as a witness in France, in any case, civil or criminal, with this difference, that for one man there must be two women. As two men being eye-witnesses of a murder will condemn a man, there must be four women, or their evidence is not admitted.

For curing of the “cruels” people come out of the farthest parts of Germany and Spain itself to the King of France, who “touches” with the same words our King uses, but gives no piece of gold as our King does. The words are—“*C’est le Roi qui vous touche, c’est Dieu qui vous guérisse.*” The French King hath a set time of the year for doing it, and the day before, he prepares himself by fasting and praying, that his touch may be the more effectual.

Lauder was amazed to see the French making ready for his diet “upright paddock-stools, which they call *potirons* or *championns*. They’ll rise in a night. They grow in humid, moist places, as also with us. They fire them in a pan with butter, vinegar, salt, and spice. They eated of it greedily, wondering that I eated not so heartily. A man seems just to be eating of tender collops ; but my prejudice hindered me.”

Tampering with their own money was a frequent trick of all nations before the laws of banking and the currency were understood, but France seems to have gone farther. “France thinks it a good policy to heighten the gold and silver of stranger nations,” thinking to draw the money of all other nations to themselves. This gives occasion to the *nouveau reglement sur le fait des monnoyes tant de France qu’etrangeres*, 1636. It specifies 500 pieces current in France, their proper weights, and declared value. The English rose-noble is to pass for ten livres, ten sous ; the Henry noble of England, for nine livres, ten sous ; the English Angelot, for seven livres ; the Scotch and English Jacobuses, which we call fourteen-pound pieces, as also the Holland Riders, for thirteen livres ; that Scotch piece with two swords through other, crowned—it hath *salus populi suprema lex*—the whole, thirteen, the half, six livres, ten sous ; the new Jacobus, which we call the twenty-shilling sterling piece, twelve francs ; the Scotch crown of gold, which hath on the one side, *Maria D. G. Regina Scotorum*, passes for four livres, five sous.

Lauder asserts roundly, perhaps speaking the popular belief,

that the half of France, with its revenues, belongs to the ecclesiastics, yea, the beautifullest and the goodliest places. Within Poitiers alone, the rents of the convents of men and women make above 600,000 livres a year, besides what the Bishop hath, to wit, 80,000 livres a year. The Benedictines have 30,000 ; the Fueillans, 20,000 ; besides what the Jacobins, Cordeliers, Minims, those de la charité, Capuchins, Augustins, the Chanoines of St. Croix, St. Radegonde, St. Peter, the Cathedral of Poitiers, Notre Dame la Grande, St. Hilaire. We have almost forgot the Jesuits, who, above fifty years ago, entered Poitiers with their staffes in their hands, not 100 livres among them all, and since have with their crafty dealings so augmented their convent that they have 40,000 livres standing rent. How they came by this, it is not uneasy to divine ? If any fat carcase be on his deathbed, they are sure to be there, undermine him with all the slights imaginable, wring donations in their favour from him, of which we know and have heard several examples. And Lauder gives two cases which he believed to be true, one of which savours of trick elsewhere than with the reverend fathers. A dying man, "whom they had debauched," left his fortune to the Jesuits, excepting that they should give his son *ce qu'ils voudront*. The son claimed the succession, and the Duke of Parma expounded the words—that what they would have themselves, that should be given to his son !

Here is information that might interest a few of Lauder's countrymen, though "Sport" was only beginning to make way in a country destined to become its favourite home. They have in France the wild-cat, the otter, which is excellent furring, the fox, the wolfe. In the mountains of Dauphiné, there are both *ours et sanglier*, bear and boar. Their dogs are generally not so good as ours, yet there is a town in Bretagne which is guarded by its dogs, chained all day, loosed at night. Wolves are so destructive to the sheep, that any man who kills one, and shows its head and tail through the villages, receives offerings of eggs, cheese, milk, and wool from the peasants. The student of law expresses his opinion about the game-laws. The consuetudes and rights of nations about hunting and hawking throughout the most part of the Christian world are wondrously degenerated from the right of nature and nations, and the civil law following the footsteps of both. According to these, all men have equally the liberty of chasing of wild beasts. He sums up his list of restrictions with what appears to him the climax : "Yea, in France it is not lawful to shoot with the gun in another man's ground, so that if a man take another gunning on his ground, he usually takes the gun from him and breaks it over his shoulders. (The Lord Eglinton, who was shot by

Mungo Campbell must have learnt in this school.) Much more may one hinder others to hunt over his ground," etc.

At Poitiers, the Scotch scholar has some experience of the juggles of magicians, "magic and sorcery being very frequent in France, though yet more frequent in Italy." They offered to let him see what his father or his mother was doing at that instant, and that in a glass. (Is there anything new under the sun, or any limits to the follies of philosophers?) It is usual to show what folks are doing 1000 miles distant; and there are those who will bring any man or woman to you ye like, let them be in the Pope's conclave at Rome. "But incontrovertibly it is the devil himself that appears in this case."

No man then doubted the existence of magic, and of men and women who wielded supernatural powers. The Devil in proper person took part in society where now he is content to appear by proxy. Several scholars had made paction with the Devil, under the proviso that he should render them very learned. (This was Faust's case.) One at Thoulouse gave his promise to the Devil, but his friends, learning it by his confession, resolved to proceed judicially against the Tempter (who loves not justice). They send a messenger to the place where they made their pact, to cite him to compear and answer, and, he not compearing, they declare him contumacious. They proceed to condemn him as guilty, when, behold, a horrid *bruit* about the house, and the obligation the lad had given him drops from the roof among the midst of the auditors.

The subject of fees had been agitated at the bar of Scotland before this time, and Lauder was naturally curious about the French practice. He tells us that the French when told of our Advocates getting ten or twenty crowns at a consultation, held it an abuse. Through France, an Advocate dare not take more than a quartécu for a consultation, but to make up, he multiplies the consultations. A physician's advice costs as much. Considering the richness of the countries, the wealth of the people, surely France might be the most prodigal this way, but they are wiser. There are above 200 Advocates at Poitiers.

Of dress and its expense we do not find much. The silver hat-strings are sold by weight; tabby doublets, with silk furring for winter, are universal, and cost twenty francs. The muff is used by both sexes and all ranks, from the keel-wife and fruit-wife upwards; a good one costs a pistole. Peruques, besides being most *faschious*, are very unwholesome, and extravagantly dear through all France, especially at Paris, where it is a very mean one a man will get for four pistoles, and a man cannot have fewer than two at a time, one to change another.

A lairdship of 5000 livres rent in France will sell for 100,000

livres; a place of 1500 livres a year at 100,000 crowns—the price being aye twenty years' rent. It seems strange in any way, but if the "place" was for life, the thing is incredible. Lauder mentions it without expressing surprise, and without comparing or contrasting the prices in his own country.

Location-conduction of lands, called there farming, is very usual, yea most gentlemen's houses rise with that practice, the proprietor having been first *fermier* of the place, or goodman as we call him. The ordinary length of the tack is five or seven years—not one in a hundred nine years—the French being wiser than we with our nineteen and doubled nineteen years' tacks. In the contract they have many fine clauses binding the *fermier* to meliorate the ground in all points, as by planting of hedges and fruit trees, substituting by grafts young ones for old, and to do all things *comme un bon père de famille feroit*.

At length the session of the great court of Poitiers opened. The 2d November is St. Martin's day, a very merry day in France. They pass it in eating and drinking and singing. Every one tastes his new wine that day, and in tasting he takes too much. There be very few but are *fou*. On the morrow opened the *Palais*, which sits near ten months together. The judges being set on the bench, the King's Advocate began a harangue, reading it off his papers, very elegantly extolling the lily or *fleur de lis* above all flowers, and then France and its kings above all other nations; the whiteness and brightness of the lily denoting the purity and integrity of justice that is done in France. He ending, the President in his scarlet robes (for they were all so that day, with their four-nooked black bonnets lined with scarlet), began a very well-conceived harangue in the commendation of justice and virtue. That being done they gave their oath with the advocates and procureurs or agents (for they swear anew every sitting down of the *Palais*), the judges that they shall pass no sentence contrary to their conscience, but shall judge *secundum allegata et probata*; the advocates that they shall never patronize a false cause, and if any cause they have taken in hand appear after to them false, that they shall immediately forsake it; that they shall plead the causes of the widow and orphan, etc. The Presidial of Poictou at Poitiers is the greatest of France, yea, it consists of more counsellors or judges (to wit, about thirty, with two king's advocates, two king's *procureurs*), and is of greater extent than several parliaments. There be not so many members in the Parliament of Grenoble which is for Dauphiné. The Parliament of Dijon for Burgundy hath not so great extent.

"On the 17th November opened the Law University at Poitiers, at present the most famous and renowned in France, usually consisting

of above 200 scholars, some coming to it from Navarre, in the very skirts of Spain, severals from Thoulouse, Bordeaux, Angers, Orleans, Paris, Rouen, yea, from Berry itself, though formerly Bourges was more renowned. On its opening M. Umeau, who is our Alexander's antagonist, and who that year explained of the Digest belonging *ad nuptias*, made a harangue of very neat Latin, which is the property of the University, on the text out of the C. iv. t. 5, *de conditione indebiti*, l. *penult.*, whence he took occasion to discourse of the discord among the jurisconsults, raising two questions,—1. *utrum recentiores sunt preferendi antiquioribus*; 2. *utrum juniores natu majoribus*—where he ran out on the advantage of youth;—*Quot video juvenes candidatos, tot mihi videor videre æquissimos Servios, sublimissimos Papinianos, gravissimos Ulpianos et disertissimos Cicerones! Quid plura? stella indubio sunt primæ magnitudinis in Sphæra nostra!* The Rector of the University was there, the Mayor, the Eschevins, the President of the Palais, the University of the Physicians, with a great heap of all orders, especially Jesuits."

(Our Scot uses the word "university" in different meanings, perhaps from haste.) "Our Mr. Alexander" criticised the harangue of his rival groundlessly.

"M. Filleau gives a *paratitle* on the title *pro socio*. He is one of the merriest carles that can be, but assuredly the learnedest man in that part of France. 'For the law, *pro socio*,—*pro socio*,' quoth he, "what's that to say? Tribonian speaks false Latin or nonsense!" always with such familiar expressions. Mr. Roy, whose father was doctor before him, explained that year C. iv. 44, *de rescindenda venditione*. Mr. Gualtier, who left Angers and came to be a doctor there, explained the title of the canon law, *de simonia* and *ne quid pro spiritualibus exigatur*.

"It is some six years since M. Alexander came to France. He had nothing, and seeing he could make no fortune unless he turned his coat, he turned papist; and though he had passed the course of philosophy at Aberdeen, yet he began his grammar with the Jesuits, then studied his philosophy, then married his wife (who was a bookbinder's wife in the town, and had been a woman of very ill report), fifty years old and more, only for six years, and she took him because he was bonny. He studied hard the law—Pacius, as he told me, giving him the insight, and, some five years ago, having given his trials, was chosen *Institutaire*. He is nothing without his books, and if ye chap him on that he hath not lately meditate, he is very confused. He is not very much thought of by the French. He affectates too rigorous a gravity like a Spaniard's, for which several (as my host) cannot endure him. Also his pensionars (boarders) are not the best treated. We have seen P. and D. Humes several times breakfast. They had nothing but a little crust of bread betwixt them both, and not a mutchkin bottle of wine. For my part, I never almost breakfasted but I had the whole loaf at my discretion, as much wine as I pleased, a little basket full of the season fruits, as cherries, pears, grapes, in winter,

with apples. Also by P.'s confession, he drinks of another wine better than that his pensionars drink of. Also, if there be one dish better than another, it is set down before him, and he chooses, and then his pensionars; which is just contrary with me. He began his lessons the 23d of November.

"M. Alexander in *salair*e hath only 600 livres, the other four each 1000, also several obventions and casualties divided among them, of which he gets no share, as when any buys the *Doctorat*. He is a hasty, cappit body. Once one of his servants broke a lossen; he went mad, and said, 'These marauds! they break more to me in a moment than I can win in two months.' They have no discourse at table. He cannot for his wife.

"About 12th December 1665, at Poitiers, were programmes affixed through the town, intimating that the Physicians' College would sit down shortly, and that their *Doyen*, one Renatus Cothereau, a very learned man in his lessons, *podagram*, *hominum terrorem artuumque flagellum*, *medicinali bello acriter prosequeretur*. Hence it hath this exclamation, *Accurrite itaque cives! festinate artetici!* The same Renatus had a harangue at the beginning, wherein he described very pedantically the lamentable effects it produces on the body of man. Among his salutations I observed this, *Themidis nostræ Argonauta sacratissime fidelissime*. They get no auditors to their lessons; whence it is only for fashion's sake they begin their college, of which they have nothing but the name."

There was plenty of ceremonial on all occasions at Poitiers. About the middle of February was received a new fencing-master, whom we saw give his trials. That required a public solemnity. The Mayor made an assault upon him first; then the fencing-masters, then some scholars.

Lauder tells us that some twenty days before leaving Poitiers he was beginning to make many acquaintances, and to go in and drink with them, as with De Guiche, Ingran de la Sigonne, both Advocates' sons and of the Religion, M. de Gay Borseau, Cotibes, etc.; and then followed a page of confessions all now deleted, concluding, however, with the acknowledgment that he found himself beginning to fall very idle, and likely to be more and more engaged in company, so that it was with a sort of satisfaction he came away. On the 24th of April, French count, he took his leave of sundry ladies, Mlle. Alexander, Mlle. Strahan, etc., had a jolly dinner with a few friends—M. Alexander the Doctor, Sandy, M. de la Porte, and M. Montozon (for Govein was not in town)—at the "Chapeau d'or," and afterwards a more serious drinking bout with more friends at the "Dauphin," in the suburbs. Upon the proceedings of that night he lets the curtain fall, and only records the headache and sickness of next day, when he was on his way

to Orleans. He rode with the "Messenger" of Angoulême, and in company with a merry party of Gascons, by his old road, and visiting all the friends he had made along it, to Paris. There Mr. Kinloch informed him the most of his countrymen had already gone for England, and that Thirlestan, Gorenberry, and Sandilands (to whom he gave his New Testament at his desire) were to go the day after. There he became acquainted with Mr. Forbes (Culloden), and Archibald Hay, Barra's brother, and with our Scotch captains, Captain Caddel, C. Rutherford, with a tree leg (his own was *dung* from him at the siege of Graveling), Captain Scott, also one C. White.

Here we lose the guidance of Lauder's little journal. He stayed some months at Paris, took lessons in dancing again, this time from M. Shovo (so he spells the name), bought some good books, French, Latin, and Italian; read—hard task!—some of the fashionable romances, and even wrote an epitome of the great "*Almahide ou l'esclave reine*," "penned by the renowned Scuderi." On the 14th of July 1666, he packed up his books at Paris, to go from Dieppe to Scotland, and himself crossed through Flanders to Holland. We can trace him, chiefly by a little note-book of expenses, through Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Mardick, and Rotterdam, and we know from an allusion in one of his works that he studied at Leyden. There he probably spent the studious part of the '66-7, for he returned home to Scotland on the 9th November 1667, after an absence of more than two years and a half.

Such was the *Wander-jahr* of John Lauder. It may not come up to our idea of the highest professional education, but it was as good as that which is popular for the bar now. It was better than the two or three years of practice in an attorney's chambers, even though enlivened by the weekly debating society. The study under Monsieur Alexander, including the quaint commonplaces of the ceremonial at opening the *Palais de Justice*, was more improving than the exclusive devotion we bestow on the "Form of Process" and the latest Bankruptcy Act. With the foundation of school and college education got at home, Lauder must have returned from Leyden and Poitiers a fairly accomplished scholar and gentleman. He had studied the civil law in its best schools, had compared the institutions and customs of his own country with those of France and Holland. He was accumulating good books, was able to read Italian, was familiar with French, and perhaps with Dutch, could carry on an argument in Latin, and even criticise the pronunciation of Greek. He had seen the highest civilisation then extant, and brought home to his own poor and rude country a taste for rural

beauty and for a country life, and even some appreciation of the ornamental arts.

Of free institutions, indeed, or of just and equal government, of toleration and freedom of conscience, he could find little in the country where a bigot persecution had so lately provoked the indignation of Milton and the interference of Cromwell. But the government of Richelieu and his successors, though intolerant, was too strong to descend to petty persecution, or to tamper with justice between man and man; and in that country, when morality and practical religion were at the lowest, the tone of a widely-cultivated literature and literary society, and the honour of a rich, proud, chivalrous nobility, did in some degree supply their place. A tolerable police and disciplined army, and some of that administrative skill which we still admire in France, had already given more security to life and property than in the other countries of Europe. The French Bar was, in its own sphere, the stronghold of a generous independence; and the higher courts produced a succession of judges whom their countrymen were able to admire and reverence, and to whom the lawyers of all countries still look back as the best models of judicial conduct.

The young Scot, brought up in the strait religious principles of the Solemn League and Covenant, enlightened, not depraved, by foreign travel, returned to find his own country still under the jolly reign of Charles II.; Episcopacy restored and dominant; Archbishop Sharp busy in his court of ecclesiastical commission; the Council and law courts directing Sir James Turner and his dragoons, and lending the aid of the civil arm with boot and thumb-screw, to put down the religion of the majority of the people. The men employed by the distant and careless Government were fit for their work. One of the first public ceremonies the returned traveller must have seen in his own country was the triumphal entry of Lauderdale into Edinburgh when he came as Viceroy (October 19, 1669), and when all the nobles of the land pressed to honour the turn-coat who came pledged to suppress by violence the religion to which he himself belonged. At the Restoration, a few years before, the old authorities, lay and clerical, who had been chased from power by Cromwell, rushed back to the banquet, impatient, greedy, with passionate avarice and revenge. Scotland was more degraded than England at that lowest time of English morality. Poverty, provincialism, and the narrow views of the high Presbyterian religionists concurred to produce the mischief. Parliament, never in Scotland showing a pure public spirit, or fairly representing the country, was now incredibly subservient, submitting

without a murmur to the hectoring of the Viceroy. The courts of justice were equally subservient and venal. The Commissioner or his creatures dictated to the civil and criminal courts, and neither party thought it worth while to conceal the matter. Where the Crown was not interested or neutral, the coarsest bribes to judges were not incredible, while the milder form of bribery, called "soliciting" of judges through their wives and mistresses, was so established, that no suitor could hope to prevail without it. Society was rotten to its heart; or if one portion remained at all sound, it was the Bar. Sir George Lockhart, Sir John Cuninghame, Alexander Spotswood, Sir George Mackenzie also (with many deductions), David Thoires, Walter Pringle, were worthy of that noble profession in its best age; and young Lauder soon took his place among those honoured advocates. His subsequent life is easily gathered from his own entertaining volumes, but to give it in detail is from our present purpose. We have room only for an outline. He rose steadily in public estimation, and in the worst of times had the singular fortune to escape censure from any of the contending factions.

John Lauder was admitted advocate at the Scotch Bar on the 5th June 1668. He began to note proceedings in all the courts from the time of his admission, and continued the practice for more than half a century, to the great benefit of the student and the delectation of the lover of anecdote. He was only twice in serious trouble, and both times in good company. Along with fifty other advocates, he incurred the displeasure of the Government because he refused to renounce the right of appealing to Parliament against judgments of the Session (the judges were then removable at pleasure, and the Government of Charles II. thought a court composed of such was more manageable than Parliament). Lauder's account of the matter is simple and modest:—

"I have few or no observations by the space of three sessions and a halfe, viz., from June 1674 till January 1676, in regard I was at that time debarred from my employment with many other lawyers (they were also banished from Edinburgh), on the account we were unclear to serve under the strict and servile tyes seemed to be imposed on us by the King's letter dischairing any to quarrell the Lords of Session their sentences of injustice."

The popularity gained by the secession was almost worth the sacrifice of emoluments, even in a commercial view. After his restoration to practice, his business greatly increased. He was chosen to be one of the counsel to defend Argyll in 1681, and,

with the others, was called before the Privy Council, and censured for giving their opinion when consulted before the trial, that the Earl's explanation of the Test, for which he was tried and condemned, was not treason.

In the same year, Lauder was returned as Member of Parliament for East Lothian, and held that seat for twenty-two years. By prudence and extreme temperance of language and conduct—never, so far as we can learn, by any unworthy compliance or subserviency—he escaped, not indeed without many alarms, but without fine, imprisonment, or the necessity of flight, during the perilous times of the Duke of York's viceroyalty in Scotland, and afterwards during his reign as King James II.

When the oppression and lawless violence of James had wrought his own downfall, and the Revolution had brought the promise of a Government according to law and justice, Lauder was appointed a Judge of the Civil Court (9th November 1689), and a little later, of the Criminal Court, by the title of Lord Fountainhall. He refused the office of King's Advocate (Lord Advocate we call him now), which was offered to him in 1692. The office was not legally incompatible with his seat on the Bench, and the two offices had been held together by Sir John Nisbet, but Fountainhall could not fail to see how incongruous they were, and how dangerous to have the public prosecutor also the Judge. But Judges were still allowed to sit in Parliament, and as member for his county, Lord Fountainhall, like many another mistaken patriot, opposed the "Incorporating Union" of the kingdoms, and did not live long enough to be convinced of his error.

After a long judicial life, he resigned both judgeships and their emoluments a short time before his death, which took place on the 20th September 1722, in his seventy-eighth year. He was buried in the Greyfriars' Kirk, the Westminster-Abbey of Edinburgh.

We think of Fountainhall now chiefly as the collector of the volumes of curious anecdotes which throw such a light on the manners and social history of his time. But he was esteemed by his contemporaries as a great lawyer, and he was fully accomplished with the learning of his profession. He was liberal in politics; above all, honest as a statesman and as a judge. The most vehement opponent, even the Jacobite Milne, who used Fountainhall's Diary to heap dirt upon the Whigs, never ventures to breathe a suspicion against the writer's own truth and honour.

The salary of a Judge of the Supreme Civil and Criminal Courts in Scotland in Fountainhall's time was only £200 a year.

He seems to have had a pension of £100 also. He had succeeded to the little estate of Fountainhall on his father's death (4th April 1692). He had brought up a large family, two of whom came to the Bar, and yet he left at his death, according to his own calculation, about £12,000 or £13,000 sterling, besides the paternal land. Making all allowance for the value of a regular and sure income in a time when actual coin was very scarce, it is not easy to account for the competent, often large fortunes accumulated by the Scotch judges of that day, indeed for a long period before and subsequent to the era of Fountainhall. Many of the noble and wealthy families of Scotland, such as the Haddingtons, several families of Dalrymples and Hopes, the Prinroses, the Dundases, owe their rise to ancestors whose known emoluments, judicial or official, seem now altogether inadequate to amass a great fortune.

Lord Fountainhall, though the second baronet, is looked upon as the founder of that family. His descendant and representative, the seventh baronet of Fountainhall, was Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, whose striking figure is so well remembered in our streets. He was a man of varied accomplishments, and a most catholic taste for literature and art; and his amiable and genial nature, in which we like to trace a family likeness to Lord Fountainhall, endeared him to numerous friends, among whom were the best of Scotsmen.

We observe at present, with infinite satisfaction, a movement towards an improved professional education in Scotland. No one has done so much to promote it as the learned Judge whose address to the Juridical Society we quoted at the beginning of this article. His help has been of two kinds: to increase the demand, and to improve the home supply. While Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Mr. Inglis put the preliminary education and the entrance-trials for the Scotch Bar on a new footing, requiring a definite amount of academical study or proof of adequate proficiency in classics and philosophy. While in office as Lord Advocate, he was strenuous and influential enough to carry through the Cabinet and through Parliament a measure which has revolutionized more than one of the Universities of Scotland, and given a stimulus to learning greater than any one measure since those universities were founded.

A worthy and not unlearned minister of the Scotch Church, a few years ago, publicly protested against any change in our national education which should increase the expense or lengthen the duration of the education of young men for the Church. He considered the chief object of our Universities was to pre-

pare a preacher for the pulpit, and that the poor of Scotland (especially poor clergymen) had a constitutional, a vested right to have their sons fitted for the ministry—for holding a church, and maintaining, instead of burdening a family—in a certain short term of years, and at a certain small expense of their parents' money. Perhaps that proposition would not be stated so broadly now. The world is apt to think somewhat of the interest of the poor congregation. But we are not now dealing with the education of the clergy—a great subject, and of paramount importance, which the Church of Scotland will look to, if it hopes to keep or make a place among learned churches. Only second in importance, in a constitutional country, is the education of the Bar, which ought to be, in good times, the ornament of society, and in evil days its defence and protection. Woe to that country whose Advocates are unworthy of her trust!

The rise and growth of a great body of common and statute law, rendering the civil law no longer so absolutely necessary in court—no longer one of the common tools of trade of our lawyers—has had an unfortunate effect on their education. In the first place, the *Corpus Juris* is Latin, and its commentators wrote Latin or French, so that its use required some acquaintance with both languages. But the worthy study of the civil law requires more than this, and implies a foundation of philosophical science, of history, of the customs of nations, which Bacon tells us are the best interpreters of law—all the highest training that goes to the education of a gentleman.

We are ashamed to speak in our own every-day vulgar language on this subject. Take, instead, the words of a great master:—

“A lawyer now is nothing more—I speak of ninety-nine in an hundred at least—to use some of Tully's words—*nisi leguleius quidam, cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum*. But there have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians! There have been Bacons and Clarendons! There will be none such any more, till in some better age, true ambition or the love of fame prevails over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession, by climbing up to the ‘vantage-ground,’ so my Lord Bacon calls it, of science, instead of grovelling all their lives below, in a mean but gainful application to all the little arts of chicane. Till this happen, the profession of the law will scarce deserve to be ranked among the learned professions, and whenever it happens, one of the vantage-grounds to which men must climb is metaphysical, and the other historical knowledge. They must pry into the secret recesses

of the human heart, and become well acquainted with the whole moral world, that they may discover the abstract reason of all laws; and they must trace the laws of particular states—especially of their own, from the first rough sketches to the more perfect draughts—from the first causes or occasions that produced them, through all the effects, good or bad, that they produced.”

It is no easy task; we do not pretend it; nor was the writer of those soul-stirring words seeking to recommend a cheap and speedy road to professional success. Let us consider it practically. The foundation of such an education must be classical—Latin and Greek. In Scotland we stumble at the first step. If an average man at our Bar can spell out the meaning of a law of the Code, it is all. He had better not try to speak it! His odious false quantities, his mixture of Scotch and English Latin, will shock the ears of the scholars on the bench. How many even of the lights of the profession now can turn for pleasure to a speech of Cicero, or an ode of Horace! Who is there of Scotch lawyers that can construe Demosthenes, or a speech in Thucydides! A page of Homer may be accomplished with the aid of a *clavis*; but are there *any* who enjoy a play of Euripides? Alas! if there be, they are to be numbered on the fingers. It is not that our elementary teaching is very defective. Edinburgh has two excellent classical schools, and no doubt there are many through the country. But hitherto, what a boy got at school, he made haste to lose at college. It was only the few who went to an English University who kept up any familiar acquaintance with their school studies. We trust this is to be better managed now. Much will depend, but it does not all depend, on Professor Sellar and Professor Blackie. No men are more competent, if youths and parents will but have patience, nor seek to gather the harvest before the corn is ripe. So far there is no doubt. The best classical education can be got at home, better for our purpose, better for all purposes, than in a foreign academy. When the hopeful youth has acquired such a mastery of classical literature that he will not readily give it up, let his friends consider his course. He may study Philosophy, science physical and moral, with great advantage at home—perhaps with less actual progress, at a German University. But then the years of foreign study count as foreign travel, and help the general cultivation. For Law, in the same way, the student may still imitate Fountainhall, and take his Civil law at Heidelberg, his Public law at Bonn, the Law of nature and nations at a third foreign University—acquiring the language of his professors and his class-fellows. But some part of his course of Law he must needs take at

home ; and he may now take the whole. The common law of the land can be learnt only there, and so with the special law of land-tenures and the constitutional law of his country. For much of this course there was till lately no provision in Scotland. There was no chair of Public Law, or International Law, nor any instruction to be acquired on Constitutional Law in general, or the history and law of our own national constitution. These defects have been remedied by Mr. Inglis's Act, and there is now in our University of Edinburgh, the peculiar school of Municipal Law, as the seat of the Courts of Justice—a band of six Professors of the Law Faculty, each teaching his own department—a larger staff, we believe, than is to be found in any other University of Britain.

The economical *paterfamilias*, of the school of that Scotch minister whom we alluded to, may grumble at the prospect of all these classes, such an infinity of study, all this expense of time as well as of money ; and he may have his own way, and may laugh at the new accomplishments. His son may come to the Bar without many of them, and he may even be making a few fees while his contemporaries are still studying. But it is a false economy, even as regards profit. The well-educated will *ceteris paribus* infallibly take the lead ; and, moreover, when a better class of students have made some way at the Bar, they will give a tone of scholarship and accomplishment that will not only raise the general body of the profession, but will make it irksome to men to belong to the corps without its arms and dress.

Must we take the old protest against pecuniary profit being held as the object of a youth's professional study and exertion ? In *all* professions, it is the ruling motive only with the low men. How many a merchant looks to position, influence, power, as the rewards of success ! Money is only one of his tests of it. Many merchants are now highly educated, and find intellectual enjoyment in trade—in its profound and intricate calculations—in its wide combinations—in the excitement of the race ; and these wash away the filth that comes from dealing in money.

With the learned professions this is easier. It is no longer tolerated to look to the Church merely as the means of living and thriving. The Physician, dispensing his God-like art—healing, curing, alleviating—is above the accusation of avarice. The education for the Bar—the inducements to enter the profession—should be as little tainted with base motives, or even less. The education is long and costly ; the average emolument of average success is small. So that,

speaking commercially, it is a bad investment. But the Bar does not need that attraction. The preliminary education is a continued course of enjoyment—informing the mind with all nobleness. Men are not given to be unhappy from twenty-one to twenty-five. But the life of the young Advocate, before he comes into much business—free from care or over-anxiety—passed in easy familiarity with his fellows, men educated like himself—with enough of study to keep the mind braced and make holiday welcome—is altogether *the happiest portion of a man's life*. Then the beginning of business—the first brief—the first success—the first compliment from the Bench—the struggle with friendly rivals—the gradual increase of the sum of the fee-book—a *cause célèbre* to work! It is a life of varied and exciting enjoyment. We allude to these things because ignorant people speak of the dreary life of the young Barrister thrust into an over-crowded profession. It is not necessary to speak of the pleasures of the successful lawyer, whose career is the noblest field of intellectual exertion, and therefore of the greatest enjoyment.

RT. VII.—*Sight and Touch: An attempt to Disprove the received (or Berkleian) Theory of Vision.* By THOMAS ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Illustrated with Woodcuts. London, 1864.

THIS book is an attempt by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to expose the fallacy of a theory proposed more than a century and a half ago, by another Fellow of the same College, whose name sheds lustre on the University of Dublin and on Ireland, and whose theory has, in profession at least, obtained most the catholic consent of the philosophical world. We could be the last to blame Mr. Abbott, writing in the interest of truth, for attempting to deprive his College and his country of the credit of a remarkable discovery, and for thus reducing to a lower level one who has hitherto been the noblest figure in Irish philosophy. It cannot be too much felt that the interest of truth should not be confounded with the fame of an individual, the traditions of a school, or the glory of a nation; and he does bravely who sacrifices at her shrine the favourite maxims of the philosophical or other sect, with which, from his antecedents, he might presume that he is in sympathy. But we may reasonably expect that an Irish assailant of the great Irish philosopher, a Fellow of the College in which Berkeley was a Fellow, shall examine well the position he assails, and the ground he occupies; and that he shall engage in the discussion in the oughtful and reverent spirit without which a profound course of philosophical meditation cannot be understood. We have not been able to discover a sufficient share of these qualities in Mr. Abbott. We believe that he has read much, and that he has observed carefully, but his reading and his observations are far away from his subject. In truth, we cannot call to mind more glaring examples of begging the question in dispute, and drawing conclusions which are irrelevant, than those contained in this book. Mr. Abbott somewhat slightly adopts the words of Swift as applicable to the theory which he assails, describing it, in contrast with his own, as "the art of seeing things invisible." We should exactly reverse the application. While Berkeley rests his doctrine on a rigorous separation of visible objects from tangible objects, Mr. Abbott involves in it a knowledge of the objects of touch.

We propose to avail ourselves of this opportunity for considering the real nature and foundation of the celebrated theory which, in the hands of Berkeley, carries us, in its curious ramifications, to some of the least frequented corners of human nature, and in reference to which he himself says, that "without

pains and thought no man will ever understand the true nature of vision, or comprehend what I have wrote concerning it." The ground on which this theory rests, and the wide range of principles which it involves, which stretch upwards from the familiar phenomena of vision, through the conception of extension, to the mysteries of creation, providence, and the ultimate relations of the extended world to the power of God, have, as it appears to us, been inadequately apprehended, alike by its avowed adherents and its critics.

What is meant by seeing things or persons in the "ambient space?" The reasoning of Berkeley conducts to the conclusion that what, before we had reflected, we supposed to be seeing real objects as extended, is not seeing really extended objects at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with them in the established associations of things. What is vulgarly called seeing them is in fact reading about them. When we are every day using our eyes, we are virtually interpreting a book. When, by sight, we are determining for ourselves the distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of a Universal and Divine Language. "Visible ideas" are, according to Berkeley, "the language whereby the governing Spirit, on whom we depend, informs us what tangible ideas he is about to imprint upon us, in case we excite this or that motion in our own bodies."¹

It is confessedly difficult fully and habitually to realize this, to dissolve the prejudice which had obscured it, and to distinguish what we see from what is signified by what we see. But then this difficulty is not peculiar to visual language. It is common to all languages. We have just tried the experiment, and (though his use of words is not always philosophically distinct) we have found ourselves unable to read a sentence in Mr. Abbott's interesting book, in the state of mental vacuity we should be in, if our eyes were directed to a sentence in Chinese. We find it difficult actually to listen to even very uninteresting words in a familiar language, without being conscious of the meaning of what is said. Yet the connexion between visible or audible signs, and their significations, in an artificial language, is not a constant and universal one. There are hundreds of artificial languages in the world. There is only one visual language. If we find it to be difficult to disentangle the signs from their blended meanings, in any one of the artificial languages we are acquainted with, we may expect it to be impossible to separate the visual sign from the signification which universal experience and habit have wrapped up in it. Now the

¹ *Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 44.

Berkeleyan course of reflection invites us to recognise the difference, even when we cannot actually make the separation. Till we have marked the distinction, we are confounding objects that differ; when we have done so, the philosopher offers to explain the origin of the confusion, and to provide a theory in which the relation of the confused elements shall be grounded on a rational basis, and effectually applied to "the glory of God and the good of man's estate." He invites all to accept the Book of Vision as one which contains more surprising and profound lessons in self-knowledge and Divine knowledge than any human book. He tells us that when we seem to be seeing, we are reading a book of God, which, in vision, is in literal truth a book of prophecy.

But what is strictly speaking seen, and what is merely signified in this book of vision? what are the visible words of the book on the one hand, and what their involved meanings on the other? This is a question of fact, experiment, and reflection. Berkeley would answer the question thus:—Varieties of *coloured extension* are the only proper or immediate objects of sight. These visible objects are the signs of various modes of *tangible* or *resistant extension*,—of the real distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things. And our visual experience of quantities of colour enables us to foresee, with more or less accuracy, what the successive phenomena of our tactual and locomotive experience shall or may be. These, according to Berkeley, are *facts* of visual consciousness.

Again, what connects the objects we see with that which they signify? This is a question of *theory* rather than of fact, and an answer to it forms Berkeley's "theory of vision." "How comes it to pass," he asks, "that we apprehend, by the ideas of sight, certain other ideas, which neither resemble them, nor cause them, nor are caused by them, nor have any necessary connexion with them? . . . The solution of this problem, in its full extent, doth comprehend the whole theory of vision. This stating of the matter placeth it on a new foot, and in a different light from all preceding theories."¹ The theory which he offers as the solution, accounts for the synthesis of what we see with its real meaning, by the hypothesis of a divinely established association of visible objects with tangible objects—a divinely maintained harmony of the visual and tactual phenomena of nature.

Till we reflect deeply, Berkeley might go on to say, we are apt to take for granted, for obvious reasons, that we can see and touch the *same* object. There is an orange on the table. We are ready to say that we can see it, and also touch it. But the "it" here is a misleading word. It seems to say that when

¹ *Theory of Vision Indicated and Explained*, sect. 42.

we see the orange, and touch an orange, we can see what we are touching, and touch what we are seeing. But what we are sensible of when we see an orange, has truly nothing in common with what we are sensible of when we touch an orange. We cannot surely identify the sensation of *expanded colour*, and the sensation of *continuous resistance*—coloured extension, and resistant extension. In fact we do not see, we never saw, and we never can see the orange of touch; we do not touch, we never touched, and we never can touch the orange of sight. We give them the same name, indeed, because we find that they are constant companions; and when we see the visible orange within our reach, we can confidently predict that if we put out our hand, we shall have the experience of a tangible orange. The simultaneous modifications of coloured expanse which we see, are signs which foretell the successive modifications of tactual and locomotive sensation that will ensue, if we take the orange into our hands and play with it. We may say, if we please, that we both see and touch the "extension" of that or any other object; but in saying this we are playing with words. If we will only test our words by our experience, we shall find that the sensibly extended world of which we are conscious in seeing, has nothing but the name in common with the sensibly extended world of which we are conscious in our tactual, muscular, and locomotive sense-experience. They are no more to be identified, because called by the same name, than the nine letters which make up the word *extension* are to be identified, either with the colours contemporaneously present in vision, or with the partly continuous and partly broken sense of resistance of which we are conscious when our bodies or any of their organs are in motion. In vision, "extension" consists of a quantity of *minima visibilia*, and in touch, it consists of a quantity of *minima tangibilia*,—the magnitude of the object in each case being proportioned to the *number* of their respective units; and the term extension being applicable to either, according as we prefer the practical importance of the tangible signification, on the one hand, or the clearness and distinctness of its visible sign, on the other.

It is on considerations of this sort, we believe, that the Theory of Vision which Mr. Abbott proposes to "disprove" is based.

The speculation is one peculiar to modern philosophy. It was in the year 1709 that George Berkeley, then a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, hardly twenty-five years of age, proclaimed himself¹ the discoverer of a prejudice, which—assisted by the imperfection of language, and the long and close con-

¹ *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*. Dublin, 1709.

nexion in our minds between what we see and what we touch—had confused the real nature of vision, blinded men to the true solution of certain difficulties in Optics, concealed profound lessons in thought, with which the daily exercise of seeing is so wonderfully charged, and closed the avenue on which we have a most ready and charming access to the mysteries of the strange consciousness into which we all awake on earth. He announced the discovery as one founded on a strict analysis of the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts of which we are conscious in sense. The only difficulties he professed to have in verifying the discovery were, the already mentioned difficulty of separating what we have been always accustomed to unite in thought, and that of finding artificial language pure and precise enough to express his meaning. But he saw clearly that the very business of the metaphysician is to unravel prejudices and mistakes, to untwist the closest connexions, to distinguish things that are different, to guide to distinct conceptions, instead of confused and perplexed ones, gradually to correct our judgment, and to reduce it to philosophical exactness.

Berkeley's critical purification of corrupt popular language about sight, and subtle research into the processes and beliefs that are involved in the every-day exercise of seeing and touching, was a not unnatural result of the state of the intellectual atmosphere at the beginning of last century, and for some time preceding. The new philosophy of Newton was then drawing scientific minds to optical experiment, and not a few optical phenomena were urgently asking for solution. The new philosophy of Locke was exciting men to study themselves, and to obtain a genuine knowledge of what we are conscious of, disentangled from all scholastic language. The meditative Malebranche, the great continental rival of Locke, had found in vision some of his most startling illustrations of the inherent fallacy of the senses. Hooke and Boyle and the Royal Society were beginning to treat all nature as a book, and to regard science as the interpretation of the book. This young student at Dublin suddenly presented himself before them all, with the theory that seeing real things and persons located in space is an act of interpretation, and that vision is a beautifully illuminated book of God. When we ponder what he taught, under the form of "a new theory of vision," we find that he was really engaging in that still continued and now extended war against abstractions, hypotheses, and metaphysical and theological dogmas, in which his generation, in the act of becoming Baconian, was in various ways taking a part. Berkeley, in his theory of seeing, is an advanced Baconian, who deals with the physical universe on

the principle that it is a language, and that artificial words which pretend to express inconceivable abstractions are the chief cause of this language of facts being misinterpreted. And the further development of the Berkeleyian philosophy is in spirit a fuller development of the same truly Baconian lesson in the theory of scientific research.

Although the Irish capital was then remote from all the centres of thought and literature, the atmosphere of Trinity College, when Berkeley entered it, had become charged with curious questions about that World of Sense, which had been provoking him to reflection from his very childhood. The seeds of metaphysical thought were then thickly sown there for the first time in its history. One circumstance in his intellectual environment at the University is here worthy of note. Among the most interesting incidents in the life of the philosopher Locke is his correspondence with William Molyneux of Dublin, about the contents of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. The correspondence was suggested by a laudatory reference to Locke's "Essay," in the preface to Molyneux's *Dioptrica Nova*, published in 1692. It spread over the six following years, and ended in the visit to the English sage, at Oates in Essex, on returning from which this Irish disciple of Locke met his untimely death. Molyneux had already introduced the "Essay" to Trinity College. When Berkeley matriculated in March 1700, Locke was a familiar name there, and the son of Molyneux was soon after Berkeley's pupil. Part of one of the most suggestive passages in Locke's "Essay" was introduced into the second edition, in consequence of a query contained in a letter from Molyneux. This now famous query and the context penetrate far into the metaphysical theory of vision. "Suppose a man born blind," he asks, "and now adult, and taught by his touch to distinguish between a cube and a sphere of the same metal, and nighly of the same bigness, so as to tell when he felt the one and the other, which is the cube and which the sphere. Suppose then the cube and the sphere placed on a table, and the blind man be made to see: Query, 'Whether by his sight only, before he touched them, he could now distinguish and tell which is the globe or which the cube?'" To this question, adds Locke, and in so doing he expresses his own concurrence with him, "the acute and judicious proposer answers 'Not.' For though he had obtained his experience of how a globe, how a cube affects his touch; yet he has not yet obtained the experience, that what affects his touch so or so, must affect his sight so or so; or that a protuberant angle in the cube, that pressed his hand unequally, shall appear in the eye as it does in the cube."¹ We have

¹ *Essay on Human Understanding*, B. ii. ch. 9, § 8.

evidence that this passage and the profound context were much brooded over by Berkeley in the cloisters of Trinity College. He cross-questioned himself about vision and extension in the most ingenious manner. And the problem soon became, in his mind, part of a still wider one. The facts of vision connected themselves with the deepest principle in philosophy. To penetrate to the centre of his visual theory, it must be studied not merely in the tentative *Essay* of 1709, but in its subsequent developments and ramifications in his later works. Its critics and its disciples have commonly forgotten this. In 1710 and 1713—in his *Principles of Human Knowledge* and in his *Dialogues*—he employed the reasonings of the *Essay* against abstract extension, and on behalf of the absolute heterogeneity of the two sensible extensions of sight and touch, against an abstract world of matter in all its phases. Nearly twenty years later, in *Alciphron*, he argued that the theory of visual language involves a new and unanswerable proof of the existence and immediate operation of God, and the constant care of his providence. A new edition of the *Essay* accompanied *Alciphron*. Attention was thus and then recalled to that juvenile speculation. The discussion then raised, and in particular a critical letter published in the *Daily Post Boy*, in September 1732, drew from Berkeley, early in the following year, *A Vindication and Explanation of the Theory of Vision or Visual Language*. A due appreciation of what he says about vision thus requires a collation of passages contained in works extending over a period of more than twenty years. In the long-forgotten tract last mentioned, which is not contained in the hitherto collected editions of its author's works, the theory is presented in a new light. In the original *Essay* of 1709, the vulgar assumption of objects common to sight and touch is cautiously dissolved by analysis; and the counter theory of a relation between what we see and what we touch, analogous to that between words and what they signify, is substituted in its place. In the *Vindication* of 1733, the author starts with what is his conclusion in the *Essay*—that what we see is the alphabet of a language which the Governor of Nature is constantly addressing to us, for the prudent regulation of our actions in this world of sense; and, as a scientific verification of this conclusion, he deduces solutions of various phenomena, explaining with great ingenuity difficulties connected with visible things.

Berkeley died at Oxford in 1753. His Theory of Vision attracted little farther attention during his life, excepting some criticisms which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a favourable reference by Hartley in his *Observations on Man*, and an

adverse judgment by Condillac, afterwards withdrawn when Condillac may have recognised better his own affinity to Berkeley. More than ten years after Berkeley's death, his doctrine of vision received the qualified approbation of the Scotch philosopher Reid, divorced, however, from his metaphysics as a whole, although the Theory of Vision was the seminal principle of that metaphysical system. Thus eviscerated, the "philosophy" of Berkeley has been the object of professed hostility to Reid and his followers, while Berkeley's "Theory of Vision" has, mainly through them, obtained the almost unanimous consent of metaphysicians.

To take a few examples of the way in which the "theory" is spoken of among the friends or followers of Reid. Adam Smith alludes to it in his *Essays* as "one of the finest examples of philosophical analysis that is to be found either in our own or in any other language." Stewart characterizes it in his *Elements* as "one of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most important theories of modern philosophy." "The solid additions," he says in his *Dissertation*, "made by Berkeley to the stock of human knowledge, were important and brilliant. Among these the first place is unquestionably due to his *New Theory of Vision*, a work abounding with ideas so different from those commonly received, and at the same time so profound and refined, that it was regarded by all but a few accustomed to deep metaphysical reflection, rather in the light of a philosophical romance than of a sober inquiry after truth. Such, however, has since been the progress and diffusion of this sort of knowledge, that the leading and most abstracted doctrines contained in it form now an essential part of every elementary treatise of optics, and are adopted by the most superficial smatterers in science as fundamental articles of their faith." "Nothing in the compass of inductive reasoning," says Sir William Hamilton, "appears more satisfactory than Berkeley's demonstration of the necessity and manner of our learning, by a slow process of observation and comparison alone, the connexion between the perceptions of vision and touch, and, in general, all that relates to the distance and real magnitude of external things."—(*Reid*, p. 182, *note*.) "With regard to the method by which we judge of distance, it was formerly supposed to depend upon an original law of the constitution, and to be independent of any knowledge gained through the medium of the external senses. This opinion was attacked by Berkeley in his *New Theory of Vision*, in which it appears most clearly demonstrated that our whole information on this subject is acquired by experience and association."—(*Lectures on Metaphysics*.)

But we need not multiply quotations from authorities, either in

the rationalist or the sensationalist school of metaphysicians. This one doctrine, as Mr. Mill remarks, has been recognised and upheld with a singular unanimity by the leading thinkers of both schools alike.

Mr. Abbott boldly encounters this apparently wide-spread concurrence of opinion with regard to a doctrine of extreme subtilty. He treats what he calls the "common" or "Berkleian" theory of vision as a sceptical paradox, unproved by its author, and which may now be easily disproved, on physical or physiological grounds, by its critic.

The work before us is the second English book of considerable size, written expressly to disprove the Berkleian theory of vision. More than twenty years ago, Mr. Samuel Bailey of Sheffield, a candid and able thinker, engaged in a similar enterprise. Mr. Bailey's volume¹ recalled attention, at the time of its appearance, to the foundation on which the theory rests; and it was the subject of two interesting rejoinders—a well-weighed judicial criticism in the *Westminster Review* by Mr. J. S. Mill, and a brilliant essay, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, attributed to a metaphysician whose recent premature death is now mourned in the world of letters and philosophy, the late Professor Ferrier. That controversy ended with a letter by Mr. Bailey,² and a reply to it by each of his critics.

Mr. Abbott prefaces his attack by first begging the question, and then drawing an inference from what he has begged. The inference thus drawn forms the frankly-announced motive which induced him to take the trouble of "exposing the fallacy" of the "Berkleian theory." Here are the words in which he explains himself in his Preface:—

"The question discussed in the following pages is one of small compass, but no one versed in philosophy will estimate its importance by its extent. The theory assailed is, in fact, the stronghold of scepticism; for if consciousness is once proved to be delusive, there is an end to all appeals to its authority: doubt must reign supreme. It is to no purpose to say that it is not consciousness that is proved to be delusive, but an inveterate belief which is mistaken for a deliverance of consciousness; for it is practically the same thing whether consciousness itself deceives, or something which is undistinguishable from it. It is of little use to prove that a certain witness is trustworthy, if in so doing we also prove that his evidence is falsified before it reaches us."—(P. iii.)

¹ *A Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision, designed to show the unsoundness of that celebrated Speculation.* By Samuel Bailey. London, 1842.

² *A Letter to a Philosopher in reply to some recent attempts to Vindicate Berkeley's Theory of Vision, and in further Elucidation of its Unsoundness.* London, 1843.

When Mr. Abbott speaks of the "small compass" of the question which he discusses, we must either demur to what he says, or else regard the terms as applicable to what he has himself written about, and not to the real theory of Berkeley. That theory, conversant with the whole problem of extension and the extended world, is almost as comprehensive as metaphysics, and its determination is the turning-point of a great system. It is of small compass only in the eye of one who regards all metaphysical philosophy as such. But this by the way.

It is a favourite resource of some people to confound their own fallible interpretation of what is revealed, with the infallible revelation itself. Indeed, if the case be as Mr. Abbott here says it is, he might have saved himself the trouble of writing his book. If any theory subverts all belief, it is not worth arguing about, unless for speculative amusement. The statement contained in the words now quoted is, however, ambiguous.

What Berkeley has written about vision consists, as we have hinted, of two parts,—an analysis of what we are conscious of, in seeing and touching; and a theory to explain the connexion between sight and touch. Mr. Abbott, in common with Berkeley's critics generally, has failed accurately to distinguish between these two things.

Is it the theory, or is it the analysis on which it rests, that Mr. Abbott regards as "the stronghold of scepticism?" Do we contradict consciousness, by attributing the observed connexion of what we are conscious of in seeing and in touching, to a divinely instituted association of dissimilar phenomena, instead of attributing it to an incognizable substance and cause; or does consciousness not really manifest, as Berkeley says it does, the phenomenal distinction of the visible to the real or tangible, which the theory was suggested to account for? Is Berkeley at variance with consciousness in his explanation; or is he at variance with consciousness in his analysis of facts which seemed to demand an explanation? We cannot find from his book that Mr. Abbott has put this alternative question to himself. To answer either alternative as he has done in the opening sentences of his Preface, is to assume the opposite either of Berkeley's facts or of Berkeley's explanation, while the reality of these facts and the sufficiency of the explanation are still in debate.

After we have read through his book, we gather indeed that the "inveterate belief," which (according to Mr. Abbott) Berkeley resolves into a delusion, is a conviction that in our original visual consciousness we *see* the externality, distance from ourselves, magnitude, and relative position of real things.

—that, in short, we *see* real objects, occupying larger or smaller portions of what we imagine to ourselves as an ocean of space, in which we and they have our being, at greater or less distances from one another. This manner of conceiving vision is, no doubt, convenient enough for most practical purposes. But the Ptolemaic conception of the universe, for a like reason, holds its place to this day in the phraseology of ordinary discourse. It may as well be said that when we describe the rotation of the earth round the stationary sun, we are belying the evidence of the senses, as that, when we speak of the invisibility of the kind of experience which infuses the proper meaning into the word distance, we are distrusting the evidence of consciousness. It is not easy to realize the actual immobility of the sun, when we seem to see its relative motion. Nor is it easy to separate the distances, magnitudes, and positions of the different bodies in the solar system, from the ever-changing visible panorama in which they are signified. Yet in both cases, as in the one, the difficulty may be due to the obstinacy of a prejudice, which has discredited the senses with fallacies that cannot justly be alleged against them. The possibility of this is suggested to us, when we try to realize the only kind of meaning which a being endowed merely with the sense of seeing can communicate to the whole class of words which express distance and extended body. In fact, the "sceptical" tendency of the facts on which Berkeley builds his theory, simply means that, in the opinion of his critic, they are not facts at all. Yet he never fairly compares our visual experience of the varieties of expanded colour, with our tactual and locomotive experience of resistance, or tries to show how the resistant but uncoloured extension which we touch, and the coloured but non-resistant extension which we see, can be identified.

We shall now transcribe the passage in which Mr. Abbott announces the conditions which must be fulfilled before he will accept Berkeley's theory as proved. That theory, as we have said, affirms, that to see the externality, distance, figure, and size of a real thing, is truly to interpret the visual signs with which these are arbitrarily associated by the perpetual providence of the Supreme Governor. But throughout his book, this critic treats of the vision of *distance* only, hardly referring to the other dimensions of extension, and to the outness or externality of what we see.

"Let us consider," says Mr. Abbott, "what is required in order to prove that the visual perception of distance is the result of association with perceptions of touch.

"First, it must be proved that sight actually does not perceive dis-

tance. This may be shown *a priori* or *a posteriori*. The only *a priori* proof possible is a physical one; one, namely, which should show that the immediate object in perception must be identical, whatever the variation in the circumstances supposed to be perceived. An objection founded on the fact that the variations are such as contain no necessary connexion with the idea of distance, is perfectly worthless, since the process of every sense is equally beyond our ken: nowhere is there any necessary connexion between the idea and its antecedent. *A posteriori*, it might be shown that persons deprived of sight are capable of the perceptions in question; while those who possess sight, and not the locomotive faculty, are not. Secondly, it must be proved this distance is perceived by touch or the locomotive faculty. This may be done by the observation just mentioned; or we may have recourse to the *instantiæ variantes in proximo*, and show that the accuracy or power of perception of distance is proportional to the energy or exertion of the locomotive sense. Thirdly, the fact of the association between the perceptions of touch and the sensations of sight must be established; and fourthly, it must be shown that the variations in the suggesting sensations correspond with those in the distance perceived.

"How have these conditions been satisfied? Berkeley has endeavoured to prove the first in the *a priori* method; the second he takes for granted; the remaining two he does not seem to have thought of stating, much less of proving. Yet his work has been called demonstrative. His deficiency, however, on the second head, others have endeavoured to supply, with what success we shall have to consider presently. Berkeley's argument is in substance the following:—It is physically impossible that the eye should be the organ of perceiving distance; but it is a fact that by sight we do judge of distance. Consequently, this must be by the suggestion of some other idea. Now it is admitted that distance is perceived by touch, and, if not by sight, by touch only. This, Berkeley (with Mill) apparently considers too obvious to require to be stated. Hence follows his conclusion, that the supposed perception of distance is a suggestion through visual signs of a tactual idea" (pp. 9, 10).

Mr. Abbott's refutation is an expansion of the contents of this passage, in which he appears to us to have added fresh misrepresentations of his own to others with which Mr. Bailey and preceding critics are chargeable.

We shall first consider his criticism of the Berkleian analysis of what we are conscious in seeing and touching. We shall then examine his objections to the theory by which Berkeley attempts to explain the connexion of visible and tangible objects.

I. *How Berkeley discovers the only immediate objects of consciousness in sight and in touch.*

First of all, Berkeley hardly says that "sight does not per-

ceive distance," at least in every meaning of these words, nor is it necessary that he should do so. He allows that we see *signs* of real distances, *e.g.*, greater or less confusion in the visible appearance, when the tangible object is close to the eye; aerial and linear perspective, and our previous knowledge of the sizes, etc., of intermediate objects in the visible panorama, when the object is more distant. These *visible* signs of actual distance are recognised in his theory, as well as certain invisible ocular movements. The vague expression "seeing objects to be at various distances," accordingly means ability to interpret the perspective in the panorama which is before us. Berkeley only denied that the mere panorama can inform us (without enough of the appropriate actual and locomotive experience) what our tactual and locomotive sensations and ideas would be, if we were to move our bodies or any of their members. But if we choose, with this important qualification, to call seeing these and similar *signs* "seeing distances," the metaphysical analysis of our visual belief and knowledge does not forbid us to continue to do so, and conventional phraseology rather invites us.

Again, in various passages, Berkeley includes in the meaning of the word "perception," the inferences which we learn to form by comparing what we see with our experience in the other senses. In this laxer signification of the term, we have, of course, a visual perception of distances, *i.e.*, an *acquired* visual perception. But in the same way we have a visual perception of the meaning of an ordinary sentence in a familiar book.

In the next place, Berkeley does not and need not mean that distance is perceived by "touch or the locomotive faculty." As we have just said, he sometimes uses "perception" in a lax manner; but an immediate and distinct perception of the distance of any object, by mere touch, and without visual or other experience, is, as it ought to be, contrary to the spirit of his analysis of our sense-consciousness. Yet Mr. Abbott persists in attributing this to him.

Distance and *tactual* externality¹ is thus in its nature, on Berkeley's principles, something evolving itself in orderly succession, and not something contemporaneous and immediately perceptible. As successive, it is not, strictly speaking, perceived by *any* of the senses. Moreover, like the meanings which are ratified and expressed by artificial language, distances cannot be

¹ *i.e.*, "externality" in its secondary meaning; in its deeper meaning externality implies independence of *my* percipient mind, and in its deepest meaning of all, independence of *all* mind or consciousness. The possibility of this last Berkeley denies. See *Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 43, 44.

distinctly conceived by us without the help of their visible signs. Just as we cannot carry on trains of thought without the help of artificial language, so we cannot apprehend distances, or indeed quantities of *minima tangibilia* in any of their dimensions, without the help of their appropriate symbols in "visual language." This particular analogy of visual language with artificial languages seems to us to be very important. If Berkeley had developed it, he might have obviated many plausible objections to his theory.

That Berkeley means by distance a succession of tactual or locomotive experience, we have evidence in much that he has written. Take the following passages as examples :—

"In strict truth, the ideas of sight, when we apprehend by them distance, and things placed at a distance, do not suggest or mark out to us things actually existing at a distance, but only *admonish us what ideas of touch will be imprinted in our minds at such and such distances of time, and in consequence of such or such actions.*"—(*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. 44.)

Again :—

"Do you not think," asks *Hylas*, "that sight suggests something of outness or distance? *Phil.* Upon approaching a distant object, do the visible size and figure change perpetually, or do they appear the same at all distances? *Hyl.* They are in a continual change. *Phil.* Sight, therefore, doth not suggest or any way inform you, that the visible object you immediately perceive exists at a distance, or will be perceived when you advance onward, there being a continued series of visible objects succeeding each other during the whole time of your approach. *Hyl.* It doth not; but still I know, upon seeing an object, what object I shall perceive after having passed over a certain distance; no matter whether it be the same or no; there is still something of distance suggested in the case. *Phil.* Good *Hylas*, do but reflect a little on the point, and then tell me whether there be any more in it than this. From the ideas you actually perceive by sight, you have by experience learned to collect what other ideas you will (*according to the standing order of nature*) be affected with, *after a certain succession of time and motion.* *Hyl.* Upon the whole, I take it to be nothing else."—(*Dialogues of Hylas and Philomons, First Dialogue.*)

A word of explanation may be useful here. Berkeley seems to say that while *tactual* experience reveals length, breadth, and thickness, we can *see* extension only in two of these dimensions; that we have, in short, the elements of geometrical solidity in touch, while we cannot see solids. Mr. Abbott, in the course of his criticism of Professor Bain's ingenious analysis,¹

¹ *The Senses and the Intellect.* By A. Bain, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition. (London, 1864.) See pp. 369-

remarks, that "space cannot be conceived to consist in two dimensions of a visible idea, and in the third of something so heterogeneous as muscular effort" (p. 73). There is a confusion here which Berkeley's own language is apt to encourage. On his analysis we have no *abstract* idea of extension at all. We have two kinds of *sensible* extension, however; the one composed of visible units, and the other of tangible units. We touch the former in *no one* of its dimensions. We see the latter in *no one* of its dimensions. But our tactual experience constitutes three dimensions of tangible extension; and we see three distinct sets of visible signs, corresponding to the three sorts of tangible signification. We thus have experience of tangible length, breadth, and thickness; and we may be said to be sensible, in a secondary or symbolical way, of a visible length, breadth, and thickness. Extension in vision, accordingly, does not consist of "two dimensions of a visible idea, and the third (thickness or distance) of something heterogeneous." Visible extension consists of the visible signs of tangible length, the visible signs of tangible breadth, and the visible signs of tangible distance.

Yet Berkeley himself, it may be argued, denies that we see distance, in the same way as we see length and breadth, figure and situation. How is this? If in seeing the *signs* of length, we may be said to see length, and in seeing the *signs* of breadth to see breadth, why may not seeing the *signs* of distance be called seeing distance?

Berkeley leaves the answer to this question obscure. The fact is, that the signs of real distance are mere modifications of coloured length and breadth, while the signs of real length and breadth are in themselves mutually distinguishable, as coloured length and breadth. But, in so far as all the three groups of visible signs are alike "heterogeneous" to the length, breadth, and thickness of touch, we may speak of three dimensions of visible extension, as well as of three dimensions of tangible extension; referring in the former case to three kinds of visible signs, and in the latter to three kinds of correlative tactual signification.

What Berkeley tries to prove, then, is, not that we *cannot see* distance, while we *can see* the other two dimensions of extension, and *can touch* distance, length, and breadth. Liberally interpreted, he maintains that, while tangible extension, in all its three dimensions, is invisible, and is constituted by and revealed in our tactual or locomotive experience only, there is a class of visible signs appropriate to each of these dimensions,

397 of this able work, by a contemporary Scotch philosopher, to which we regret we cannot do justice here. Mr. Bain argues forcibly that "the very *meaning* of distance is such as cannot be taken in by mere sight."

and none of these classes have anything in common with what they signify. He shows that we see only the arbitrary signs of modifications of sensible extension which in their nature are tactual, and dependent for their very existence on tactual locomotion. This wider problem of extension in general comprehends the subordinate one of distance, on which Mr. Abbott makes the whole debate to turn. And the "theory of vision" which he professedly attempts to disprove, rests on the analysis which distinguishes visibly extended objects, from tangibly extended objects.¹ From this analysis, a solution of the narrower question of the visibility or invisibility of tangible distance follows as a corollary. The proof of Berkeley's theory is a proof that the units of visible extension have nothing in common (except the name extension) with the units of tangible extension. An inadequate conception of this, in the first place; and the assumption, in the second place, that the theory, thus inadequately conceived, is rested by Berkeley on an alleged fact in physiological optics, have put the Irish metaphysician at cross purposes with his critics, and we may add, with the mass of his professed followers, to an extent hardly equalled in the annals of philosophical controversy or comment.

Whether we really can see more than signs of the real distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things; in a word, whether we can see more than signs of their real extension or externality, is a question of fact. We must therefore study the facts of vision, in ourselves and in other people, in order to determine it.

Now there is a field of experimental research in which we might hope to learn certainly what can be known about the extension of bodies by mere seeing. We refer to cases of persons in whom either visual or tactual experience is presented in its purity. The visual experience of persons who have been relieved from born-blindness, for example; and the knowledge of the extended and external possessed by those originally destitute of the visual sense, who have never been so relieved at all, are both cases which have excited much philosophical curiosity since Berkeley published his theory. (The counter experience of persons originally destitute of all tactual and

¹ Mr. Ingleby, in his *Introduction to Metaphysic* (London, 1864), says, that "no sane man ever doubted that visible distance could not serve as the sign of tangible distance, until Sight and Touch had been associated by constant use," and infers that it would be an error to suppose that Berkeley meant only that. But are all sane men agreed that visible and tangible extension are absolutely heterogeneous—that the former is merely non-resistant colour, and the latter merely uncoloured resistance?

locomotive experience, while endowed with the visual sense, would not be less relevant, if any human being could be found and communicated with in that condition.) The signs of visual perception in infants, and in the young of the lower animals, have also a cognate interest.

Berkeley himself made no investigations in this field. His testing facts were sought elsewhere. And those physiologists or mental philosophers who have tried to determine what vision in its purity is, by experiments in cases either of communicated sight or of continued born-blindness, have illustrated the truth of Diderot's remark—"préparer et interroger un aveugle-né n'eût point été une occupation indigne des talens réunis de Newton, Des Cartes, Locke, et Leibnitz." Mr. Abbott has alluded to a large assortment of recorded cases in his book, commencing with the famous one of the born-blind boy couched by Cheselden in 1728, quoted in his *Vindication* by Berkeley himself, and perhaps still the most remarkable on record.

This boy's *visual* perception of real externality and trinal extension could so little be discerned, that, when he first saw, he thought all visible objects *touched his eyes* (as he expressed it), as what he felt did his skin. He did not know the shape of anything, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude. Upon being told what the visible things were, whose reality he before knew from touch, he would carefully look at them, that he might recognise them again. Several weeks after he was couched, being deceived by pictures, he asked which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing. He was never able to imagine any lines beyond the bounds he saw. The room he was in, he said, he knew to be part of the house, yet he could not conceive how the whole house should look larger.

One of the most remarkable recent cases is that recorded by Mr. Nunnely. After couching, the boy could, in this instance, we are told, at once perceive a difference in the shapes of objects. Though he could not say which was the cube and which the sphere, he saw they were not of the same visible figure. It was not till they had been many times placed in his hands, that he learnt to distinguish by sight the one which he had just had in his hands from the other placed beside it. He gradually became more correct in his judgments, but it was only after several days that he could tell by the eye alone which was the sphere and which the cube; when asked, he always, before answering, wished to take both in his hands. Even when this was allowed, when immediately afterwards the objects were placed before the eyes, he was not certain of the figure. Of distance he had not the least conception. He said

everything touched his eyes, and walked carefully about, with his hands held up before him, to prevent things hurting his eyes by touching them.

Though apparently a short-hand mode of settling the facts on which Berkeley's theory depends, experiments of this sort have, however, not proved a sure one. In the first place, the operators have not been good questioners; and, in the second place, we cannot reasonably expect boys, in or immediately after the crisis of a painful operation, to be able to express what they are visually conscious of, with the precision and acuteness of a metaphysician experienced in reflection. The most remarkable patients were very young, and all seem to have had previously some degree of consciousness of colour and visible figure. The pretended recollections, or recorded experience of infancy, are still more open to objection. The alleged visual knowledge of actual distances (as distinct from the visible signs of distance) by the lower animals, can decide nothing about the sensitive power of human beings, so long as the geometrical instincts of bees do not prove that men are able, with like facility, to construct mathematically shaped cells, without having learned geometry.

More suggestive, as it appears to us, than any of the recorded instances of communicated sight, are the following observations of Platner, upon the blind from birth, quoted by Sir W. Hamilton:—

“In regard to the visionless representation of space or extension,—the attentive observation of a person born blind, which I formerly instituted in the year 1785, and again, in relation to the point in question, have continued for three whole weeks—this observation has convinced me that the sense of touch, by itself, is altogether incompetent to afford us the representation of extension and space, and is not even cognizant of local exteriority; in a word, that a man deprived of sight has absolutely no perception of an outer world, beyond the existence of *something effective, different from his own feeling of passivity*, and in general only of the numerical diversity, shall I say of impressions, or of things? In fact, to those born blind, time serves instead of space; vicinity and distance means in their mouths nothing more than the shorter or longer time, the smaller or greater number of feelings, which they find necessary to attain from some one feeling to some other.”

Though adduced for an opposite purpose, these facts seem to us a remarkable confirmation of Berkeley's doctrine, when it is rightly understood. Platner suggests that time serves instead of space to the blind man; in other words, that his experience of successive resistance or resistant extension, serves instead of a visual experience of a perspective of various colours. Now Berkeley resolves tangible or external extension into “ideas

of touch, imprinted on our minds at such and such distances of time, and in consequence of such and such actions;" and he resolves visible extension into co-existent colours, by modifications of which tangible extension is signified. How, we may well ask, by any amount of mere handling, can we ever gain the faintest conception of visible figures or magnitudes, or of the visible appearances which are significant of greater or less distances?¹ And we are probably as unable either to perceive or to conceive distinctly even the tangible shapes, sizes, and distances of things, without the help of their visible signs, as we are to carry on a train of thought and reasoning, in a complex question, without the help of artificial language.

We must now return to Berkeley's manner of sifting the facts on which his theory rests. Here we are met by a portentous statement, transmitted from his professed disciples to his antagonists, and from them back to his disciples. From Adam Smith to Mr. Abbott, they agree in making his *proof* that the *distance* of real objects is invisible, his only basis for his theory; and they further represent this proof as consisting in what Mr. Bailey describes as "one solitary reason of an *a priori* character—a sort of metaphysico-mathematical argument." Mr. Bailey is at a loss how to characterize those who are contented with so illogical a proof of the invisibility of distance, as he says Berkeley is satisfied with. He refers to

¹ Some metaphysicians have wasted their ingenuity in trying to show how, by means of touch, we may gradually attain to a conception of visible (?) extension. And Sir W. Hamilton contends, in opposition to a host of authorities, to the evidence of Cheselden's patient, and to his own professed acceptance of Berkeley's doctrine on vision, "that if a blind man had been able to form a conception of a (tangible ?) square or globe by mere touch, he would, on first perceiving them (by sight), be able to discriminate them from each other; for this supposes only that he had acquired the primary notions of a straight and a curved (tangible ?) line. Again, if touch afforded us the notion of space or extension in general (?), the patient, on obtaining sight, would certainly be able to conceive the possibility of space or extension beyond the actual boundary of his vision."—(*Lectures on Metaphysics*, ii. 177. See also Reid's *Works*, p. 137, note.) All this assumes that the extension we see has something in common with the extension we touch; that there is some resemblance between a visible square or globe, and a tangible square or globe—between a visible straight or curved line, and a tangible straight or curved line. But according to Berkeley's analysis of our sense-consciousness, they have nothing in common, and the name "extension" is applied to both merely because the visible sign is constantly connected with the tangible object. A meaning and its ordinary verbal symbol are in like manner, and for a like reason, nominally one. We may remark in passing, that Sir W. Hamilton, here and elsewhere, speaks of extension as identical with Space, as well as of visible extension as identical with tangible. But is not space truly the *negation* of sensible extension, in any of its kinds?

them with mixed wonder and pity in various parts of his books; and in his *Theory of Reasoning*, he consigns the supposed "proof" to the pillory as one of the most glaring examples that can be offered of a particular sort of fallacy. Mr. Abbott, following in his wake, roundly denounces the doctrine of his celebrated compatriot as "in truth the shame, and not the glory of psychology," as a professed discovery "in its domain, made not only without its help, but in spite of it, by *physical* reasoning," and as having hitherto "baffled psychology either to verify it, or to shake the *physical* basis on which it rests;" and he declares, that "if psychology has been forced to make this ignominious confession at its first encounter with *physics*, it is time that it should abandon all pretence to be a science of observation, or indeed a science at all." Berkeley, he adds, "has endeavoured to prove his doctrine in the *a priori* method. . . . The only *a priori* proof possible is a *physical* one. . . . This proof has been generally regarded as unanswerable. It is, in fact, the sole positive argument advanced either by Berkeley or Mill."

Here are the words, on the first page of Berkeley's *Essay*, in which, according to friends and foes, he gives the whole reasoning on which the very salient point in the theory depends—the invisibility of distance:—

"It is, I think, agreed by all, that distance of itself and immediately cannot be seen. For distance being a line directed endwise to the eye, it projects only one point in the fund of the eye; which point remains invariably the same, whether the distance be longer or shorter."—(Sect. ii.)

Now, is this scrap, which argues the physical impossibility of the eye being the organ for perceiving distance, really Berkeley's proof of his new theory of vision?¹ If so, he pro-

¹ Mr. Mill puts the "physical" reasoning thus:—"We cannot see anything which is not painted on our retina; and we see things like or unlike, according as they are painted on the retina like or unlike. The distance between an object to our right and an object to our left is a line presented sideways, and is therefore painted on our retina as a line; the distance of an object from us is a line presented endways, and is represented on the retina by a point. It seems obvious, therefore, that we must be able, by the eye alone, to discriminate between unequal distances of the former kind, but not of the latter" (and the latter is what Berkeley means by "distance"). This argument, he adds, which "involves no premises but what all admit," does "prove conclusively that distance *from the eye* is not seen, but inferred." Professor Ferrier grants to Mr. Bailey, that "Berkeley is perhaps to be condemned for having left his assertion so destitute of the support of reasoning," and proceeds to supplement the deficiency by a very ingenious piece of reasoning of his own—that distance from the eye is invisible, because the eye of the percipient is itself invisible to him; while the distance of one

fessed to be working out his problem in one field, while he was actually determining it in another. Neither the fabric of the eye, nor its relation to light, are within his professed scope at all. Not the organic conditions of vision, but the conscious state in which we find ourselves when we are seeing, is the professed object of his analysis. The eye and its relations to light and colour, he leaves to physiologists and natural philosophers. Take the following, among other passages in which he thus limits the field of his research:—

“*The knowledge of these connexions, relations, and differences of things visible and tangible, their nature, force, and significancy, hath not been duly considered by former writers on optics, and seems to have been the great desideratum in that science, which for want thereof was confused and imperfect. A treatise therefore of this philosophical kind, for the understanding of vision is at least as necessary as the physical consideration of the eye, nerve, coats, humours, refractions, bodily nature, and motion of light; or as the geometrical application of lines and angles for praxis or theory in dioptric glasses or mirrors for computing and reducing to some rule and measure or judgment, so far as they are proportional to the objects of geometry. In these three lights vision should be considered, in order to a complete theory of optics.*”—(*Vindication*, sect. 37. Compare this with sect. 43.)

But besides these passages, take the following special reasons:—

(1.) In the various parts of Berkeley's writings in which he gives the reason of his belief in the invisibility of distance, as well as in the invisibility of the extension of a real object in any of its dimensions, this scrap of physical reasoning holds a very subordinate place. It does not appear at all in the *Vindication*, in which the foundation and superstructure of the doctrine are stated anew. (2.) In the above and parallel passages the physical argument is offered, not as Berkeley's own, but as “agreed by all”—as part of the current doctrine of his time in physical science, and therefore apt to conciliate those who might be offended by the novelty of the theory—the conciliation of popular opinion and phraseology being one of his favourite aims. (3.) Not to refer to other scientific writers of that age, this scrap, as well as the following sections of the *Essay*, are almost identical in verbal expression with a passage in a work which Berkeley must have often had under his eye—the *Dioptrica Nova* of William Molyneux, published seventeen

visible object from another visible object may be seen, both being within the range of vision. But we maintain that Berkeley's proof ultimately resolves itself, as we have said, into the absolute “heterogeneity” of tangible distance and visible (signs of) distance—of tangible extension and visible extension.

years before. The coincidence is so remarkable that we shall quote the words of Molyneux:—

“In plain vision the estimate we make of the distance of objects is rather the act of our judgment than of sense, and acquired by exercise and a faculty of comparing rather than natural. *For distance itself is not to be perceived; for 'tis a line (or a length) presented to our eye with its end toward us, which must therefore be only a point, and that is invisible*; wherefore distance is chiefly perceived by means of inter-jacent bodies, . . . or by the estimate we make of the comparative magnitude of bodies, or of their faint colours, &c. These, I say, are the chief means of apprehending the distance of objects that are considerably remote. But as to nigh objects, to whose distance the interval of the eyes bears a sensible proportion, then distance is perceived by the turn of the eyes, or by the angle of the optic axes.”—(*Dioptrica Nova*, Part I. Prop. xxxi.¹)

The fact is, that Berkeley's theory may be argued independently altogether of the physical assumption, that distance is not represented on the retina or “fund of the eye,” as length and breadth are.

We cannot allow that Berkeley has made no attempt to form a foundation for his theory, except the piece of physical reasoning about which so much has been said. Its basis may be detected by care almost everywhere in what he has written about vision, and it often distinctly crops up above the surface. He approaches it by asking what “space,” “extension,” “distance,” “size,” and “situation” *mean*—not as abstractions, but as they are actually experienced in sense. According to the usage of language, these words have two meanings. In one meaning they express immediate objects of vision; in their other meaning, they represent our tactual and locomotive experience. What we see is only a variety of light and colour; what we feel is hard or soft, hot or cold, rough or smooth. Extensions composed of sensible *minima* or units of the former, are not connected by resemblance, necessary relation, or geometrical inference with extensions composed of sensible *minima* or units of the latter. The evidence of this distinction, he says, is simply our own consciousness in seeing and touching.

These facts in consciousness are, as we take it, the proof of the invisibility of distance, and not any fact or *a priori* supposition in physiological optics. The theory rests, not on physical, but on metaphysical observation. We cannot see colourless, resistant extension; and we can have no tactual or locomotive experience of coloured, unresistant extension. In other words, we cannot see any of the objects of touch, or touch any of the objects of

¹ Compare with the latter part of this passage the *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*, Sects. ii. iii. iv.

sight. We cannot see distances, sizes, shapes, or situations, as portions of our tangible experience; we cannot touch them, as portions of our visual experience. All material things are, as it were, double. There is everywhere tangible matter and visible matter. There are tangible squares and circles, *i.e.*, squares and circles made up of the units of our locomotive experience in touch; and there are visible squares and circles, *i.e.*, squares and circles made up of the units of our visual experience of coloured expanse. All men have tangible hands and visible hands, tangible feet and visible feet. It might be said by Berkeley, that man is a four-footed and a four-handed animal, for he has two visible and two tangible feet, two visible and two tangible hands. That this is not true in the conventional meaning of the words "foot" and "hand" is consequent upon that conventionality. Men, and for very good reasons, have agreed to include in their conceptions both the tangible and the visible object, when they speak of the hand or the foot; and a synthesis of sensible objects or qualities under the same name is entirely an affair of conventional arrangement.

It follows from this heterogeneous duality of objects under a unity of name, that a thing, nominally one, which has long been present and familiar to touch, must be absolutely unrecognisable when it is for the first time presented to the newly communicated sight. A man born blind has long been familiar with his five tangible fingers, on their well-known tangible places, on the tangible hand. The power of seeing is suddenly communicated to him. He sees his visible hand and his five visible fingers. Their numerical identity with the tangible ones in no degree helps him to discover their relation to and nominal identity with his tangible hands and fingers. It is not until he has had some experience of that relation that he can apply the same name to both, and recognise, that the object which he now sees is the *constant sign* of the object which he had before touched and called his hand.

Almost all that Berkeley has written about vision may be described as a mass of illustrations, meant to make this duality in the things of sense, which are nominally one, perfectly familiar to his readers. He tries to induce his metaphysical readers to perform mental experiments, which should be sufficient to dissolve in their minds the prejudice in favour of the *sensible* unity of what we see and what we touch. And these lines of experiment in a manner converge in Section cxxvii., and those which immediately follow, of the *Essay*; which, rather than Section ii., ought to be regarded as his proof that we cannot see distance, figure, size, or situation—in a word, extension proper, in *any* of its dimensions.

But what is the connexion, perhaps some of our readers here ask, between the invisibility of what is tangible, and the intangibility of what is visible, on the one hand, and the absolute invisibility of distance and extension generally, on the other? Why should not the term "distant" be applied to the object of visual experience as well as to the correlative object of tactual experience? Here, again, Berkeley, is obscure.

The succession of our tactual and locomotive experience is the basis and staple of our animal life, and indirectly of our whole human life on earth. Vision gives an indirect enlargement to this. Our tactual and visual experience are, with Berkeley, both alike "in the mind;" neither of them is "distant" in the sense of being external to mind. But the one is external or heterogeneous to the other. And thus what we see yields signs of a tactual experience, *external to the visible, and distant from us in past or future time*. The only practical, and indeed the only intelligible, meaning of the word "distant," is this tactual one; while, as already remarked, the tactual one itself cannot be imagined without the help of its visible signs and measures, in which it is itself at last obscured to consciousness, in the same way as the meanings of common words are obscured to consciousness in "symbolical conceptions," when we are employed in speaking or in writing them.

The key to Berkeley's theory of vision is thus his analysis of *every* material thing into a visible object, and an object of tactual or locomotive experience. One who is able to apply this key, and who is familiar with its use, can easily find his way to the remoter or theoretical part of the doctrine, whether he receives it into his belief or not;—to those ulterior regions where, with Berkeley, we have to search for an *explanation* of the connexion, which we find established in daily life, between visible objects, and the tangible objects that have been severed from them by the more attentive analysis of what we are conscious of in *sense*.

Mr. Abbott thinks that he has himself established clearly the immediate visibility of distance; and also that he has overthrown the theory by which Berkeley accounts for the relations between what we touch and what we see. A passing word about Mr. Abbott's own proof that distance is visible, before we consider Berkeley's explanation of our visual judgment of invisible distance.

Berkeley, although his whole philosophy of vision is founded, according to our reading of it, on the sense-experienced heterogeneity of visible and tangible phenomena, is charged, as we have said, by Mr. Abbott and a long list of contemporaries and predecessors, with resting his doctrine on an alleged physical insensibility of the organ of the eye to distance. He really

rests his theory on the fact, that length, breadth, and distance are invisible, from their very nature as objects of consciousness. He is said to ground it on the hypothesis that distance is unconnected with any organic modification in the organ of vision. His researches are all within the purely psychological province, which he is accused by Mr. Abbott of having deserted for the physiological. But Mr. Abbott's accusation of the Bishop is all the while curiously applicable to himself. His own "proof" that sight is the sense properly perceptive of degrees of distance is physiological and not psychological. He never thinks of accompanying Berkeley in a metaphysical analysis of what we are conscious of in sense. He prefers to join recent British, French, and German optical physiologists of the eye, in a research which, extremely interesting though it be in other relations, is quite irrelevant in "an attempt to disprove the *Berkleian* theory of vision." The sixth and following chapters of his book, are, accordingly, for the most part, a huge *ignoratio elenchi*. There is not a word in them to prove that distance—or size, shape, and situation either—are either perceivable or conceivable, *by seers who have never had any tactual or locomotive experience*. To such beings the words now in question could have no proper meaning, although the sensible panorama of their daily vision might be the very same as Mr. Abbott's own. In the supposed circumstances, and with Berkeley still unrefuted on his own ground, we may assume that they could not understand the real or tactual meaning of what they saw, and therefore could have no knowledge of any of the dimensions of extension proper.

Accordingly, we shall not accompany Mr. Abbott in the digression which forms the principal part of his book, and to which the illustrative "woodcuts" belong. We shall simply state the thesis he tries to prove by physiological facts. As a matter of fact, the eye spontaneously adjusts itself, he tells us, to different distances, by specific muscular efforts appropriate to each. The *organ* which is alleged to be insensible to distance, thus exhibits "a spontaneous change exactly proportionate to the variation of this unknown condition, and independent even on our ideas of it" (p. 59). This single fact is, he thinks, "sufficient to overthrow the whole theory." As evidence that we are not immediately percipient of distance in touch, while we are immediately percipient of it in sight, he tries to show, on the one hand, that "in the organ of touch or locomotion a determinate distance is not accompanied with a determinate sensation, either in the case of distance reached by the hand, in which the effort depends more on the direction

than on the distance, nor in the case of greater distances reached by walking; since the amount of effort not only depends on many circumstances besides the distance, but is distributed over a greater or less interval of time, and the sensations consequently are both indeterminate and not present as a coexisting whole;" and, on the other hand, that "in the case of the eye, and the eye alone, there is a determinate sensation, or state of the organ corresponding to a determinate distance of the object; and this is the sufficient and necessary condition of the perception" (p. 75). The only possible disproof, on physical grounds, of the perception of distance by the eye would, he thinks, be a proof that this affection of the visual organ is the same when the distance supposed to be perceived varies, and *vice versd*. This want of correspondence is what he believes he has proved in the case of touch, and which he proceeds to show is not the case with sight.

Let us grant the fact, that there is a state of the visual organ which "corresponds to a determinate distance of the (real) object,"—how does this enable us to comprehend the rationale of the connexion between coloured expanse, and past or future continuity of resistance? The unconscious existence of determinate states of the eye cannot surely bridge over the chasm between the visible and the tangible worlds in our sense-consciousness; nor destroy the bridge which Berkeley believes he has found in the relation of signs to things signified. If, on the one hand, we are conscious of the organic changes, and if this knowledge helps us to determine distances, then the organic changes are merely an additional set of signs. If, again, as Mr. Abbott holds, we are unconscious of them, then they are irrelative to the Berkeleyian problem, unless he supposes that they mechanically inspire the mind with a kind of sensible knowledge of which it has had no previous sense-experience at all. Either way, they leave unexplained the purely psychological difficulty of the connexion of the two "heterogeneous" extensions—visible and tangible phenomena—which it was the one aim of Berkeley's theory to solve,—a connexion which had formerly been treated as one of material substance and material attribute, but which his theory resolves into that of *visible sign* and *tangible thing signified*.

Mr. Abbott, we may add, nowhere attempts to maintain a counter interpretation of purely sense-given extension; he does not criticise the plausible doctrine that extension, distance, figure, and motion, are not ideas of sense at all, but suggested accompaniments of sense-experience; nor does he pronounce any judgment upon the identity of space and extension, either

as mental phenomena or in the nature of things. He just asserts dogmatically that we can *see* trinal extension; and tries to prove that certain muscular adjustments in the eye correspond to degrees of distance.¹

II. *Berkeley's theory or explanation of the connexion of what we see with what we touch, by means of a Divinely established mental association of essentially dissimilar phenomena or extensions.*

The third, and to some extent the two following chapters of his book, are the only ones in which Mr. Abbott really addresses himself to the "theory" which he proposes to disprove, as distinguished from the facts of metaphysical observation on which it rests. In these chapters he is bound to show that the laws of mental association cannot account for that relation between the visible and tangible worlds of which we are conscious, when we judge about the distances, sizes, and situations of things; and generally when, in seeing, we believe in the existence of objects external to our purely visual experience. But he tries to show merely that our knowledge of *distances* through the eye is inexplicable on the hypothesis of a visual language; inasmuch as the conditions necessary for the establishment of a constant association between the visible signs of distance and the things signified do not exist. He tells us that Berkeley's Theory violates all the laws of mental association. As association is its one cohesive principle, if this is proved, it cannot stand. There can be no visual language.

In these chapters we do think that Mr. Abbott displays a marvellous ignorance of the theory he is fighting against. He seems to suppose that the necessary association between visibles and tangibles cannot be established, unless each separate visible object actually co-exists mentally with each separate tangible one of which it is affirmed to be the sign; and he is of course able to show that we touch comparatively very few of the objects we see, and are said visually to interpret. He might indeed have said, that we *never* see any object we touch, or touch any object we see. But waiving this, it is surely not necessary, in order to the establishment of a mental association between two classes of objects, that each of the individual objects which make up the one class should have co-existed mentally with each of the individual objects in the other which suggests it.

¹ Mr. Abbott, along with Mr. Bailey, and some distinguished authorities in optics, including Sir D. Brewster, make much of the phenomena of binocular vision, especially as exhibited in the stereoscope, in proof of the visibility of distance. But these phenomena merely illustrate, with marvellous distinctness, the *visible signs* of solidity; they do not prove that we can discover solidity merely by means of its signs, and without any tactual or locomotive experience; and they do not prove that visible and tangible objects are identified in a common substance.

Were this so, we could never apply a common term in the English language to a new object; artificial languages as well as visual language would be impossible. We could connect signs only with those individual objects with which they had already co-existed in consciousness. The visible sign actually co-exists in sense-consciousness only with a few tangible objects, and yet this may surely be enough to teach us, as it were, the grammar of the connexion—the rules of which we can afterwards apply for ourselves, with an ever-increasing facility. When we have once learned the tactual and locomotive *value* of small definite portions of visible extension, we are in possession of elements which are capable of an indefinite extent of application as signs. Thus our experience of the established connexion of visible and tangible human feet, supplies us with a ready visible measure of real extension, by means of which all its three dimensions can, in the most various circumstances, be measured by the eye. This is only in analogy with what we know of the growth of the connexion between general signs and their significations in artificial language.

To those who are endowed with both senses, the visible experience of an object suggests the corresponding tactual, and (notwithstanding what Mr. Abbott says to the contrary) the tactual also suggests its correlative visual. When we manipulate an object in the dark, our sense-experience suggests, more or less distinctly, the visible figure which we should see if light were shed upon it; and a short walk in the dark is apt to suggest to us the visible appearance of the distance we have traversed. Only as visual is more easily and distinctly representable in the imagination than tactual experience, the visible sign is more vividly and readily imagined than its tangible or locomotive signification. This, too, is just as in artificial language, in which the written symbol is more easily representable than its meaning, and almost entirely usurps its place.

Mr. Abbott is not satisfied, it is true, with urging the insufficiency of a co-existence in the mind of visible signs with a few *specimens* of their tangible meaning, to establish the redintegrative association and consequent suggestion required for the alleged visual language; he offers to "proceed a step further," and to prove that the supposed association and suggestion are "impossible" (p. 23). The reason given is even more frivolous than before. To establish an association between visible and tangible objects—between what we see and distance—we must, in every case, see the object and walk the distance; and in every case we certainly do not do this. But besides, the object changes visibly as we walk *towards* it; and when our walk is done, and we have reached it, we are conscious of quite a

different visible object to that which was presented to us when we set out. On what known principle of association, he triumphantly asks, can the locomotive experience be connected with the visible object of which we were conscious when we set out, but which immediately after disappeared?

If Mr. Abbott would only suppose the journey to be performed in the reverse order—away from the tangible object, instead of towards it—his difficulty might be relieved. But we are not to think of human beings constantly employed in comparing locomotive experience with visual after this odd fashion. As already explained, we are early provided with the visible signs which measure short, real distances, and we gradually apply these to other and longer ones, so that, without any special experience in each case, we are able to judge, approximately at least, from the sign alone, in a very large number of new cases. Mr. Abbott informs us that, as he understands the Berkleian theory, the most certain and philosophical method of learning to estimate distance, would be “by simply marching, and observing the sensations, visual and muscular” (!) He is right when he adds that “this is decidedly contradicted by experience.” He might as well say that the best way of carrying on a long train of reasoning is to abolish the use of symbols, and to realize mentally the full meaning and implied relations of each word in the train, in the very act of using it.

Mr. Abbott appears not to have considered the nature of the mental phenomena called symbolical conceptions, if we may judge from the sort of *experimentum crucis* which he proposes, when he treats of the “imagination” of distance (p. 29). “Is distance,” he asks, “suggested in the imagination as an object of sight, or of touch, or of the locomotive faculty? . . . All will doubtless agree that what we imagine is the *sight* of the distance, not any (tactual) feeling or effort.” And he concludes from this that we originally see distance, rejecting as “an utter absurdity” the supposition that an original tactual perception thus gives way, in an unheard-of manner, to a mere mental representation, and that only a secondary suggestion of an original perception. As we have already said, the Berkleian theory does not assume any such immediate perception, tactual or visible; but at any rate, this “unheard-of absurdity” is daily illustrated in all languages, in which the artificial symbol is habitually substituted for a meaning which is often inconceivable. We are daily substituting symbols for their significations in our imagination; and if we did not do so language would be comparatively useless, and reasoning could not be carried on. That we naturally imagine distances in and through their visible signs, and not in their own original tactual and locomotive nature—a fact in analogy

with what we are familiar with in all languages—is rather a confirmation of the theory that when we are said to be seeing distances we are actually reading them.

None of the phenomena mentioned by Mr. Abbott are inconsistent with the hypothesis that the two worlds of sight and touch are gradually connected in all minds by mental association, through laws which immediately express the will of the Supreme Cause that sights should be the signs of feelings. The difficulty in thus accounting for our readiness and ability to infer particular successions of feelings, by means of particular visible signs, seems to us to lie not in their original incapacity for being associated, or in any lack of the usual conditions of mental association, but rather in the wonderful speed and perfection of the result. All men learn the language of vision so early and so well that it may seem almost necessary to refer the lesson to an original instinct, which, in the case of this particular language, connects the sign with what it signifies. That is to say, it may be plausibly enough argued, and from Berkeley's own point of view, that God not only speaks this language to us, but teaches each man to understand it, after he has experienced tactual extension. The essence of the Berkleian theory is that vision *is* a language, not that we gain possession of its meaning in a particular manner; though the experimental, as distinguished from the instinctive, mode of beginning to know what it means, is no doubt maintained by him.

How we at first reach that knowledge of the meaning of what we see, which is so indispensable in every waking hour, is a profound question, which carries the inquirer into the heart of the theory of induction. Is all inference about matters of fact originally mental association; or, on the contrary, are we originally endowed with instincts which incline us to connect together dissimilar phenomena, and enable us to form propositions about them? Do we learn nature's language from the very beginning for ourselves, through processes of association which can be distinctly traced; or, are the initial steps the result, not of merely associative experience, but of inborn instincts? This question is not directly and immediately involved in the theory of Berkeley, and we shall not pursue it here.

The real turning-point in the controversy about that theory has not been reached by Mr. Abbott, nor as far as we know by any of his critical predecessors. We shall try to indicate it in the briefest possible manner.

Berkeley's theory of vision explains so far the connexion of the two worlds of sight and touch, as being not common qualities of the same substance, but heterogeneous phenomena which are symbolically associated. Now what is the ultimate reason of this association or synthesis?

Because they are "the same extended thing," is the confused popular answer. Because they are the common attributes of an unknown material substance, is the common philosophical answer. Because the Supreme Governor is constantly associating them, as sign and thing signified, for the regulation of our lives, is the answer which forms Berkeley's theory of vision. Are what we see and touch necessarily united in an *unknown and inconceivable substance*, or are they freely united by the *Divine Will* and according to the *Divine Ideas*? Is Mind, or is it not, immediately speaking to our eyes whenever we use them? This is really the profound question on which the truth or falsehood of Berkeley's theory of vision turns at last; and this question involves his philosophy as a whole, and the determination of the ultimate problem in all speculation.

It is *more reasonable*, Berkeley would say, to suppose that the union is the immediate expression of Supreme Mind, in analogy with our own, than to refer it to "material substance"—a mere name, into which we can throw no conception at all. We can conceive other minds, and we know what it is to be spoken to by another person; but we have no experience, and can have no conception of insensible material objects, which exist when they are not known, and which identify what in consciousness is heterogeneous. In the constant relation between sights and feelings, we have phenomena exactly analogous to what we have when another person is speaking to us. These phenomena accordingly afford us the same proof that the whole world of visible sense is grounded in mind, and as it were personated, which we have that the audible or visible words or actions of our fellow-men are so.

"Nothing," says Alciphron (who personates the Atheist), "nothing so much convinces me of the existence of *another person* as his talking to me. It is my hearing you talk that, in strict and philosophical truth, is to me the best argument for your being. And this is a peculiar argument inapplicable to your purpose; for you will not, I suppose, pretend that *God* speaks to man in the same clear and sensible manner that one man doth to another. . . . *Euph.* This is really and in truth my opinion; and it should be yours, too, if you are consistent with yourself, and abide by your own definition of language. . . . (An account of the arbitrary but constant relation of visual signs to their real or tactual meaning is given in the preceding part of the Dialogue.) In consequence of your own sentiments and concessions, you have as much reason to think the Universal Agent or God speaks to your eyes, as you can have for thinking any particular person speaks to your ears. . . . You stare, it seems, to find that 'God is not far from any one of us,' and that 'in Him we live and move and have our being.' You who in the beginning of this morning's conference thought it strange

that God should leave himself without a witness, do now think it strange that the witness should be so full and clear. *Alc.* I must own I do. . . . I never imagined it could be pretended, that we saw God with our fleshly eyes as plain as we see any human person whatsoever, and that he daily speaks to our senses in a manifest and clear dialect. *Crito.* This language (of vision) hath a necessary connexion with knowledge and wisdom and goodness. It is equivalent to a constant creation, betokening an immediate act of power and providence. . . . The instantaneous production and reproduction of so many signs combined, dissolved, transposed, diversified, and adapted to such an endless variety of purposes, ever shifting with the occasions suited to them, doth set forth and testify the immediate operation of a Spirit or thinking being. . . . This visual language proves not a Creator merely, but a provident Governor, actually and intimately present and attentive to all our interests and motions, who watches over our conduct, and takes care of our minutest actions and designs, throughout the whole course of our lives, informing, admonishing, and directing incessantly, in a most evident and sensible manner. . . . *Euph.* But it seems to require intense thought to be able to unravel a prejudice that has been so long forming, to get over the vulgar errors of ideas common to both senses, and to distinguish between the objects of sight and touch. . . . And yet this I believe is possible, and might seem worth the pains of a little thinking, especially to those men whose proper employment and profession it is to think, and unravel prejudices, and confute mistakes."—(*Dialogue IV.*)

In the closing years of his life Berkeley constructed a "Siris" or chain, which connects the deepest mysteries of life with the vulgar phenomena of tar-water. In reality if not in name, he was engaged in his argumentative youth, as well as in his contemplative old age, in the construction of a "Siris," by which the familiar sights of daily life are connected with the deepest problems of meditation, and which constantly reminds us that we are living and moving in a world of wonders. We have ascended on this chain up to that last link which unites it to the throne of the Supreme Eternal Governor. Shall we now descend, and find in all our future experience the old familiar visual sense charged with a new power of exciting us to the contemplation of the highest things invisible, as the result of the reasoning to which Berkeley's subtle metaphysical observation has given rise? Berkeley, through Baxter, Hume, and Reid, first awakened Scotch thought. Perhaps he is destined also to revive it when it is ready to slumber, or to recall it to what is real when it is wasting among verbal abstractions.

ART. VIII.—*Enoch Arden*, etc. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.,
Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon, 1864.

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of human beings." To render us this service is the peculiar and noble privilege of poetry. For though that art has been truly said to have the creation of intellectual pleasure for its chief object; yet all poetry worthy of the name achieves something beyond and better than this—it purifies and exalts, not less than it pleases. It is, therefore, with more than the expectation of mere enjoyment that we welcome a new volume from the foremost of our living poets.

Mr. Tennyson is now beyond criticism in one sense of the word. Whether or no he has attained "the wise indifference of the wise," he has assuredly won for himself a place in literature against which no critical assaults could much prevail, and the honour and dignity of which no critical praise could much enhance. But to criticise, in the true sense of the term, is not to dispense loftily praise or blame—often on no sounder principle than that on which was based the dislike entertained towards Dr. Fell. Real criticism loves not fault-finding, neither does it yield to the self-indulgence of indiscriminate praise; it rests upon a regard for truth, and a desire to appreciate justly. It is in such a spirit that we would approach the volume before us; seeking to discover what stage it marks in the development of the poet; endeavouring to estimate what it adds to the debt the world already owes him.

It has been remarked, not unfrequently, that Mr. Tennyson's early poems were, as a rule, wanting in human interest. Some—like the *Mermaid* and the *Dying Swan*—were uninteresting owing to unreality of subject; others again—the *Margarets* and *Lilians* and *Adelines*, were uninteresting owing to unreality or insufficiency of treatment. There was in these first efforts no attempt to portray life; no study of the motives and interests of life, or of the sources of action; no story, little real emotion. There is not even distinct representation of nature. There is sweetness of music, and painting rich in colour; but the tones are like the murmur of a brook, speaking of many things, yet of nothing clearly; and the lines are confused with the mirage of unreality which hangs over the whole. These, however, were but prolusions: the poet was "mewing his mighty youth." It was not long before he beat his deeper music out. In the words of his ablest critic: "With the publication of the Third Series, in 1842, Mr. Tennyson ap-

pears distinctly as the poet of his own age. His apprenticeship is over, his mastery over the instruments of his art is complete, and he employs it in either presenting the life of his contemporaries, the thoughts, incidents, and emotions of the nineteenth century in England, or in treating legend and history with reference to the moral and intellectual sympathies now active amongst us."¹ The poems here referred to established at once and finally his place in English literature, and the place so won he has ever since retained, and by the same means. He never after lost his hold on his own time. A poet may use unaccustomed forms, he may choose new themes, may illustrate strange aspects of life; but if he is to be a poet at all he must reach the hearts of his readers, and to do this he must be the poet of his own age. Herein Mr. Tennyson's strength has lain. The *Princess*, "*Medley*" as it was, and, in its machinery at least, utterly dis severed from all reality, yet spoke the thoughts, and reflected the interests, and set forth the duties and the true relations of our every-day life. *Maud*, whether "morbid" or "spasmodic"—or whatever other exploding name it must be content to bear—was in all points a tragedy which might have darkened yesterday. The *Idylls*, like the older fragment called *Morte d'Arthur*, are made alive by "modern touches here and there;" the old legends derive new youth and a deeper truthfulness from the modern point of view. And now in this volume we have, with a few exceptions, modern touches only. It is generally believed that the title originally proposed for this book was *Idylls of the Hearth*. The change which has taken place is, we think, to be regretted. *Idylls of the Hearth* would have been a descriptive, and a very accurately descriptive title. The volume is made up of five leading poems, with some pieces called "miscellaneous" added. These five, however differing in other respects, have all this characteristic in common, that they are poems of domestic life; of the life of the present day in various ranks, as modified and coloured by certain of the chances and changes, some startling, others of common occurrence, to which it is ever exposed. Never has it been more clearly shown that the elements of pathos and tragedy are always existing; that in the life we lead, and which is led by others around us, poetry is not dead, though it may sleep only to be awakened by the touch of its master.

In a review of "The Angel in the House," included among his essays, the accomplished critic, already quoted, warmly vindicates the claims of married love as a fit subject for poetry. In answer to the common and vulgar remark, that marriage is the death of romance, he exclaims, with no less beauty than truth:—

¹ *Essays by the late George Brimley, M.A.* Macmillan & Co., 1860.

"The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle; no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. . . . To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favourable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honour, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life and happiness, into his hands."

Mr. Browning has more than once chosen married life as his theme, and Mr. Tennyson at least once before in *The Miller's Daughter*. But Mr. Brimley's eloquent words have their fullest justification in the representation of the fortunes of Enoch Arden and Annie Lee. For here we have something more than a lyric, something nobler than a calm retrospect of tame, if virtuous felicity; the whole drama of domestic life is spread before us—in sunshine and in storm, in happiness, in struggles, and in grievous calamity.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward."

The great drawback to life after marriage, as a subject for

poetry, is the lack of incident ; or, as Mr. Brimley puts it : " We concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are narrated." This want is too frequently supplied by vice or crime, adultery or murder, or both ; Mr. Tennyson, eschewing in this volume such sources of interest, does not go beyond the changes which, without fault of ours, come to all mortal things. He seeks incident indeed, in order to escape the sameness which will always detract from any mere narration of feelings, however lofty these may be, and however subtle their development ; but, obeying the dictates of true art, he selects such incidents as insure that the emotions of his readers shall not be marred or blunted by any thought that they have been called forth by unworthy causes. Misfortune falls on this unhappy household. Enoch, in the course of his daily work, meets with an accident :—

" And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one :
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
' Save them from this, whatever comes to me.' "

His prayer is answered by the offer of a berth as boatswain in a ship bound for China, which he accepts ; planning thus for the welfare of those whom he must leave behind :—

" To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her !
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
This voyage more than once ? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own."

Here begins the tragedy of the drama. Years pass away,

and Enoch returns not. The scheme devised for the support of his family during his absence does not succeed. His wife makes little of trade; at least "gains for her own a scanty sustenance." The sickly child too, grows sicklier, and

"After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away."

To this sorrow and poverty, Philip Ray, "the miller's only son," who, like Enoch, had been the friend of her childhood, and the lover of her youth, but who had never told his love, would fain bring comfort. In the name of his old friendship for Enoch and for herself, he asks to send her boy and girl to school—which had been Enoch's dearest wish. Her he cares for tenderly, yet "fearing the lazy gossip of the port," seldom sees her; but with the children it was different:—

"From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far-end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came."

After these ten years, and yet another, when all hope was dead, after many prayers and a dream which seemed as it were a sign from heaven in answer to her prayers, the woman so long widowed yields more to Philip's devotion, and her children's wishes, than to the dictates of her own heart. It is impossible by quotation, it is yet more impossible by any critical analysis, to convey an adequate conception of the tenderness and refinement with which this delicate theme is touched. The faithfulness and purity of Annie are kept without stain; and, by an exquisite touch, she lives sad, almost unhappy as Philip's wife, until "the new mother came about her heart," reconciling her to her lot, and causing the past not indeed to be forgotten, but to be remembered without a pang. The nobility of Philip's character, too, is thoroughly sustained—following never any selfish end, but, in true singleness of purpose, leaving nothing undone to soothe the grief and lighten the burdens of the play-mate of his childhood—in the poet's words, "hungering for her peace;" and at last finding his reward, brought to him as it

were by force of circumstances rather than sought by any effort of his own.

Meanwhile, where was Enoch? Voyaging afar; trading on distant shores, not for pleasure or idleness, not from selfish greed and lust of gain; but stirred by his honourable ambition to have "all his pretty young ones educated." He prospers well in his endeavours; but, when returning with purposes fulfilled, hope painting his future in highest colours, sudden calamity comes upon him. For the ship "Good Fortune" goes down in ruin:—

"Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

As time runs on, his companions die, and he is left through long years alone. The oriental landscape is painted as only the author of *Locksley Hall* could paint it; but all the glories of eternal summer become hideous in the eyes of the castaway. Deliverance at last comes to him, broken, prematurely aged, strange to human speech and human society; but with the memories of wife, of children, and of home, alive within him still. He returns to find all things changed, and is told of his own death, of his wife's long sorrow, of Philip's friendship, and of how that friendship was at last repaid, by a kindly gossip of the village, who can see no trace of Enoch Arden in the bent, gray-haired, worn-out old man, who seeks the shelter of her half-ruined roof. Bowed down by unspeakable sadness, one wish only is present to him—to see *her* face once again, and "know that she is happy." He yields to the irresistible longing, and from Philip's garden he gains a sight of the comfort and the genial happiness of Philip's hearth—

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,

Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.' "

It would be hard to parallel the homely and tragic pathos of this. Circumstance so overwhelming, grief so over-mastering, so utterly without hope or remedy, surely never found more fitting voice. Seldom, too, has even the music of Mr. Tennyson's verse moved in such perfect harmony with the feeling—hurried and passionate when in the first spasm of misery, almost unendurable, he fears that he may unawares "send forth a shrill and terrible cry,"—irregular, and, as it were, broken by bursting sobs, in his great agony of supplication. Strength was given him to keep his vow. Unknown to any, he goes about his daily work, broken as he was, yet able to earn his frugal living:—

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul."

But that life, so nurtured, was not for earth. He was not to wait long bearing his burden of sorrow. He does not so much die of a broken heart, as give way before the unbearable weariness of existence without hope:—

“ A languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.”

One thing yet remains—to assure his wife, whom he learns to be even yet at times disquieted with thoughts of him—that he is really dead. Accordingly, he discovers himself to the woman Miriam, in whose house he lived, enjoining her, after his death, to bear his love and last blessing to his children, and to his wife, his no longer; and, this charge given, the third night after,—

“ While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice ‘ A sail ! a sail !
I'm saved ! ’ and so fell back and spoke no more.”

— We have dwelt thus long on *Enoch Arden*, because it is not only the most important poem in the book, but also, in our judgment, incomparably the finest. It need not fear comparison with anything Mr. Tennyson has written.] We have the same music in the verse as of old—if a rugged line occurs perhaps more frequently than in the *Idylls of the King*, this is of set purpose, and accords with the sentiment; we have the same constant activity of imagination shown in a diction so exquisitely expressive, that every line is a study; the same art in construction of the whole, the same care and appropriateness in the details; the same power of appealing to our highest moral and intellectual capacities. [The poem (though dated a hundred years ago) is in all essentials of our own day and of lowly life; yet it strikes a note as lofty as if it were sung of the chosen heroes of romance, of times consecrated by legend and made dignified by antiquity.] The sorrows and death of *Enoch Arden*, the fisherman, stir our tenderest sympathy, and evoke our deepest

emotions not less than the betrayal and the mysterious doom of Arthur the king.

The characters of the three children who together played at keeping house on the sea-shore, and whose after-lives make up this tragedy, are beautifully and finely drawn. Annie is a true woman, loving and faithful; gentle, and so first attracted by the energy and strong will of Enoch, but not without a force and self-reliance which made her worthy of the love she won. Philip is placed in trying circumstances, and demeans himself nobly through them all. Losing his love, he has his "dark hour unseen;" and without complaint bears "a life-long hunger in his heart." The sensitive delicacy with which he seeks to comfort Annie and care for her children when Enoch has gone, is like the delicacy of a woman, his genial nature expands with his happier fortunes, but whether in happiness or in sorrow, he is ever manly, true-hearted, and self-denied. Enoch's is a stronger and more complex nature. His strength shows itself in a vigorous independence, which continued prosperity might have hardened into a rugged disregard for others; in his early prime "he held his head high, and cared for no man, he." He is perhaps a little urgent and self-willed; but he is urgent for good, and self-willed not in promoting his own wellbeing, but in promoting the wellbeing of others,—loving dearly the wife his energy had won him, and eager that his children should rise higher than himself. Affliction is laid upon him which all the strength of the strong man could hardly bear; changed from his proud youth, "his head is low, and no man cares for him." But he finds a consolation better than man could give him; chastened and purified, he bears his hard lot meekly, without repining, like a true Christian hero, until his release comes, and the poem closes as with the music of the harmonies of heaven.

Next in length and in dignity of place, comes *Aylmer's Field*. *Enoch Arden* was a tale of married life; this is a tale of youthful love, which never finds its earthly close. Sir Aylmer Aylmer, an "almighty man," who traced his line through an infinitude of partridge-breeding ancestors up to an antiquity beyond all mortal ken, save that of the Herald Office, was lord of the soil as far as he could see, and of an only child, a daughter, whom he loved "as heiress not as heir regretfully." The Rectors of the same sleepy land—"a land of hops, and poppy-mingled corn," less fortunate in the possession of acres, came from a stock as ancient, and with them, too, father has followed son in regular succession for many generations. Hence the Hall and the Rectory have been always bound together in close intimacy, and hence Edith Aylmer, and Leolin Averill, the

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rector's younger brother, "had been together from the first." Surely a more graceful picture of childhood was never drawn than this sketch of the companionship of their early days :—

" For want of playmates, he
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting : make-believes
For Edith and himself : or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial ; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

This, of course, ends in the old, old story. But when the said story becomes legible to the stupid eyes of Sir Aylmer, great is the wrath of that potentate. It had seemed to some, and to the Averills among the rest, that the possibility of this result had been foreseen, and regarded without disfavour ; for Leolin was always welcome at the Hall, and the secluded charms of Edith had never been set forth

" Here in the woman-markets of the west,
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold."

But Sir Aylmer, in his blind pride, had looked on Leolin's companionship with his daughter as he would on the attendance of a dog ; he had never dreamed of such an issue, and surprise made his anger hotter. Leolin is banished with bitter reproaches, and goes to London, resolute to win the fame which will silence scorn. Meanwhile, society is courted at the Hall to distract the thoughts of Edith, and a fitful kindness seeks to wean her from her misplaced love. When this fails, sterner repression follows. A correspondence is detected and closed, a watch is set on every movement, her liberty is restrained, all intercourse with others, even with the village poor, her peculiar care, is denied her, contempt and reproach become her constant

portion. Under such treatment Lucy Ashton lost her reason ; Edith Aylmer loses her hold on life.

" He seldom crost his child without a sneer ;
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies :
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word :
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
Save Christ as we believe him—found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past."

Leolin hereupon stabs himself, and from the Hall and the Rectory alike comes the bitter wail, " My house is left unto me desolate." From this text the rector discourses a thrilling burst of rhetoric, recalling in tenderest cadence the virtues of the gentle Edith, sending out a cry of passionate hope over the grave of the suicide, scathing with fiery rebuke the hard, mean cruelty which had wrought such woe ; hearing which the authors of all are found out by their sin—the mother is borne heart-stricken from the church to a bed of death, Sir Aylmer droops into imbecility, and after two miserable years follows her to the tomb ; leaving all things to waste and ruin, pictured in a few lines which breathe the very spirit of desolation—

" Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms ;
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, *and the thin weasel there*
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

We venture to think that the development of this story is marred by three serious blemishes ; we do not object to the sorrow of the theme, though so entirely unrelieved. Poetry is not intended to afford enjoyment only : to move the passions, to " purge the soul " by pity and terror is, according to the old canon, rightly within its scope. *Aylmer's Field* does not close in deeper tragedy than *Lear* ; and we cannot see that tragedy is unfit for poetic treatment because it is the tragedy

of domestic life, and of our own day. But then, in order to justify tragedy, in order to move the true tragic emotions within us, as distinguished from mere vexation or a dull sense of pain, the passion of the poem must be so strong as not only to account for, but to necessitate, and, in a certain deep sense, assuage the tragic end. Who can fancy Lear stretched out longer "upon the rack of this tough world"—that rack being a green old age in the comfortable society of Cordelia? Who can fancy Othello—the theft of the handkerchief explained a few minutes sooner—living happily with Desdemona ever after on the "mutual confidence" principle? Or, in another walk of fiction, do we ever anticipate happiness for Amy Robsart? Does not the shadow of destiny rest from the first on the Bride of Lammermoor? While, on the other hand, in an ordinary novel like *Cyrrilla*, still more in a jocular novel like the *King's Own*, a melancholy conclusion is resented as an unnecessary annoyance, almost as an impertinence. When the natures of the actors in the drama are utterly unfit to cope with the circumstances with which they are environed, or when the passions are too violent for the strength of the heart or the force of the will, then tragic issues are involved; but to excite mere grief or vexation is not tragedy. One or other of these conditions, or both, may be found in *Romeo and Juliet*, may be found in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, nay, may be found in *Maud*, but are not, we think, to be found in *Aylmer's Field*. We do not mean to say that disappointed love, and the loss of the loved, may not form a true motive of tragedy: the instances we have just cited show the contrary. But it is requisite that the passion should be prominently brought before us in all its fatal and inevitable vehemence. Now this is not done here. Some may doubt whether the fancy of childhood can ever strengthen into the dominant passion of mature years, but Mr. Tennyson assures us that it can.

" How should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn?
Seldom, but when he does, master of all."

This may be so, but what we complain of is that it is not shown to be so in *Aylmer's Field*. We are told, indeed, that the lovers were dear to each other, but this is not brought home to us with any dramatic force; there is nothing of the passion which burns in every line of *Maud*. We cannot but regard this want of the due presentation of an adequate motive as a serious defect in the construction of the poem as a whole.

Aylmer's Field seems also open to objection in point of form.

The crisis in the piece is brought about by the ascendancy of low natures—it is the perfected triumph of ill-doing. Such things doubtless are; but they are not themes which can be expressed in any form of poetic art. To solve or justify the mystery of evil may be attempted, and in part achieved, in the drama with its wide scope, and the complex relations both of events and of characters which it is able to grasp and present. But this cannot be in the least degree achieved, in a short narrative poem, of necessity direct in its view, and limited in its range. Accordingly it is not attempted here, and the result is that we have a picture of pure wretchedness and mishap—the unredeemed mastery of evil; and that, we venture to think, is an unfit subject for art. In short, *Aylmer's Field* is a deep tragedy without the requisite tragic form, or the necessary tragic passion and atmosphere. We may be wrong in all this; but we feel confident that we are not wrong in the next objection.

We object still more strongly to the manner of Leolin's death. *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* have been written, and therefore we cannot say that suicide must be rejected from poetry. But we may say that it must be employed very sparingly, and only under very peculiar conditions. When distance of time softens down the harsh reality, in a different state of society, and under different standards of manliness and of morality, it may be all very well. But it does not do now-a-days. Were any young gentleman in the Temple to cut his throat some morning, because an heiress to whom he was betrothed had died, we fear the world would experience very little of the tragic feeling, or at least that pity would be dashed with no small amount of disgust and contempt. It is a thing with which it is simply *impossible* for us to sympathize. If it be urged that the date of this tragedy is 1793, we answer, first, that suicide was in 1793 regarded very much in the same light as it would be regarded in 1864; and, second, that the poem is really one of our own time, that the date is merely nominal, marked only by one or two passages, as if introduced for this special purpose,—especially by an allusion to the French Revolution in Averill's discourse, which strikes us as much out of place, marring not a little the natural sequence of the preacher's impassioned rhetoric. Moreover, there is nothing whatever in Leolin's character to make us anticipate for him such an ending. The sensitive, hysterical, half-mad lover of *Maud* resists a temptation which at once overpowers the sound, manly, "sanguine" lawyer.

But were there many more and greater drawbacks than these, *Aylmer's Field* would yet remain a very noble poem. Samples

cannot fairly represent the work of a great artist, but our quotations will give the reader at least an idea of the beauties which abound in these pages. The diction has all Mr. Tennyson's wonted felicity and grandeur, the imaginative power in the lesser parts is quick and strong, often curiously rich and playful, as with the rabbit and the weasel, the Newfoundland dog, and "the tender pink five-beaded baby-soles;" the sentiment is lofty and true; and the stern satire which now and again flashes out, the fervid exhortation and the teaching of the whole story, well become a great poet addressing a somewhat material and worldly age.

Of the three remaining "Idylls of the Hearth," we can speak but briefly. They are in a homelier style than the two on which we have dwelt so long; have less elaboration of ornament, less fervour of feeling. *The Grandmother* is a charming picture of serene old age. She has just heard of the death of the last child left to her, her first-born; and now, surviving all, save one little granddaughter, old memories throng fast upon her. Her mind, busy with the past, goes slipping back upon the golden days of youth and love again; her children's feet patter round her; she hears their voices singing to their team in the field;—

"They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

It is a retrospect less poetical than *The Miller's Daughter*, less artistic in form, but with more of the varied reality, the shadow and the sunshine of life; very beautiful and tender and true. *Northern Farmer* is peculiar. It is the deathbed of an agriculturist of the old school, who insists on drinking his ale as usual, in defiance of the doctor, and rests satisfied with having done his duty by the land, and particularly with having "stubb'd Thornaby waäste," regardless of the admonitions of the parson. It is in a quite different style from the tender melancholy of *The Grandmother*, and will hardly be so generally attractive; but it is a sketch of great power, with a rough but thoroughly genuine pathos, sustained with perfect dramatic propriety, and not devoid of some sound practical theology. Perhaps, however, its somewhat stern irony would have been better suited, we think, to the genius of Mr. Browning. *Sea Dreams*, if we remember rightly, appeared not long ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*: it seems to us the least successful of all. In *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* we have a story worked out at length, embracing within its development the whole lives of the actors. In *The Grandmother* and *Northern Farmer*, again, we have a crisis in life selected which affords

natural occasion for an adequate representation of the whole character. In *Sea Dreams* we have neither of these things. A city clerk and his wife, anxious about the health of their child, and he at least also sorely disturbed as to the result of a speculation into which he had been inveigled, go to the seaside. When there, each dreams a dream, on awakening from which the husband is persuaded by his wife to forgive the man who had defrauded him, and then they go to sleep again. The dreams are, of course, magnificently described; and the way in which the novel phenomena of the sea affect the minds of the dreamers, and are connected with their waking thoughts, is managed with great skill. But, on the whole, we feel that the poem fails to command our interest.

Several smaller pieces follow under the head "Miscellaneous," some of which have appeared in the Cornhill. *Tithonus* is not unworthy to be placed beside the gorgeous mythological pictures of *Enone* and *The Lotos-Eaters*. There are a few exquisite gems, as *In the Valley of Caunteretz* and *Requiescat*; while others, as *The Voyage* and *The Islet*, are rather to be classed with the poet's early efforts of uncertain meaning, or of purely pictorial beauty without human interest. Of the two or three "Experiments" in unusual metres, with which the volume closes, the most noticeable is a wonderfully perfect rendering of the night scene at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, which has ever been the despair of translators.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those Occasional Papers¹ which, when brought together, will furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the language, thus expresses himself:—"Poetry is the interpretest of the natural world, and she is the interpretest of the moral world. Poetry interprets in two ways; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*." Mr. Tennyson's poetry is, to a certain extent, interpretative in both these ways. Beyond question it has the "moral profundity." In interpreting the inward world of the human heart lies his especial power—a power which has gone on increasing with his widening experience and the greater maturity of his genius. The outward world he approaches in a manner peculiarly his own. He is not indeed the high priest of nature as was Wordsworth. With

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1863.

all his vivid appreciation of the beauty of the universe, it does not alone suffice for his genius. Never in his later poems does he present to us the external world without immediate relation to humanity. His landscape is never inanimate. His principle is, as it were, to interpret nature to us through man: his scenery is always closely connected with the human interests of his story, and takes its colouring from those who see it or describe it. Nor do we think that it is the less true, or comes to us with a less fulness of teaching on that account. This volume is unusually rich in those pictures, and, much as we have already quoted, we must make room for two of them.

Here is an English village cared for by an Englishwoman :—

“ For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By sallowy rims, arose the labourers' homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them: here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:
One look'd all rosetree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere.”

And, as a contrast to this happy picture, take the following description of tropical beauty, grown hateful to the lonely cast-away, almost bewildering the imagination with its rich magnificence :—

“ The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,

All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

A sadly erroneous notion appears to prevail at present among some readers and many writers of verse, that obscurity of thought, or of expression, or of both, is a merit in poetic composition. The history, so to speak, of Mr. Tennyson's writings affords a signal refutation of this fallacy. Many of his earlier efforts were certainly open to the charge of being hard to understand. From the first, however, this blemish never rested on his best poems, and gradually, obeying the doctrine of the soundest critics, and following the example of the greatest masters of his art, he has come to recognise the value and the beauty of simplicity. *In Memoriam*, perhaps, contains some traces of the original fault ; but the whole of that poem cannot be ascribed to the date of its publication, and in all his writings since, his diction has been, like crystal, at once clear and splendid. In the fulness of his experience and the maturity of his powers, he has risen altogether above this pernicious weakness or affectation. Poetry, according to Milton, must be "simple, sensuous, and passionate;" and Coleridge's commentary on these words is a rebuke, and should be a lesson to the numerous versifiers who, having nothing particular to say, seem to think that the power of darkness will transform it into something :—

"The first condition, simplicity—while, on the one hand, it distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science, labouring towards an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams mur-

muring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers, and painfully make the road on which others are to travel,—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity; the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flattened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful day-dreaming; and the third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both.”¹

It does not greatly signify whether many of the poetasters now writing express themselves obscurely or no. Before we regret our inability to understand anything, we must first be persuaded that to understand it would be a gain. But it does signify very greatly that the popularity of a man of real genius should be marred, and his influence hampered and limited by a defect the more provoking because it appears to be wilful. And this, we fear, is the case with Mr. Browning. In intellectual power he is second to none; in the wide range of his sympathies he is superior to all; he possesses many of the highest qualities of the poet—dramatic force, lyrical feeling, and richness of colouring; his poetry is both sensuous and passionate; but simple it is not. In an appreciative and very interesting estimate of Mr. Browning in *Fraser's Magazine* for February 1863, it is observed, with perfect truth, that “he does not care to study the stock passions.” And it is precisely in this that we think he errs. The “stock passions,” that is, the plain elements of human nature, are the proper material for the poet. To neglect these for subtle analysis and over-refinement may make delightful and instructive reading, but will not make good poetry. Profound speculation is not, indeed, incompatible with the highest poetry—for has not *Hamlet* been written? But then that speculation must be based on the passions and emotions which are common to all, and therefore sympathized in by all, on the human nature which makes the whole world kin; and must be confused by no allegories or half-utterances, but set forth with a clearness and distinctness which will bring them at once home to the heart. The peculiar glory of poetry lies in the suddenness and force with which it appeals to the imagination, and to this over-refinement of thought and obscurity of expression are alike fatal. Mr. Browning too often forgets that poetry is the strict antithesis of science, and instead of poems,

¹ *Literary Remains*, ii. 10.

gives us hard metaphysical studies, the difficulty of which is enhanced by the elliptical and involved language in which they are conveyed. It is to this cause, far more than to his frequent harshness, that the comparative indifference of the public—an indifference which will, we suspect, prove lasting—must be ascribed. It is not, indeed, to be expected that every poet should gain an early or noisy popularity. A Jeffrey may interpose, and for a time successfully, between a Wordsworth and the public. But it is to be required that every poet should write at the hearts of the people, and so doing, sooner or later, if he is a poet at all, he will reach them. Mr. Browning has not done so, as we rather think he has not greatly cared so to do; and to have failed in this, is to have won but an imperfect position, and to have lost claim to a place among the foremost poets.

Not that when Milton demanded simplicity in poetry he meant that poetry should be kept down to such a level that it can be appreciated and enjoyed by a hasty glance in any mood of the reader, like a sensation novel. He could never have countenanced the idea that the highest reach of the intellect cannot find appropriate exercise in poetry. His simplicity could never have been childishness. His authority, therefore, teaches us that to be simple is not inconsistent with depth or power, that to be profound it is not necessary to be obscure, that to speak darkly is no proof that we have thought clearly. This teaching is confirmed by his own example, and by the example of all our greatest poets, and so far as any of them have at any time forgotten it, so far have they fallen short of the full perfection of poetry. Mr. Tennyson, as we have already said, confirms it strongly. All his later poems, all his best poems of any date, are at once simple in their themes and clear in expression. And yet there has seldom been a poet more certain to remain all unknown to the careless reader, more certain to reward fully those who diligently study him. From a hasty perusal, a commonplace pleasure may doubtless be derived; but not in this fashion can the loftiness of his sentiment be reached, and the beauty of his details realized. Those only who have some heart to feel, some imagination to be roused, and who do not shrink from exercising their faculties when they read, will come to understand the artistic perfection, to know and value the pure and exalted spirit of his poetry.

We are often told that the present is not a poetical age. If by this is meant that the present age is not suited to the *production* of good poetry, it may be true. That, as matter of fact, very little good poetry is produced, no one will dispute. There

is no want of writers who try, but a sad want of writers who succeed. In fact, verse writing, according to the modern English school,—that school the leaders of which completed the revolution begun by Cowper, and which, with some slight modifications, has prevailed ever since,—is now exceedingly easy. In any kind of literature, when a certain style has gained a strong hold on public taste, multitudes of writers surely spring up who can imitate that style with facility, but who, beyond this trick, have in them no excellence at all. Most of English poetry now is just what English poetry was after the supremacy of Pope,—

“ A mere mechanical art,

And every warbler has his song by heart ;”

or, as Mr. Tennyson puts the same idea in his little fable of *The Flower* :—

“ Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.”

Such productions, for example, as *Tannhäuser*, and the verses of Owen Meredith, not to go lower in the scale, are very clever echoes, and no more. Poetical language has become so common, and all varieties of metrical form have been so often exemplified, that to produce such echoes is a matter of small difficulty ; requiring ingenuity, but nothing beyond. Real poetry, however,—perhaps for these very reasons—always rare in a highly cultivated time, save when some mighty shock works a change in its ideas, and even on its language, is unusually rare at the present day.

On the other hand, if the remark that this is not a poetical age is to be taken as meaning that the age does not desire, or cannot appreciate poetry, then it seems to be an erroneous remark. Certainly cultivation can in no way hinder the appreciation of poetry ; and as little, we think, does it repress the desire for it. But it may be urged that our practical pursuits and material tendencies have this effect. To some extent this may be true, yet, on the other hand, these very tendencies will induce a certain liking for poetry, arising from the force of contrast—as the worst times of the French Court aped the fashions of pastoral life ; and this liking, though coming from no very pure origin, may nevertheless lead to good issues in the end. In some shape or other, it is very certain that love of poetry yet exists among us. Like religion, it can never be altogether driven from the heart of man ; and though the divine light may be obscured by pleasure, or excitement, or the contentment of material prosperity, it will kindle into brighter life at the bidding of genius. And great the meed of gratitude and

honour to be paid to him who renders such service. Mr. Carlyle says somewhere, that "this age is incapable of being sung to in any but a trivial manner." Mr. Tennyson has shown that it can be sung to in a manner quite other than trivial; and if this be possible, it is surely most desirable. It seems to us that the worst thing connected with this so much-abused age is the literature on which it is forced to live. We have lost the only novelist who could raise us to true conceptions, or a pure ideal of life, and we are given over to the excitement of mere story-telling, or to the commonplace of Trollope, with its ordinary types and vulgar aims, stealing away our time pleasantly, without stirring one deep emotion, or inspiring one noble aspiration; not seeking to better the lives we lead, but rather doing honour to the mean reality; at its highest, holding up to us a photograph of ourselves, with our vices softened into weaknesses, and our prudences exalted into virtues. And yet we who are thus left desolate are not a generation apt to stone our prophets, as Mr. Carlyle himself can testify. Perhaps in this great scarcity we might do more than merely refrain from stoning them; we might render them honour more frankly than is our wont. Certainly no man living more deserves all honour, or has stronger claims on our grateful reverence, than the author of *Enoch Arden*.

It may be doubted whether this volume will speedily, if ever, gain the wide popularity of the *Idylls of the King*. It is not glorified by

"what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,

Begirt with British and Armoric knights;"

surely the grandest theme that ever fired the imagination of a poet; nor can it boast the rich blossoms of poesy which were showered upon the *Idylls*. It seems almost tame when we recall the brilliant, if somewhat fevered flush of passion which glows through every line of *Vivien*. There is nothing to be compared with those exquisite flowers of song, "Too Late," or "Sweet is true love;" a want which we regret the more, because such ornament would have been quite in harmony with the general tone of these pages, and Mr. Tennyson's best songs are unsurpassed in our language. The death of Edith moves less keen emotion than the fading away of "the lily-maid of Astolat;" the denunciations of Averill fall far short, both in power and pathos, of the majestic sorrow and heavenly forgiveness of Arthur.

Yet *Enoch Arden* commands sources of interest, humbler, perhaps, but not less enduring. The poet's genius has set

itself to the noble task of shedding its light over common things; we are kept always in familiar paths, and see our ordinary life dignified and made beautiful by the charms of song. We learn how to live melodious days; we are shown what trials may await us, what sacrifices may be demanded of us, and in what spirit those sacrifices should be made, those trials borne; we are taught how, by purity of feeling and singleness of heart, what is lowly may become exalted, what is mean may be made noble, what is sorrowful may be turned into joy. Higher duty than this no man can perform; more glorious service no man can render to his fellows: Mr. Tennyson has never more clearly established his claim to our reverence as the true Poet and Teacher of his Age.

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1864.

- ART. I.—1. *Papers relating to the Educational, Moral, and Religious Improvement of the Persons employed by Price's Patent Candle Company, Belmont, Vauxhall, London.* 1852-57.
2. *Report of the Church, Schools, etc., in connexion with Messrs. John Bagnall and Sons' Ironworks, Gold's Hill, West Bromwich.* July 1864.
3. *Classified Catalogue of the Orwell Works' Library (Messrs. Ransome and Sims, Ipswich).* Pp. 60. September 1863.
4. *Report on the North Shore Mill Company's Factories, Liverpool.* By LEONARD HORNER, Esq., Inspector of Factories. November 1845.
5. *Palace of Industry: a Description of the Works at Saltaire, near Bradford, Yorkshire, belonging to Titus Salt, Esq., with Report of Proceedings at the Opening.* September 1853.
6. *Lectures delivered in the Establishment of Messrs. Copestake, Moore, Crampton, and Co., 5, Bow Church Yard, London.* 1860-61.
7. *Friendly Addresses to those engaged in the Establishment of Messrs. Thomas Adams and Co., Nottingham.* By the CHAPLAIN. 1860-64.
8. *Provident Regulations of "The Times" Office.* 1862.
9. *Catalogue of the Lending Library of Her Majesty's Printing Office, London. With Supplement.* Pp. 66. 1860-63.
10. *Catalogue of Books in Spottiswoode and Co.'s Lending Library, London.* Pp. 48. October 1862.
11. *Catalogue of the Bank of England Library.* Pp. 173. 1863.
12. *Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association.* 1857.
13. *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association.* 1864.

14. *Catalogue of the Caxton Library, Bank of England.* Pp. 20. 1863.
15. *Catalogue of Books in the Office Library of Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons.* Pp. 18. 1857.
16. *Description of Messrs. Clowes and Sons' Printing Office, London.*

(All printed for Private Circulation.)

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, in a letter to his friend Julius Hare, Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote as follows:—" 'Too late,' however, are the words which I should be inclined to affix to every plan for reforming society in England; we are engulfed, I believe, inevitably, and must go down the cataract, although ourselves—that is, you and I—may be in Hezekiah's case, and not live to see the catastrophe."

Dr. Arnold had just been reading Mr. Gladstone's book on Church Principles, much of which he counted erroneous, and greatly lamented, while at the same time he discovered something in the spirit of its gifted author that tended to encourage hope for England. It cheered him to find such a man advocating the application of Christianity to national affairs, and so protesting against "that wretched doctrine of Warburton's, that the State has only to look after body and goods." But in Arnold's view, the social disease had gone too far for any remedy or any physician. His correspondence is sprinkled throughout with similar forebodings. It greatly deepened their gloom, that so few persons seemed alive to those social evils which he regarded as the certain forerunners of the deluge. "My fear," he said, "with regard to every remedy that involves any sacrifices to the upper classes is, that the public mind is not yet enough aware of the magnitude of the evil to submit to them. 'Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?' was the question put to Pharaoh by his counsellors; for, unless he did know it, they were aware that he would not let Israel go from serving him." We know no other instance except that of Carlyle, from whom doubtless Arnold drew much of his inspiration, of a man feeling with such intense keenness, a state of things that lay outside his own personal and public sphere. It was so grievous as to "pierce through all his private happiness, and haunt him daily like a personal calamity." Worst of all was the being doomed to look on, and unable to do anything effectual in the way of relief; and again and again his eager heart was planning measures for rousing the rich, and guiding, elevating, and enlightening the poor.

If Arnold were living now, it cannot be thought that he would write so strongly. Indeed, it is only when we look back

on such pictures as his of the state of society in his time, that the change that five-and-twenty years have brought about can be rightly appreciated. The dangers that appalled him are indeed far from past, but the thinking part of the public are more alive to them, and much more is done to avert them, however little that may be of what might and ought to be done. It is not our present business to enumerate all the causes to which this change for the better is due. But we cannot omit noticing Arnold's own influence as one of them ; an influence so greatly intensified by that sudden and early death which threw round him and his views a tenfold greater interest, while it served to make them much more widely known. Other prophets of evil have helped to fulfil their predictions, but Arnold did everything to falsify his. The earnestness with which he urged the application of Christianity to all the affairs of life in his Sermons, did much to dissipate the old feeling of the essential separation of things secular and things sacred. And the intense distress, which his correspondence revealed at the want of sympathy between rich and poor, and at the neglected condition of the labouring classes, as well as the vivid pictures he sometimes drew of the good that might be done by thoughtful Christian men, who had large numbers of their fellows under them, touched the heart and conscience of at least some in that situation, and led to very beautiful plans being set on foot by them for the benefit of their people.

The manager of a large and interesting factory, for example, situated nearly opposite the Palace of Westminster, and therefore within sight of some of the most aristocratic mansions of London, becomes acquainted with the *Life of Arnold*. He is greatly struck with the earnestness and heartiness with which he devoted himself to his school. He admires intensely his personal interest in his boys, and finds the essence of practical wisdom in his counsel to schoolmasters "to take life in earnest," and "to enter upon the schooling heartily : you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and of thinking of how much privacy, and of how much society it is robbing you ; but you devote your time to it, and then you find that it is in itself full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you into such perpetual contact with all the springs of youthful liveliness. I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can." While he wonders whether this counsel may not have some application to the head of a factory where many boys are employed, he finds in Arnold's correspondence a letter of congratulation and encouragement to a manufacturer who has shown a desire to benefit his work-

people. "Your letter," Dr. Arnold writes to this gentleman, "holds out a prospect which interests me very deeply. I have long felt a very deep concern about the state of our manufacturing population, and have seen how enormous was the work to be done there, and how much good men, especially those who were not clergymen, were wanted to do it. And therefore I think of you as engaged in business with no little satisfaction, *being convinced that a good man, highly educated, cannot possibly be in a more important position in this kingdom than as one of the heads of a great manufacturing establishment.*" Pondering these weighty words, the manager of the Vauxhall Candle Company begins one of the most beautiful moral experiments that history records, and seems, by a happy instinct, or rather a divine guidance, to light on the very measures by which an employer may best promote the welfare of his work-people. It would not be easy to over-estimate the effect produced ten or twelve years ago by the wide circulation, through many reviews, magazines, and newspapers, of the plans proposed and carried out by Mr. James Wilson at the Factory of Price's Patent Candle Company. In the cause of social improvement these operations served a purpose corresponding to that of George Stephenson's "Rocket" in the railway enterprise. They showed that *the thing could be done*; that it *should* be done was the inevitable inference; the public verdict was all but unanimous in its favour; and all over the kingdom, conscientious and Christian employers were set to think what they could do in the same direction. It is a cause of unspeakable grief that commercial difficulties and religious dissensions have led of late years to the suspension of most of the operations at Vauxhall and Battersea that were once in so healthful and promising activity; but it is only justice to the Company and its manager to say, that before their sky began to be overcast, they had done yeoman's service, not merely to their own workers, but to the country at large.

Our purpose in the present article is, first of all, to give information—to make our readers acquainted with some of the plans that have actually been devised and carried out by Christian employers for the benefit of their people; this historical statement will lay the foundation for some general views on the whole subject, and give to these a weight which no mere theories, however beautiful and plausible, could ever have. The subject is pre-eminently one on which theorizing will not do. "What we masters want," says one of the best and wisest of them, "is not any beautiful theory of our relation to our people, but some practical means of overcoming the enormous difficulties which there are in the way of really getting into a proper relation to them." It should be well known at the outset, that in practice

the subject is beset by very great difficulties. It will always hold good, that "where there's a will there's a way," but it does not follow that the true way will always be found out at the first. It is our belief that as yet we have made but little progress towards the discovery of the best practical measures by which employers may benefit their assistants, and that no small measure of experimenting, involving of course much disappointment and grief to some earnest spirits, must be passed through ere we reach the goal. That some who have worked hard in the cause should be feeling considerable discouragement, and should even be ready to abandon all their attempts in despair, need not surprise us, although at the same time their feeling is far from reasonable. What great moral harvest was ever ripened and reaped by a *coup de main*? If the cause in question should have its pioneers, its sufferers, and even its martyrs, is it not worthy of them? Our restless and impatient generation would leave Providence all behind. We will not dig the trenches unless you can guarantee that in a week or two at furthest our flag shall float in triumph from the citadel. As much as any other, this cause demands that combination of ardent enterprise, dogged perseverance, and elastic tact through which, in due time, other enterprises attain their triumphs. What though *we* should not be allowed to set foot in the land of Promise? Is it nothing to see signs of activity and progress that point, though it be from afar, to the final issue,—to have the consolation that cheered the dying Cavour, "the cause lives!"

It is but a selection we can make, in the limits of an article, from the great variety of occupations that are included in our subject. We shall try, however, to embrace some that differ greatly from each other, beginning with what we may call the rougher and coarser material, and ending with the more refined. The sources of our information cannot always be specified, but in most cases personal observation and inquiry have furnished our facts, supplemented by a great many printed, though not published documents, some of which we have indicated at the head of our article.

We cannot find it in our heart to omit all specific mention of the plans of Mr. James Wilson, in Price's Candle Company, even although they were noticed in this journal at the time, and are pretty familiar to those who take an interest in our subject. Half-a-dozen boys hiding behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day's work, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house, laid the foundation of what by and by developed into a great educational system, embracing four schools and five or six hundred scholars. The grim visage of

cholera in 1849 frowning frightfully over the neighbourhood of Battersea and Vauxhall, set the manager to think by what means, physical and moral, the putrid breath of the pestilence might be prevented from striking on his charge. Of physical safeguards, the most likely appeared to be abundant exercise in the open air; a cricket-field was promptly rented, great pains were taken to instruct and interest the lads and men in the game; as the field was of large size, little gardens were allotted to them at the sides; and the measure was so successful in its immediate object, that only one death from cholera occurred among them, although many lost relations living in the same houses with themselves. As opportunity served, tea-parties and summer excursions were grafted on the school and cricket-club, both with the view of making them popular, and of promoting a happy, harmonious, brotherly spirit among all. A commodious swimming-bath and a set of common baths were subsequently added. The manager, however, was too wise and too good a man either to limit his efforts to the physical welfare of his people, or to fancy that the physical would necessarily secure the moral. The cultivation of a devotional spirit was his incessant aim. Always when the game of cricket was ended, the boys collected in a corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety from cholera of themselves and their friends. They also met every morning in the schoolroom at six o'clock, before beginning work, just for a few minutes, to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day, and to pray to be defended in it. A morning-service for the boys had its origin in this way, and also a similar service for those employed in the counting-house. One of the men in the place having been drowned, and other three nearly so, a daily service for the men was begun. By and by it was found desirable to commence Sunday services, and in 1850 a chapel was licensed and opened. At first all the expenses were defrayed by Mr. James Wilson, who, besides his purse, threw his whole heart and personal exertions into the cause. But when the state of things came to the knowledge of the directors and shareholders, so charmed were they both with his plans and their very encouraging results, that it was most cordially resolved, with but a single dissentient voice, not only to reimburse what Mr. Wilson had expended, but to allow a sum of £900 a year for the educational establishment, and £300 a year to provide the means of public worship. The liberality of the shareholders was certainly very admirable; but the result proves that it would have been better had the operations been much more nearly self-supporting.

The personal influence and almost incredible devotion of the

manager was clearly one main cause of the great success of his operations. It could not be doubted by the work-people that a master who would come into the school and hear the very youngest of the scholars their spelling lesson; who would organize for them schoolrooms, and cricket-fields, and swimming-baths, and gardens, and excursions; who would join in their sports, go with them on their excursions, speak to them at their tea-meetings, write them letters of excellent and earnest counsel, kneel with them at prayer, and encourage them in the formation of societies for self-improvement, had a true and earnest desire for their welfare. Unlocked by the key of sympathy, their hearts were readily gained. We cannot but be struck, too, by the judicious combination of measures which Mr. Wilson adopted. Never forgetting that till human beings are brought to God, all other improvement is superficial and ephemeral, he laboured very earnestly for this great end, but at the same time bore in mind that man's is a complex nature, and that it is simply mischievous to neglect all provision for even the lighter and more trifling of his tastes and cravings. Successful to a very large degree his operations were. The company was a commercial one, with the usual love of large profits, dividends, and sinking funds; but the sums appropriated for the improvement of the work-people were voted with unwonted cordiality, and a sentiment of delight prevailed at the proof afforded that joint-stock companies had consciences, and could act towards their "hands" without forgetting that those hands had human hearts and immortal souls. The letters of congratulation that poured in on the manager were legion. Candlemakers and clergymen, soldiers and sailors, lawyers and bishops, factory inspectors and personal friends vied with each other in expressing their delight; it seemed as if a great social problem had been solved triumphantly, and as if those who had dreaded above all things the effects of the spirit of alienation between masters and men might now breathe freely and rest in peace.

The crop of wheat was too good and too promising for the enemy not to sow it over with tares. We have little heart to go into the next chapter of the history, to tell how it came to pass that the moral machinery which had been working so beautifully got out of order, and had at last to be brought pretty nearly to a stand-still. The operations had been carried on at great expense; in some years, we understand, greatly exceeding the sums that we have named. Consequently, when commercial difficulties began to demand diminished expenditure, the large outlay on the educational and chapel operations assumed a less pleasing aspect. About the same time, very

serious differences of opinion arose as to the propriety of some of the measures adopted by the chaplain, with the sanction of the manager, for promoting a revival of religion. We pronounce no opinion on the merits of this controversy, indeed we are far too little acquainted with it to be able to do so, but we lament very deeply that it should have arisen. Mr. Wilson may be right in his conviction that the kind of Christian activity to which he has more recently devoted himself is much more fruitful in the highest spiritual results than that which occupied his earlier years; but amid the excitement of his new enterprise, the problem with which he grappled so earnestly at first—how to rectify and sweeten the relation of employer and employed—seems almost to have slipped from his hands.

Some years ago, the Candle Company began a branch factory at Bromborough Pool, in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead. Taking possession of a new district, where no sufficient accommodation could be found for a large working population, they very properly built a village of excellent dwelling-houses, about eighty in number, all of which are occupied by their work-people, at a rental of three-and-sixpence a week and upwards. The appearance of this village is exceedingly pleasing. In the middle of a large open space in the centre stand the schoolrooms, forming a substantial building, reared at an expense of two thousand pounds, three-fourths of which was contributed by the Company. The dwelling-houses are neat and substantial, each having a garden attached to it, rendering each home more loveable, and affording healthful occupation of an evening for time that might otherwise be devoted to the public-house. A horticultural show stimulates the gardening energies of the people, and has had something to do, very likely, with a small glass-house, where apricots and peaches are reared, and with such experiments as we found one of the men trying, who was rearing potatoes from seed, in the hope of obtaining fresh varieties. A co-operative store obtains general support and enjoys prosperity, causing a very considerable saving in the expenditure of the members. A small flour-mill belonging to the co-operators is worked at the factory, also producing a considerable saving. Of the sick-fund or the accident-fund of this or of similar companies we say nothing at present, because such institutions exist in almost every large establishment, and are fostered by all employers who have the common feelings of humanity.

The benevolent efforts of the Company at Bromborough owe very much to one of the proprietors, who, while nominally holding the office, and performing the duties of chaplain, has thrown himself into the work with extraordinary heartiness, mainly as a

labour of love. The school of "muscular Christianity" can have few better representatives than Mr. Hampson, though even under him, the operations carried on seem to have fully more of the adjective than the substantive,—the "muscular" element undoubtedly predominates. The cricket-club has reached the position of the second in Cheshire, not without much effort on his part, rendered necessary by the great difficulty of getting working men to realize the idea of excelling,—the possibility of men who work for their daily bread being as good cricketers as gentlemen. The Volunteers number no less than seventy, and there is a volunteer-band, consisting largely of lads who when boys were taken from the workhouse, and brought up at Mr. Hampson's expense, all his energy being required for the task of endeavouring to root out of some of them the inveterate evil qualities and habits of a workhouse training, and to inspire them with the spirit which their countenances indicate, of manly, honest, industrious young men. The summer excursions of the factory have sometimes been on an unusual scale; on two occasions some twenty of the younger men have spent some days among the Lakes of Westmoreland, along with the chaplain or the manager. Many of the people speak of Mr. Hampson in terms of the highest love and esteem; and the interest which he has manifested in the cause of the people has not been limited to Bromborough; a neighbouring and somewhat neglected village, through his exertions, has been recently provided with an excellent school, allotment gardens, a vegetable and flower-show, and a spacious yard and furniture for gymnastic exercises.

Among the hearts that were stirred by the earnest counsels and vigorous example of Mr. James Wilson, the two junior partners of the firm of John Bagnall and Sons, of Gold's Hill Ironworks and Collieries, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, deserve honourable notice. In the year 1853, deeply impressed with the neglected condition, both moral and religious, of the persons connected with their works, they determined, by means of a church and school, to initiate a course of operations that might, by God's blessing, effect a great change on the character of their men.

With noble devotedness the two young men began the work in person, opening night-schools in the spring of 1853, and taking on themselves the work of teaching, with the assistance of a large body of volunteer teachers. The undertaking was highly popular, the schools were filled by scholars of every age, and in a month or two, another portion of their scheme was carried out, a clergyman was appointed chaplain to the

Works, and a temporary chapel was fitted up and licensed. In a few months more, a suitable schoolmaster was appointed, and the whole of this machinery was in operation by the close of the year.

The success that accompanied their efforts led to a great expansion of their ideas, and in 1854 a building was reared, at a cost of upwards of £6000 (extravagantly large, we cannot but think), designed to accommodate the Sunday congregation, and to be available during the week for boys', girls', and infants' day-schools, and also for the night-school. The appointment of two female teachers in 1855 completed the staff of agents; but there were also added to the institutions of the place, meetings for morning worship at the various ironworks, a provident club, and a home for apprentices. In addition to these operations at their principal work, a similar establishment, on a smaller scale, was set up at Capponfield.

Under the energetic superintendence of the chaplain, the various operations conducted in this work have been attended with an encouraging measure of success. The morning religious services have not been attended by all, partly from the nature of their occupation, and partly from other causes. "In the forges, but few puddlers, rollers, or shinglers can ever attend; and in the furnaces many of the keepers and fillers are likewise debarred from coming to prayers; but as far as the fitters, moulders, blacksmiths, and labourers in general are concerned, they do attend (except at Gold's Hill) with great regularity, and evince great decorum." The general effect of the morning service on the whole body of workers is represented as being "of a sobering tendency, and calculated to suppress the exhibitions of anger and swearing or filthy conversation, which formerly were (and still are) far too common in the works. It lies in my power," continues the chaplain, "to adduce many instances illustrative of the moral effect produced by these daily prayers in the works. Of course we meet with hypocrites, but hypocrisy is not by any means a characteristic of the Black Country people generally."

The schools in this establishment have met with very ample support. In the day-schools six or seven hundred children receive education, while from fifty to a hundred more derive the benefit of the night-schools, and four or five hundred are connected with the Sunday-schools. And we are glad to observe that the education is paid for. Had it been so in the schools of Price's Candle Company, they would have continued, we believe, to diffuse their blessings to this day. The experience in the Bagnall schools in this respect has been remarkable, but by no means surprising. At first the instruction in the boys' night-

school was gratuitous; but in 1861 it was thought desirable to make a small charge. In place of thinning the attendance, the change actually increased it, and the regularity and earnestness of the scholars were all the greater. To stimulate regular attendance at such schools, an ironmasters' prize scheme was initiated some years ago by the Rev. E. P. Norris, formerly inspector of schools for the district, which has had a very beneficial influence. The iron and coal masters of the district offer certain rewards to children above a certain age, who have been at least two years in regular attendance at school, and whose attainments in reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing prove satisfactory to the examiner appointed to decide. In the course of eight years, 3 boys in the Bagnall schools have gained a £4 prize; 13 boys and 3 girls a £3 prize; 1 boy and 4 girls a £1 prize; 24 boys and 29 girls a bible; and 6 boys and 2 girls honourable mention.

The best proof of life and vigour in a plant is to be found in the suckers and offshoots that spring from its root and stem. The Bagnall institution has in this respect been exceedingly fertile. Our limits will permit us but to give the names of some of its offspring. The "Ragged School" was a volunteer undertaking, which has been so successful that the original name is now a misnomer. The "Gold's Hill Church Union" is an association for promoting Christian fellowship and Christian activity, having connected with it schemes for distributing tracts, aiding members in sickness, and enjoying an annual holiday. The "Missionary Association" is an auxiliary to the Propagation and Church Missionary Societies. The "Provident Society" is a benefit club purged of objectionable features that produce any thing but benefits. The "Library" is a self-supporting, half-a-crown yearly establishment, with 66 subscribers, and 680 volumes. The "Home for Apprentices" is a well-meant endeavour to provide a home for orphans and neglected boys who are desirous of being apprenticed to the firm. The "Institute" is a more lively concern than its name would indicate, dealing with cricket and football in summer, and with newspapers, essays, and discussions in winter. Then there is the drum and flute band and the brass band, and the Band of Hope and Temperance Society, all looking well on paper, and—subject, no doubt, to a slight discount for rose-colour—working beneficially in fact.

Before leaving the iron-trade, let us cross to the east of England, and make the acquaintance of an eminent firm, by whom the raw material is fashioned into many useful implements,—the Ransomes of Ipswich. To them the more honour is due, that they were at work in endeavouring to promote the welfare of

their workmen before the subject became popular, and while they had nothing but their own benevolent feeling and sense of duty to spur them on. There are no finer specimens of humanity than some that are turned out by the Society of Friends, to which the Ransomes belong, and seldom, indeed, will gentlemen be found whose very looks and words are so instinct with kindness and cheerfulness as those of some of the members of this firm. Mr. Allan Ransome, who has devoted much attention to the interests of his twelve or fifteen hundred workmen, might be one of the Cheeryble brothers of Mr. Dickens, if he had not far more manliness, culture, and sense. It is chiefly on the social welfare of the workmen that his plans in his work have borne; their intellectual advancement he seeks to promote through public institutions in the town; in religious matters he does not appear to interfere. Mr. Ransome frankly admits that some of his early schemes have not been so successful as he had hoped, at least in the way of securing the objects at which he aimed, although he believes that otherwise they have led to good. The workmen's hall which he built fifteen years ago, at an expense of upwards of a thousand pounds, was intended to supply the men with dinner, prepared on the premises, and at first was successful; but owing to unexpected difficulties of a local kind, this arrangement had to be abandoned, and at present the hall serves as a room where the men who live at a distance may eat the dinners that are brought to them by their families, hold meetings, and hear addresses. Such a dining-room ought to exist in connexion with every large work, and is indeed one of the first arrangements which a careful employer will see to, alike from a regard to the interests of the men and to his own. The cooking depots, on the Glasgow plan, now springing up in so many places, may lessen the necessity for such apartments in workshops, but will not altogether supersede it. The dormitories which, in the little book published by Mr. Pickering in 1849, *On the Responsibilities of Employers*, occupied a prominent place in Mr. Ransome's projected arrangement, and were to accommodate forty young men, have not been successful, chiefly, it is believed, because the rule of shutting-up at ten o'clock was not very popular. Neither have the cottages which Mr. Ransome built, with a view to their being purchased by his men, been taken up by them, though indirectly they have answered the end, many of the men having built houses for themselves, and being now proprietors of freeholds in "California,"—the name of the suburb to which the freehold enterprise has given rise. On the other hand, the library, the accident fund, and the benefit club, work well, and the annual *fêtes* of the workmen are pleasing and well conducted, instances of intemperance being

very rare. There is a wholesome *esprit de corps* in the work, and a sound moral tone. Swearing is prohibited by rule and fine, and for ten years neither swearing nor fighting has occurred within the works. Father, son, and grandson may be found working together, and so little are the men given to change, that some have worked between forty and fifty years, and others have walked half-a-dozen miles a day for many years in succession. To the geniality and kindly tone of the masters, and the deep personal interest taken by them in the welfare of their men, this wholesome spirit is greatly due. A more pleasing proof will seldom be met with, that there is a natural feeling in the relation of employer and employed, which, when wisely evoked, brings with it great enjoyment.

We pass now to one of the very largest and most important fields of our national industry—pre-eminently the manufacturing district—Lancashire and Yorkshire. As a whole, we fear it cannot be questioned that the millocracy are sadly careless of the interests of their “hands.” Even the modicum of duty entailed on them by the Factory Act is often eluded, and in many other cases most carelessly performed. It is the more needful to state this very explicitly, because otherwise an impression would very naturally arise from what follows, that everything was going on favourably. Alas! the moral aspect of the district is very much a wilderness, with here and there a little green oasis. Our business is to pick out these green spots. If the whole field could only share the beauty of the oasis; if the few could only become the many, and the many the few, the manufacturing district, instead of being the dread, might become the glory of our country.

Our first instance—connected with the cotton-spinning trade—is unhappily an affair not of the present but the past. In the neighbourhood of Liverpool there stood, some years ago, the only cotton-mill that the great seaport of the west could boast of. Since the time to which we are about to refer, it has been burnt down and rebuilt, and the building, we believe, is now used for another purpose. Nineteen years ago it attracted the attention of the eminent Inspector of Factories, Mr. Leonard Horner, who, in his Report to Government, dated 26th November 1845, called special notice to the admirable arrangements devised and carried out by the managing partner, Mr. R. Ford North, for the comfort and moral improvement of the work-people. Mr. North was very unwilling that his name should be given to the public in connexion with his plans, and even wondered that it should be needful to make such proceedings public at all: “If those interested in such establishments were

but aware how much exquisite gratification to themselves is derivable from the performance of their duty to their work-people, they would not need any urging from without." Mr. North and his partners yielded to Mr. Horner's urgency only on the ground "that many masters would gladly improve the condition of their people if they knew of any practical mode of doing so; and that while they might laugh at plans suggested by mere good intentions, without being supported by examples, they would take a very different view when an instance could be produced of the successful working of arrangements in an establishment similarly circumstanced as their own."

The staff of workers in the North Shore Mill, when Mr. North assumed the management, was, we have understood, an exceedingly rough one, of about 800 "hands," that had been engaged a short time before, when the mill was begun; one large share were raw Irish, and another were the scum of the Preston spinners, engaged that they might teach the Irish how to spin. A number of cottages occupied by them were in so filthy a condition, that a cup might have been filled with vermin from the walls; at the end of two years there was hardly a bed in any of them where any one might not have slept with comfort.

After mentioning the arrangements adopted for promoting the people's health, especially in the case of accidents, Mr. North, in his statement furnished to Mr. Horner, proceeds to notice the school-room, a large well-ventilated apartment, attended during the day by about 200 children, partly employed in the mill and partly not, and open also at night, when 40 or 50 names on the books produced a somewhat irregular attendance. The arrangements for religious instruction are then detailed. At the Sunday school, open on Sunday morning from nine to eleven, "the number of scholars varies from 300 to 330. Two separate rooms are appropriated to male and female adults, who generally feel a repugnance to being classed with younger persons. The instruction is given by 70 teachers, *all volunteers from among the overlookers and others employed in the mill*; some attending on alternate Sundays, others attending every Sunday; one of the proprietors, the manager, and book-keeper acting as superintendents and secretary. . . .

"After the school is closed, and a quarter of an hour's interval, the church service, curtailed so as not to exceed an hour and a quarter (including a short practical sermon, selected from such published works as seem best adapted for the purpose), is read in the school-room by one of the proprietors to an assemblage of from 300 to 400 persons, chiefly inhabitants of the adjoining cottages, and comprising the greater part of the scholars them-

selves and their teachers ; among whom are some very creditable singers and instrumental performers."

The reason why this service was held in the school-room and why the children were not taken to the nearest church, is explained to have been partly that the parents of many of the children being dissenters, objection would have been taken to their going to church, but no objection was made to this service ; and partly that the ordinary church service was so long, that after two hours in the Sunday school, the attention of the children would have been more than exhausted.

"It is always found," Mr. North continues in his paper, "that those who are the most regular in their attendance at the school and subsequent service, are always the best conducted hands in the mill, earn the most wages, and make the best use of them."

A lending library, a brass band, and a savings'-bank were connected with this mill. Five per cent. interest was allowed by the proprietors on undisturbed deposits of six months---an arrangement which was accompanied with excellent results. All fines levied for irregularity of attendance at the mill, spoiled work, or any other misconduct, were appropriated to a sick relief fund ; and, aided by other contributions, were distributed to the sick and necessitous in clothes, provisions, or money, as the case might seem to require.

A summer and a winter festivity cheered the monotony of labour in this mill. In the month of July, the anniversary of the opening of the Sunday school was celebrated by a picnic excursion in steamboats to the Cheshire shore, generally to the number of 600 or 700, tickets being given exclusively to those who were in the habit of attending some Sunday school or place of worship. Looking forward to this was a stimulus to good conduct, and to a better observance of the Sabbath-day. On the evening of New Year's day, the teachers, singers, and members of the band were invited by the proprietors to a supper in the school-room ; after which, recitation of pieces, music, and singing, with the expression of friendly sentiments on both sides, made an agreeable evening alike to employers and employed.

In carrying on these operations, it was the constant aim of Mr. North to get the people to do as much as possible themselves. Had it not been for this, even with all his gentleness and kindness of disposition, he never could have succeeded as he did. It was his practice, before launching any new plan, to call the people together, explain it to them, ask their opinion, and call for a show of hands for or against. When he began the Sunday service, it was a ticklish matter, especially where so many Irish were employed, to determine what sort of service

it should be. But when, on a show of hands being asked, only one hand was held up for a Roman Catholic service, a score or so for a Wesleyan service, and all the rest for the Established Church, the matter was settled by the people themselves, and the service adopted was not merely that preferred by Mr. North, but that voted by the people. It is not surprising that such a man should hold the conviction, that masters would have very little difficulty in getting on with their work-people, if only they took the right mode of managing them. Even the vexed question of wages may be settled quite pleasantly where mutual confidence reigns. Instead of the idea prevailing that the interests of masters and men are essentially opposed to each other and mutually destructive, a right feeling would give birth to precisely the opposite conviction. On one occasion, when the proprietors were working at a serious loss, Mr. North called his people together, and explained the state of things. He showed that, in the circumstances, it would not do the masters any good to have the men working short time, but that a reduction of ten per cent. on the wages would enable them to get on. He put the question, Will you agree to a temporary reduction of ten per cent. ? The answer was given in three hearty cheers ; the first time, we suppose, and perhaps the last, when a proposal of a ten per cent. reduction of wages was received with three cheers. It need hardly be added that an assurance was given that at the earliest possible moment this ten per cent. would be restored. The pledge was promptly and honourably redeemed by Mr. North ; had it been so by others also, an immense amount of misery and bad feeling in the whole manufacturing district might have been saved.

In the management of work-people, Mr. North was well aware of the wonderful power derived from taking a personal interest in each. But with so large a number in his employment, he found, like others, how difficult it was for him to know them all. It was, therefore, his habit to urge his overlookers to cultivate kindly personal relations with all the people under them. If he should hear of any one being absent, he would say to the overlooker : " Now, John, I find that Mary So-and-so is unwell ; go to the house, and see how she is, and how the family are off, and let me know." The foreman would come back and say : " I am sorry to find that she is very poorly, and the family are very badly off." Then the master would make arrangements for their comfort, making use of the foreman for this pleasant duty. Not the smallest, by any means, of the benefits of this arrangement, was the good which it did to the overlookers themselves ; it enabled them to get on so much more smoothly and pleasantly with their people. Some might not like it, and would

leave the employment; but others of a more kindred spirit were found in their room. Having spoken of overlookers, we must here state our strong conviction, that in great works where the numbers employed are so large as to baffle all endeavours of the masters to know them personally, the importance of good overlookers, in sweetening the relation of masters and men, and making the machinery work smoothly and comfortably, can hardly be exaggerated. Much might be said on this subject, for it has never received anything like the attention which it demands. The overlookers, in some respects, almost rival the masters in power and influence, while, screened from public observation and the influence of public opinion, they have less to deter them from evil, and less to encourage them in what is good.

Subsequently to his management of the North Shore Mill, Mr. North was connected with Price's Candle Company, and the influence of his views and spirit in the operations that were carried on there will readily be traced. In one respect, however, Mr. North had greatly the advantage of Mr. Wilson. Mr. North was strenuous for making philanthropy, like Napoleon's wars, as far as possible support itself. Not from any spirit of grudging, but from a conviction that on this footing its life would be more healthy, and its efforts more steady, than when nursed and coddled under a system of lavish expenditure. There are some operations where it is essential to have liberal money support; there are others where large money supplies are positively hurtful.

One of the most complete and remarkable establishments in Yorkshire is that at Saltaire, the creation of Mr. Titus Salt, formerly M.P. for Bradford. We live at such a distance from patriarchal times, that the notion of a man going forth and building a city, and calling it by his name, seems altogether out of date. Such, however, is the town, as we may almost call it, of Saltaire, of which nothing is known in the old geography books, but which *Bradshaw* got hold of some time ago, and which watchful map-makers will now be inserting, three miles from Bradford on the banks of the river Aire. The history of the alpaca manufacture, of which Mr. Salt is virtually the inventor, has a singular dash of romance in it, that contrasts oddly with the prosaic aspect of manufactures and merchandise in general. Little could Pizarro have fancied, when he found the natives of Peru clothed from the wool of an animal, half-sheep, half-camel, and brought home specimens of it for the museums of the old world, that three or four centuries later, the vigorous brain of a Yorkshire spinner would fasten upon that material, gaze at it,

tease it, think of it, dream of it, till he compelled it to yield its secret, and then by means of it, supplied clothing for millions, and employment for thousands of his race. Mr. Salt was not long of accumulating a princely fortune, and would have retired early from business had not his sons and partners desired that he should continue with them a little longer. In agreeing to do so, he stipulated that he would provide for their leaving Bradford with its hundred and fifty mills, and smoke and din corresponding, and erect a spacious mill in some healthy and convenient locality, along with whatever other buildings should be required for carrying on the manufacture as Christian employers ought to conduct it. An agreeable site having been chosen on the beautiful banks of the Aire, the mill was built in 1853,—a fine Italian structure, with a façade of 550 feet in length, and with the remarkable peculiarity, that no more than in an Italian palace can a chimney-stalk be seen upon it. In place of chimneys, a lofty column rises from a handsome pedestal, at a little distance from the mill, through which you are bound to believe that all the unconsumed smoke of the factory passes, for the visible smoke is so trifling, that this must be matter of belief. We should not like to say how many hundred windows are in the building, but some idea of the magnitude of the operations may be gathered from the fact, that the alpaca cloth made in a year would be long enough to stretch in an unbroken band 6000 miles, or from England to Peru. The area of the several floors in the mills, warehouses, and sheds, forms a surface of 55,000 yards, or eleven acres and a half. From three to four thousand persons are employed in this mill; and when the dinner-bell empties the building, the stream of human beings seems as if it would never flow past.

The town of Saltaire, reared wholly by Mr. Salt, consists of nearly 500 dwellings (to be increased, we believe, to 700), built of the beautiful stone for which the district is remarkable, and having a most substantial and comfortable appearance. The rents vary from 2s. 4d. to 7s. 6d. a week, and are paid with remarkable punctuality, the rent-book presenting a marvellous appearance, with hardly more than a few shillings in arrear for years. The rental is barely four per cent. upon the capital laid out. Besides dwelling-houses, there are commodious shops and stores, but not a single public-house, nor place for the consumption of intoxicating liquor. A very commodious school affords education to 600 healthy-looking children, on the half-time system of the manufacturing districts, half being engaged by turns in school one part of the day, and in the mill the other. By and by a new set of schoolrooms is to be built, and the present schoolroom will be converted into a dining-hall and reading-

room, the dining-hall being for the accommodation of such of the work-people as reside at a distance. The wash-houses and baths are most complete. Washing-machines, wringing-machines, and centrifugal drying-machines shorten and simplify the tedious process, but such is the force of habit, that many of the women stick to the old practice with the firmness of martyrs, and do all their washing and drying at home. The baths are as comfortable as could be desired, but are used only to the extent of about 1200 baths a year. The reading-room and library, for which the charge is a shilling a quarter, has 150 subscribers. A very handsome Congregationalist chapel crowns the institutions of Saltaire, a Grecian structure, with vestibule of elegant Corinthian columns, surmounted by a circular tower and dome. The parish Church is that of Shipley, a small town half a mile off. A surgeon looks after the health of the people, so that between schoolmaster, minister, and surgeon, mind, soul, and body are all remembered.

Saltaire, we need hardly say, is free from all traces of the filth and darkness and squalid misery so common in manufacturing towns and districts. From the surgeon we learn that the infant mortality, which in Bradford is frightfully high, is not nearly so great. Crime of all kinds is extremely rare, and there are hardly any illegitimate births. The absence of all temptation to drunkenness has much to do with this. If the gin-palace were to be seen at every corner, the houses would not present that appearance of comfort, and even elegance, which so strikes a stranger. The population of Saltaire is about 3000. Many of the workmen in the mill reside in other places.

Saltaire is evidently the creation of a great mind. It is the plan of one accustomed to large designs, possessing that boldness of conception and energy of purpose which do not shrink from the responsibility of undertakings involving innumerable interests.¹ It is not easy for such a mind to come down to the little concerns of individuals or families, and show that personal interest in each which is so grateful to the human heart. And in virtue of its own great power of organization, and command of resources, it is apt to plan everything in accordance with its own vivid perception of what is best, and leave

¹ As we write we notice a paragraph in a Scarborough newspaper, showing the grand scale on which Mr. Salt goes to work. On the 17th September last, Saltaire went bodily for the day to the seaside. In celebration of the 11th anniversary of the opening of Saltaire, four thousand excursionists were whirled in four monster trains over Yorkshire, and set down on the beautiful cliffs and ravines of Scarborough. The day was divided between land and sea, and especially to those who had never before looked on the latter, was one of great enjoyment. The excursion-tickets were presented by the firm to their work-people and tenants.

the people, who are to be benefited, simply to fall in with what it has done. In the prosecution of the great work so nobly begun, scope will have to be found for the enterprise and activities of the people themselves. If they can be led to take an interest in Saltaire as their own town, and to bear a hand in extending and improving it in accordance with the design and aim of its founder, it will be like a city set on an hill, and the whole empire will look to it for instruction and encouragement.

It is with reluctance that we pass over Halifax and its interesting institutions. We should have liked to linger over two names that stand in the highest rank in the manufacturing world, Ackroyd and Crossley. Apart from the romance of their family history, and the noble scale on which they carry on their philanthropic schemes, the particular plans with which they are severally connected, have sufficient individuality to merit separate consideration. But our diminishing space in this Article warns us that we must now part company with the millocrats, and pass on to another class of employers.

The relation of the chiefs of our great warehouses or selling marts to their assistants is of a more domestic character than that of millowners, or of iron or coal masters to their people. It is easier to cultivate friendly relations in the former case than in the latter. The temptations to jealousy are smaller; in most cases the amount of wages bears a less proportion to the profits of the business, and the master has little inducement to keep them down. There is more disposition on the part of the assistants in a warehouse to identify themselves with the house, and to feel that a share of its glory—if glory it has—is reflected upon them. There is less readiness to change their employment; and perhaps more room to hope for a measure of promotion that will amply satisfy their wishes for this world. In the ordinary class of warehouses and offices, friendly and Christian relations may be cultivated between the heads of the establishment and their assistants without any very formal measures. But when it becomes a monster establishment,—such, for example, as that of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co. of St. Paul's Churchyard, or Messrs. Copestake, Moore, and Crampton, of Bow Churchyard,—special plans have to be organized by earnest employers for reaching the hundreds whom they employ.

In these two establishments, and in a few others of similar character, advantage is taken of the practice of the trade, according to which a large number of apprentices and others are boarded in the establishment, and on them, so to speak, as a basis, the operations designed for the benefit of the whole establishment rest. A commodious hall, library, and reading-room,

useful for a variety of purposes, affords comfortable quarters every evening for social and intellectual recreation, and lessens to the young men the temptation of the billiard-room, the tavern, or the theatre, that might otherwise be to many of them the only resort of their evening hours. Morning worship is held in each of these establishments daily, under a chaplain who is a clergyman of the Church of England, the attendance being voluntary, except to the apprentices. There are Bible classes, and also mutual improvement societies, missionary societies, and meetings for devotional purposes held by the young men themselves. That these must be carried on with no small vigour is apparent from various facts. In the case of Hitchcock's establishment, several young men have been brought forward for the ministry of different churches, and at one time as many as seven were carrying on their studies with that view, encouraged, no doubt, by "the young man's friend," as the late Mr. Hitchcock used to be called. In the other establishment which we have named, there have been courses of lectures of no small mark, whether as regards the lecturers or the subjects. The little volume whose title we have given at the head of this paper contains an address by the Bishop of London, a lecture on "Sober-mindedness," by the Rev. D. Moore, and one on "Haunted Houses," by the Rev. J. B. Owen. Last spring, the Bishop of Oxford, after his conflict with the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on the decision of the Privy Council, went up to Bow Churchyard and gave a lecture, on the subject of "London," to the members of the establishment. Apart from the higher good resulting from such things to individuals, one cannot but feel that they must tend powerfully to gender a wholesome corporate spirit among the members of the establishment, and to stimulate all to maintain, by personal excellence, the character and reputation of the whole.

The "Friendly Addresses to the People in the Employment of Messrs. Thomas Adams and Co., Nottingham," relate to a very admirable series of operations. The chief business of the establishment is the dressing, sorting, and selling of lace, and the numbers usually employed are about five hundred females and one hundred males. The chaplain system works here with greater efficiency than in any other case known to us. The attendance at morning worship is quite remarkable, amounting to about four hundred daily. The heads of the establishment have shown, during several years, a remarkable interest in this service, most of them attending in person with the greatest regularity, and thus removing all ground for the notion that it is designed only for the lower portion of the establishment. The work of the chaplain has not been limited to conducting the

formal service; in all sorts of ways he has mingled with the people, showing a personal interest in them, very earnest for their spiritual good, but actively alive at the same time to their temporal welfare. The highly honourable bearing of the firm in all business matters has sensibly added to the success of their Christian operations. We believe they have fully reaped their reward; and in the fruit which their plans have borne, in the kindly and quiet spirit which characterizes their establishment, and in the stream of Christian esteem and affection which flows towards them from hundreds of hearts, have found an equivalent an hundredfold for all that they have expended in this cause.

We must endeavour to find room for a few words on the plans that have been adopted in some of the printing-offices of the metropolis. In the *Times* printing-office, the late Mr. Walter, having an earnest desire to promote provident habits among the workmen, established several schemes with that view. Two years ago these embraced—(1.) A savings'-bank, into which the compositors and machine-men were required to pay certain rates according to the amount of their wages: (2.) A life assurance scheme, connexion with which was voluntary, but the annual premiums might be withdrawn from the savings'-bank; the number of policies at February 3, 1862, was seventy: (3.) A sick fund, formed from the contributions of the men, from fines, and from donations from the proprietors, managers, and overseers: and (4.) A medical fund, also supported by the contributions of the men, and entitling them to medical attendance in ordinary sickness. A refreshment-room is also provided for the benefit of the workmen, the charges for which are just above cost prices, and the profits are carried weekly to the credit of the sick fund.

In the extensive printing-offices of the Messrs. Spottiswoode, much attention has been given to the welfare of the men. One of the present partners very nobly devoted himself to the cause, by living for several years in the same house with the apprentices, thus making them, as it were, members of his family. The acquaintance and the influence which he thus gained have been of very great service, and have told very beneficially on the interests of the establishment. The arrangements of the offices of the Messrs. Spottiswoode, besides their excellent free libraries, present morning classes for the improvement of the readers, and evening classes for all; a Tuesday class, taught by the partner already referred to, and the members of his family; a music class, which has been very successful, and has been four years in operation; and annual excursions, in which one of the partners and his family usually accompany the men and their

families. We have not made particular inquiries as to the arrangements for sickness ; but they are similar, we presume, to those of other offices.

In the Messrs. Clowes' offices, Duke Street and Charing Cross, much attention is paid to the sick. The sick-fund, supported by the contributions of the members and of the firm, besides making the usual allowances in sickness, provides for members the benefit of various hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries, when they are in circumstances to require their aid. By purchasing "Bath Tickets" in large quantities, and retailing them at reduced rates, or giving them away, this firm promotes not merely the cleanliness but the health and vigour which the use of cold water secures. For the annual holiday to the sea-side, the boys get tickets gratis, while any of the men who choose to avail themselves of them, are supplied at a reduced rate. Connected with this office, likewise, is a library, of several hundred volumes, for the benefit of the men.

Most visitors to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London this year, would have their eye drawn to a prominent portrait, bearing to be that of "Matthew Marshall, Esq., late Cashier of the Bank of England, and First President of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association." The union of titles sounds rather odd, and would naturally suggest an almost ludicrous combination of things great and small. We are sure our readers will not so view it. It is interesting to think that in the greatest and busiest Temple of Mammon in the world there should be an institution showing, on the part at least of some of its heads, a desire that their servants should not be mere machines for aiding in the accumulation or distribution of wealth, but should have their intellectual and moral faculties cultivated and developed, and have facilities afforded them for enjoyments more profitable than those of the tavern or billiard-room. The Library was established in 1850. For the purchase of books the Court of Directors contributed £500, and £500 additional for fitting up the Library. Various persons gave donations, amounting in some instances to £100 each. The Library, which is a large and handsome room in the Bank, contains about 10,000 volumes, besides reviews, magazines, and newspapers lying on the tables. At first it was predicted by croakers that it would not last six months. It has gone on with much prosperity. Out of the 800 clerks in the Bank, about 500 are members, and the number of books taken out annually is 35,000. The subscription ranges from ten shillings a year, to twenty shillings, according to salary. The Library is managed by a committee of the subscribers, to whom the directors delegate the whole charge, being anxious that the clerks should take an in-

terest in it as their own institution. To those who know the temptations which London presents to young men whose duties are over for the day at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the moral value of an attractive Library, open for them as soon as the Bank closes, will not appear to be slight. 'It has been a great advantage to the Library to have had from its commencement as librarian and assistant-secretary a devoted Christian man, who, for a salary little more than nominal, has given himself heart and soul to its interests; at one time, for a period of four consecutive years, never having been a day absent, and even in shattered health, finding his consolation in the thought that no slight good has been done. It is an interesting evidence of the vitality of this library, that already one, if not two other libraries have sprung from its loins. "The Caxton Library" is the name of a similar, though necessarily humbler institution, formed for the benefit of the printers and other mechanics employed in the Bank. And something, we have understood, is in the course of being done for the guard of soldiers who attend by night, and by their watchful vigils protect at once the slumbers of the directors and the treasures of the nation. How desirable it is that other banks and similar institutions, employing many young men, should do something of the same kind, we do not need to say.

It may strike our readers as strange, that, in a North British journal, all the instances we have dwelt on of plans for benefiting the employed, have their local habitation south of the Tweed. It is not in any spirit of disparagement to Scotland that this has been done. Scotch employers, as a rule, are not less regardful of the welfare of their people than English. Many who are personally known to us take a lively interest in the matter, and should it ever be the lot of the present writer to discuss the subject with wider limits, ample justice shall be done to them. But for the most part, operations in Scotland are not carried on either on that scale of magnitude, or with those distinctive features of interest which mark the instances we have brought forward from the sister kingdom. The number of "hands" employed under one head in Scotland does not reach the vast multitude often congregated in England. As a general rule, specific plans cannot be so readily put in operation. In large towns it is less easy to deal with the workmen as a peculiar body; they are more mixed up with the general population around. The school system of the country leaves less field for schools in exclusive connexion with particular works; and the strong attachment of the more earnest class of workmen to their own religious denominations would make it extremely difficult to

collect them together for religious services. The efforts of kind and Christian employers in Scotland are therefore necessarily carried on in a somewhat less systematic way than in the cases which we have dwelt on. In some cases, lay-missionaries and Bible-women are employed to visit the families of the workers in their own homes, and promote both their temporal and spiritual welfare. Lectures are delivered in winter evenings on interesting and useful topics; the circulation of books and periodicals of a healthy kind is encouraged; Bible-classes are sometimes taught; excursions in summer, and *soirées* in winter are provided; attention is paid to the sick, and personal influence is brought to bear for the reformation of those who have gone aside. We know employers who personally visit all their people at their houses, and get their wives and daughters to do the same. Such cases are unhappily exceptional, and even in these cases more might be done, if the way to do more were clear. Scotland needs an impulse in this cause as much as England; but in the different circumstances of the country, the work will be done in a somewhat different way.

We have purposely confined ourselves, in this sketch, for obvious reasons, to plans for benefiting their assistants which are carried on exclusively under the auspices of employers, and said nothing of others conducted under more general management, but contemplating the good of the same classes. Our sketch has been necessarily miscellaneous and fragmentary, but we believe that we have presented our readers with a fair sample of what the more earnest class of employers are doing, in fulfilment of their duty to those who aid them in their several branches of business. We say the more earnest class of employers, for after all, such examples as we have given are few and far between. In hundreds and thousands, even tens of thousands of cases, if it be asked what such a one does for his people, the answer is, He pays them their wages—nothing more. Certainly it is not on the principle *ex uno disce omnes*, that we have presented these cases to our readers. It is avowedly as exceptions to the prevailing carelessness and selfishness; streaks, we would fain hope, of a coming dawn, but as yet only streaks, and doomed, unless the example spread, to be absorbed in a coming gloom.

Here some would have us to grapple with a great problem. Supposing that such plans as those now noticed were to become general, or even universal—would they really place the relation of employer and employed on a satisfactory basis? would they exhaust the duty of the one, and fulfil the legitimate longings of the other? Would they make capital and labour bury their ancient feuds, join hands, and vow eternal friendship?

We are quite alive to the burst of scorn with which these questions would be answered in some quarters. The whole system, we should be told, at present in vogue, is accursed throughout. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in it. It is a system for enriching the few at the expense of the many. Through the sweat of the poor man's brow, through the vital force of the poor man's thews and sinews, through toils that rob him of his youth, and make life a funeral procession to the tomb, through a ceaseless pressure that crushes the spring of his spirit, and driving him for a substitute to sensual excitements, degrades him to a beast,—it pampers the selfish capitalist, and surrounds him with every conceivable luxury. In many cases it even grudges the labourer the comfort of a home. Tempting his wife and children to the factory, it draws the one away from the care of the house, and the other from the cultivation of their minds, and thus deepens and perpetuates the degradation on which it thrives. Talk of remedying this system by schools and morning worship, and cricket-fields and annual excursions! As well talk of purifying the sewage of London by a few ounces of rose-water! The system must be torn up by its roots; labour must share more equitably with capital in the profits; it is sheer waste of head and heart to try any other plan of reconciling them to each other.

While we give this as a correct representation of what would be said of the philanthropic endeavours of employers by the more extreme advocates of the rights of labour against capital, we have no notion that the mass of labourers, whether in factories, warehouses, or offices, would adopt this scornful tone. No doubt there is a widespread feeling among the rank and file in the army of labour that in the division of spoil, fall where it may, the lion's share never, by any chance, comes to them. By the toil and moil of their lives many a victory is won, but where is their part in the fruits of the victory? We believe, too, that in the minds of many of them—in the minds of many of the better and more thoughtful of them, there is a feeling that the present system is radically unsound, and that a better must be sought. Let all this be conceded; how is this better system to be found? By violent revolution? What practical English intellect could for a moment think so? Is it in the latter half of the nineteenth century that we are to ignore the great lesson of our history, taught as we have been so clearly that it is by slow growth, by much experimenting, by many successive touches and additions that operations are matured among us into solid, vital, enduring institutions? We are not on the French side of the channel. For our own part, we are unable

to concur in the view that the present system is radically unsound. In the relation of employers to employed there is a divine element, that, rightly developed, is fitted, we believe, to yield "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." The main desideratum is the Christian spirit; cast this tree into the bitter waters, and they become sweet. We look with great interest on the experiment of co-operation, and we are firmly convinced that it is fitted to yield many benefits to the working class; but we do not expect that it will solve the problem of capital and labour.

But even conceding, for the sake of argument, that a radically better system must be sought, the question still recurs, how is the better system to be found? or till it is found, what is to be done with the present? What wise man will not say, Improve it as much as possible? Mitigate its evils, check, as far as legislation can check, the selfishness of employers, but by all practicable means, try to induce them to act unselfishly, to take a generous and Christian view of their relation to their workpeople, to sympathize with them, to bear with them, to encourage them in the battle of life, to cheer and hearten them in their trials and temptations. It is in this way that the present system will work on to a better, if better shall be found. By this means, too, beyond all doubt, the bitterest of the springs that are now drenching the world of labour in gall and wormwood will be dried up. Let working men be assured that they are really loved, cared for, sympathized with by their employers, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the bitter feeling now so common will give way to confidence and esteem. The dying word of the accomplished Talfourd to the Stafford jury was as true as it was seasonable,—
"the great want in English society is—more sympathy between high and low." Mrs. Gaskell asks truly:—

"What thoughtful heart can look into this gulf
That darkly yawns 'twixt rich and poor,
And not find food for saddest meditation?
Can see, without a pang of deepest grief,
Them fiercely battling (like some natural foes),
Whom God has made, with help and sympathy,
To stand as brothers, side by side, united!
Where is the wisdom that shall bridge this gulf,
And bind them once again in trust and love?"

In a moral point of view, nothing can be more dreary or melancholy than a connexion between employer and employed conditioned by selfishness alone. We do not relish prophecies of ruin; even the example of the French Revolution may be

over-done ; and the deluge has of late been so often announced, that it has become like the cry of the wolf. We have no intention therefore of hazarding a prediction that the prevailing state of the relations between the capitalist and the labourer will ruin the country in another generation. But in all earnestness and soberness we ask, Is the bond of mere selfishness—the “cash-nexus” of Carlyle,—one which can satisfy any right-minded man? Can any lover of his country, any lover of his race, be satisfied with an arrangement which makes it the main business of the employer to purchase the labour of his “hands” at the lowest possible rate, and of the labourer to sell it at the highest? Is it well that master and men should ever be scowling at each other, like polecats ready to spring at each others’ throats? Is it seemly that the men should be meeting, and planning, and entrenching themselves against their own masters, and the masters against their own men? Is Christian brotherhood to be known only by this fierce distortion? In an atmosphere so miserably soured, can the body-politic thrive; can human nature expand freely; can Christianity itself have fair play? Till this great incubus be removed, till the breath of society be purged of this poisoned element, can we reasonably look for a genial growth in goodness, in gentleness, in generosity among the labouring classes of society? Can capitalists themselves be anything but miserable? If only we could get rid of this pre-siding spirit, under whose black auspices so many employers are content to act, and for selfishness substitute a generous Christian sympathy, into what a new world should we not come! Writing these lines close to a plantation on the sea-coast, on which the fierce nor’-wester dashes the salt spray most unmercifully, we seem to see in the dry, dwarfed, twisted bushes that mock the name of trees, emblems of what the hearts of the working masses must become under the blast of a remorseless selfishness. While in the glorious and manifold verdure of an English park, where each tree is a model of symmetry, and like a benignant monarch throws his shelter over holly and laurel and arbutus, as green and bright, though far less magnificent than himself, we find the symbol of a community where high and low are linked to each other by generous sympathy, and each man loves his neighbour as himself.

We know well, and it deeply concerns us to know, that not a few employers who have been trying to show kindness to their work-people are discouraged by want of apparent success. Their well-meant efforts have not met with the response they expected, and, for any good that they seem likely to accomplish, might as well have never been made. In most of these cases we believe that unreasonable expectations have been cherished,

and that what is chiefly needed is patience and perseverance on the part of the experimenters. If Rome was not built in a day, still less have moral or social habits been revolutionized in the time allowed by the impatience of human reformers. The benefits of education, the advantages of economy, the value of Christian worship, the blessings of temperance, are not so obvious to the general understanding, or rather do not press with such o'ermastering force on the general will, as to be run upon by the masses the moment they are presented for their acceptance. It is for the most part by a slow process of infiltration that they get into the general mind. To grumble because the endeavour to introduce them is not crowned with immediate and universal success is like the folly of children digging up the seeds they sowed but yesterday, because they are such an age in sprouting.

" Let us be content, in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin; . . .
Seven men to a pin,—and not a man too much !
Seven generations, haply, to this world,
To right it visibly a finger's-breadth,
And mend its rents a little."

Far too little allowance, also, is usually made for the difficult conditions under which this moral experiment is carried on at the present time. The position of the working classes in this country is very peculiar. They have but lately awoken to a sense of their freedom. Once slaves, and then serfs, they have now attained the condition of free workmen, bound to no man, free to labour where they please, and under whatsoever conditions (not contrary to the law) they can succeed in imposing. And this freedom they value very highly. In bringing their labour into the market, they stoutly reserve their liberty, except in so far as its surrender is necessary for the work they have to do. This minimum of sacrifice they watch with jealous eye. They are suspicious of any encroachment, real or apparent. They will not even concede to their employer the right to hold a fatherly relation towards them, because fatherhood implies a general right of control, and they will not concede such a right to any man. Hence the suspiciousness with which even the best-meant proposals of masters for the good of their work-people are sometimes received. The fear of a snake in the grass makes them cautious and almost cold, lest somehow they should be compromising their freedom. We are acquainted with an employer, the owner of extensive flour-mills in Eng-

land, who, when his men were working fourteen hours a day, many years ago, proposed to cut off two hours, and give them the same amount of pay for the twelve as they had had for the fourteen; the proposal was rejected, owing to some insane imagination that it was an interference with the men! Nor is this all. The selfishness that has in time past presided so generally over the arrangements of large works makes workmen suspect, whenever a new proposal is made, that it must, in some clandestine way, be designed for the advantage of the employers. The whole bearing of the operative class towards the upper is one of suspicion. Officers in artisan volunteer companies remark with surprise that when they make any proposal, it seems to be the instinctive feeling of the men that in some way it is to operate against them. Does this fact tell no ugly tale as to our former habitual treatment of the class? Does it indicate no feeling, on the part of the poor, that whenever a new burden behoved to be borne, it was their shoulders it was laid on—the weakest class went to the wall? Very likely, they are letting the spirit of suspicion survive the occasion that justified it. Very likely, too, they are allowing themselves to be perhaps unconsciously influenced by the demagogues who assure them that the upper classes are leagued against them, and that the policy of the country is to keep them down. But should not those whose hearts are earnestly bent on doing them good make great allowance for these things, and stretch their forbearance and their patience accordingly? Granting that they are suspicious,—unduly, discredibly suspicious,—are they for that reason to be abandoned? Those who in real earnestness desire their welfare, and show their desire perseveringly and unmistakably, may rest assured that ere long the last trace of suspiciousness towards them will vanish, and they will command the utmost confidence of their working friends. There is a kind of instinct that discovers, in the course of time, who are really in earnest, who are the real friends of the working man. It soon becomes known whether a master is the sort of man that will try to palm off on them sham or tinsel benefits, while he deprives them of substantial rights, or that will profess great zeal in their cause for the sake of a newspaper paragraph, or an electioneering cry. Let a master once convince his men that he has their welfare at heart, and let him take ordinarily prudent measures to promote it, all experience shows that he will become the object of their highest esteem and confidence, and be able to wield an almost unparalleled influence over them.

And this leads us to make special mention of what, oftener than once in the course of this paper, we have hinted at as essential for inspiring men with confidence and esteem towards

one occupying a higher sphere; we mean the manifestation of a personal interest in them, and of personal feelings of kindness towards them. It will not do for employers to stand on their dignity, to stand on their lofty pedestal, and from thence throw down their bounties on their people with however lavish a hand. It will not do for them to content themselves with building libraries, or institutes, or baths, or churches, at whatever expense, and never mingle with their people in kindly intercourse, nor let out one solitary manifestation of fellow-feeling towards them. It would be no difficult matter to fill a volume with proofs of the marvellous charm there is in the spirit of personal interest, the spirit that takes personal trouble. Just as we are thinking of this, we glance at a daily paper, and in a letter from a foreign correspondent, we find a description of the captain of a war-vessel, in discipline the sternest despot that ever ruled a crew, and yet the idol of his men, because it is he that, when they are in hospital, makes kindly visits to them with grapes and lemons and soothing draughts, and writes their letters to parents and friends, and has withal a heart as brave as it is kind and true. We remember meeting in a large town a number of wealthy employers who had laid out large sums of money for the benefit of their people, but had stood aloof from their homes and hearts, grumbling not a little because their beneficence had not been appreciated. Soon after, we were in the house of a zealous Christian worker in the middle rank of life, who could only say to the poor of the neighbourhood, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, in the form of personal Christian interest in you all, and personal sacrifices cheerfully made for your sakes, I freely give; and literally the house was crowded with memorials of the gratitude and devotion of the people.

Even a genial, popular manner, though not represented by corresponding qualities within, does wonders. Since the days of Absalom, the charm of manner has often compensated for many great defects. But better far than a captivating manner is a genial, sympathizing heart. And greatest of all is its power in the case of those who, by their personal sacrifices, show how intensely love burns within.

“Relinquishing their several 'vantage-posts
Of wealthy ease and honourable toil
To work with God at love.”

Last of all, let it be borne in mind that the deeper one goes in one's efforts to advance the welfare of others, the greater is the power one acquires. If the interest be limited to things earthly and temporal, the hold one attains on the heart will be

proportionally shallow. If it embrace the deeper and more momentous concerns of the immortal nature, it will be proportionally strong and enduring. We have certainly no desire to throw cold water on those whose efforts to do good among their people are limited to temporal interests. Very probably, if they did not work at this, they would work at nothing, pure selfishness would be the presiding genius of their establishment, and one is glad of anything that divides her dominion. But we must warn such persons not to expect great results, and not to anticipate that they will acquire any very strong hold on their people. Don't let them dream as if

“ The bread of man indeed made all his life,
And washing seven times in the ‘ People’s Baths ’
Were sovereign for a people’s leprosy,
Still leaving out the essential prophet’s word
That comes in power.”

There is no security for success even in temporal beneficence, unless we

“ Raise men’s bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first.”

On the platform of Christianity, every enterprise of philanthropy has a tenfold greater power. For there the workers toil under the inspiration of a charity that never faileth, and a hope that never dies.

“ The world’s old,
But the old world waits the time to be renewed,
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men ;
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economies, new laws,
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.”

ART. II.—*A Dictionary of the English Language*, by ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., etc. *Founded on that of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, as edited by the Rev. H. J. TODD, M.A.* With numerous Emendations and Additions. To be completed in 36 parts. Parts I. to VI. London, 1864.

“AN English Dictionary.” How much is expressed in those three words. But wide as they are, there are three which are still wider—“The English Language.” No dictionary can contain the English language; the most that the best can do is to attempt to exhibit a fair sample of the golden grain garnered in the storehouse of English speech. The English language—what a stately tree upheld by many roots! In that one tongue how many others have merged their utterance. All the known races that have held this soil of Britain have left their mark behind them. First came the Britons. Some few words of daily use, many names of places, many a hill and river, many a surname of high and low, form the tiny upland rill, the glistening silver thread of Celtic speech, which serves as a clue to lead us to the very end of this philological labyrinth. Next came the Romans, and on our native soil threw up those earthworks and roads and walled camps, which still in ruins tell the tale of their strong hands, and to which many a Latin name or ending still clings. They came, they ruled, they left the land, and Britain was still Celtic in speech, though even then no doubt her dialect was laced with many a Teutonic word learned from the German colonists, which the Romans had brought in as mercenary soldiers but who remained as settlers. After the Roman legions left the Britons to themselves, there is darkness over the face of the land from the fifth to the eighth century. Those are really our dark ages. From 420, when it is supposed that Honorius withdrew his troops, to 730, when Bede wrote his History, we see nothing of British history. Afar off we hear the shock of arms, but all is dim, as it were, when two mighty hosts do battle in the dead of night. When the dawn comes and the black veil is lifted, we find that Britain has passed away. The land is now England; the Britons themselves, though still strong in many parts of the country, have been generally worsted by their foes; they have lost that great battle which has lasted through three centuries. Their Arthur has come and gone; he lies at Glastonbury, never again to turn the heady fight. Henceforth Britain has no hero, and merely consoles herself with the hope that he will one day rise and restore the fortunes of his race. But though there were many battles in that dreary time, and many Arthurs, it was rather in the

everyday battle of life, in that long unceasing struggle which race wages with race, not sword in hand alone, but by brain and will and feeling, that the Saxons won the mastery of the land. Little by little, more by stubbornness and energy than by bloodshed, they spread themselves over the country, working towards a common unity, from every shore. If the Britons stood in their way they threw them out; but the Britons had learned from their Roman lords to build towns and to dwell in them. The Saxons loathed cities; "they loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep;" and thus there was room for a long time for two races who had little in common, and rarely crossed each other's path. In all likelihood the din of the battles between Celt and Saxon, with which those gloomy centuries are full, rose rather towards their close, when the Saxons had multiplied and grown to be a great power in Britain, and the settlers' seven kingdoms of the Heptarchy had so eaten their way into the waste, as to know that they formed a Saxon Confederation. However that may be, certain it is that for a long time after the time of Bede, and therefore undoubtedly also before his day, the Celtic and Saxon kings in various parts of the island lived together on terms of perfect equality, and gave and took their respective sons and daughters to one another in marriage. Hence it is that we find Saxon princes with Celtic names, and *vice versa*; and hence it was that many a word was borrowed by either speech, and soon passed as good Saxon or Celtic, as the case might be, after it had undergone the process of mastication, if we may be allowed the word, that alteration and attrition, whether it be in accent or in form, which every foreign word must undergo before the tongue which is about to make it its own, will consent to swallow and digest it.

But though this lasted some time, it was not to be always so. In language as in race the rule holds that the weakest must go to the wall. The Saxons were the strongest. They began by winning their way to being equal with the Celts, they ended by overpowering them altogether. This struggle for supremacy was prolonged for some time during that twilight in our history called the Saxon Heptarchy, but towards the close of that period the Saxons had mastered their foes, who henceforth are found only in the mountainous ridges and holes and corners of the land. In Egbert's time the Saxons are really lords in England. Had there been purists and precisians in those days, we may fancy some Priscian or Varro undertaking to weed the native field of Saxon speech of the Celtic growths which had been sown broadcast over it when the two races walked and strove upon it face to face. But even without the help of such learned

labourers, no doubt many Celtic grafts on Saxon stems then dwindled and died out, simply because the fellowship which had first begotten and then nursed and fostered them was cut off.

But as the Celts withdraw from the front of the stage, and henceforth merely fill up the scene as a background, another race steps forward, the most forward and daring that the world has ever known, and while it avenges the wrongs of the Celts leaves the Saxons neither power nor leisure to become purists in their native speech. These are the Northern Nations, the Scandinavian stock, Northmen, Norsemen, Danes, call them what you will: invaders from every bay and firth between the Eyder¹ and the Gulf of Bothnia in the Baltic on the one side, or the Lofoden Isles in the Icy Sea, on the other side of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The proper name of these invaders was "Viking," because *vík* which in their common speech meant "bay," and which lingers in our Sandwich, Berwick, and Greenwich, gave them at once an ambush a shelter and a name. They are said to have landed in England first of all about the time of Egbert who had bloody fights with them, just as they are said to have landed in France first of all in the latter days of Charlemagne, but this merely means that then it was they became so troublesome as to merit the attention of the king and to deserve a public chastisement. For all through those times it was common for the younger sons of kings or chiefs, denied advancement at home by those peculiar institutions which regarded kings and chiefs only as the first of freemen at home, and so curtailed their power, except in time of war abroad, to leave their own land followed by bands of adventurous youth, whose first act on putting to sea was to hail their young leader as a sea-king. So the Vikings visited every shore in Europe, and as piracy has ever been an honourable calling in early states of society, there were many Vikings besides those of Scandinavia, though these, as the most daring, have eclipsed the deeds of all the rest. So it has ever been and so it will ever be. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*" at all times and in all ages, but as he has outshone them all in glory, he is remembered and they are all forgotten.

From the days of Egbert to the Conquest the annals of England are fast bound to those of the Northern kingdoms: bound often with chains, "fast bound in misery and iron." We think of Alfred, and our hearts burn within us as we call to mind the hero who first freed his country from a foreign yoke, and then sat down at once as her teacher, lawgiver, and king; but even Alfred's genius and fortune were only able to save a por-

¹ Egidora, or Ægir's Door, the gate through which the god Ægir, the Neptune of the North, made his inroads into the goddess Earth's domain.

tion of England from the clutch of the invader whose chiefs, like the hydra's heads, seem to grow sevenfold for every one that fell to the ground. Before Alfred's time the Northmen had seated themselves firmly in Northumberland, and with Alfred in the case of Guthrum-Athelstane began the fatal system of buying off the hostility of the invaders by ceding them a portion of Saxon soil as an everlasting settlement. From the days of Alfred, East Anglia remained more or less a northern settlement, and even before his days, Northumbria was as good as lost. He did his best against the foe, and his best was better than any other man's, but all he could do was to check though in nowise to break the fury of the Vikings. Nor was Athelstane's glory much greater. He was never really master of what was nominally called his kingdom, and even his victory on the bloody field of Brunanburgh, splendid as it was, is only another proof of the power of the Northmen, whose forces combined with those of the British could meet the great king with so terrible a host, which Athelstane could only conquer by the aid of northern auxiliaries. But if we are forced to say this of Alfred and Athelstane, what shall we say of such characters as Edmund the First who agreed to share England with that Anlaf or Olaf whom his brother Athelstane had so signally defeated at Brunanburgh; of the priest-ridden Edred; of Edwy who was not priest-ridden inasmuch as he drove Dunstan out, but who did little else during his short reign; of Edgar the Peaceable who recalled Dunstan and built about fifty monasteries, whose dutifulness to the Church seems to have excused the lust with which he dragged a nun from her convent, as well as his marriage with Elfrida whose husband he murdered? But he was a great king, and eight tributary princes rowed him in a barge on the river Dee. Then came Edward whom Elfrida murdered at Corfe Castle, and last of all came Ethelred the Unready, the man void of counsel or of plan, whose first weapon against the Danes was gold, 10,000 pounds weight of gold, 30,000 pounds weight of gold, and his next the midnight massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, 1002. A foul deed which brought the whole force of Denmark on unhappy England, and began a struggle in which the treacherous King himself, betrayed by Eadric Streon, and other traitors, had to fly to Normandy, leaving England to Canute the Great. True he returned again, while Canute was called away for a while to look after his dominions in the north; but it was only to fly before Canute on his return, and to die after having reigned to the great misery of England for thirty-five years. Edmund Ironside was a man of better spirit breathed into him by his Norman mother Emma, but his reign was too short to do any good. Then England fell wholly into Danish hands, and Canute ruled it,

every inch a king for nineteen years. The two sons, his two sons by different mothers, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, both ruled, and both drank themselves to death. Then came Edward the Confessor, the saint, the ascetic, the everything but king and lawgiver, the man of dreams and visions, of church-building and endowments, who would rob his mother and who did rob his mother to found a church, who spent part of his wretched life in looking for the millennium, and the rest in weeping that it would not come; who never could forgive the world for having lasted sixty years beyond the thousand, at the expiration of which it was forethought if not foretold that it must come to an end, and who must have felt like the astronomers who predicted the return of the great comet of 1556 in 1856, and have still neither forgiven it for not coming back, nor abandoned all hope that after all it may perhaps repent and return.

After Edward came Harold, in whom, half Northman as he was—his mother was a sister of Ulf Jarl of Denmark, and King Sweyn, the son of Ulf, was his first cousin—the long line of *fainéans* Saxon kings expired with a flash of light. Then came the Conquest, but at the Conquest England was more than half-Scandinavian. Besides the great district of Northumbria, which reached, it must be remembered, far across the Border into Scotland, and the province of East Anglia, where the Scandinavian stock was fast settled, their nationality reached as far south as Derby and Rugby in the very heart of Mercia; and all over the land the speech of the people was laced and patched with Northern words and idioms. Even setting aside these ethnological facts, the dialect of the contemporary chronicles shows that quite apart from external influences the vernacular Anglo-Saxon before the Conquest was undergoing that change which all languages suffer in obedience to an internal law. After the Conquest the mother-tongue of the people was banished from Court and public life, and fled in exile to the woods and fields. There it stubbornly maintained its ground, but debased and degraded, though vulgar, strong, and healthy, while the lordly Norman prolonged a sickly existence in the close air of walled town and gloomy castle. Thus each continued to exist apart so long as the Norman barons looked to Rouen as their capital, and the duchy won by Hrolf Ganger from the Carlovingians as their true home. We jump in retrospect at results, and fancy because Duke William overthrew Harold he made England a Norman land; but in that sense he never won England; nay, it may rather be said of the Normans that they were at last subdued by their serfs. From William till John the Norman barons strove to subdue the land and held it as foreigners. In John's time they ceased to be aliens, England then lost her

possessions in France, the Norman barons began to look on England as their home, the languages began to mix, and the fusion of speech which had scarcely begun at the beginning of the thirteenth century was almost complete in the fourteenth. Hitherto there had been a debased Anglo-Saxon literature fast falling into semi-Saxon, and a cultivated courtly Norman-French literature, of each of which Layamon and Wace may be taken as the two representatives. In all Layamon's lengthy alliterative poem there are scarcely more Norman words to be found than can be proved to have been current in Anglo-Saxon in the days of Edward the Confessor, and Wace's Norman has few Saxon words. The Conquest then had little direct influence at first on the vernacular dialects in England. We say *dialects*, for besides the West Saxon form of speech which had been the language of literature and the Court, there was the Northumbrian or Scandinavian dialect in the North and East. The first suffered most by the degradation of the vernacular which followed the Conquest; it was expelled from Court, and lost its precedence, and was thus placed on a level with the Northumbrian, East Anglian, and other provincial dialects. The result of the Conquest was a general scramble of all these forms of speech for precedence, a struggle for mastery more or less desultory, but which, after centuries, has ended in our modern English, which presents to those who read it aright a wonderful blending of those various dialects, in which no one quite won the day over the other, but in which the Northumbrian on the whole had the mastery over the West Saxon, and that not only in conjugation and construction but even in accent and pronunciation. A dialect which was so powerful as to supplant many of the West Saxon forms of the verb *to be*, to throw them out of the philological nest, and bring in its own offspring, must have been strong indeed; and yet this is just the way in which the Northumbrian cuckoo—or "gowk," as the bird would be called beyond the Humber—has treated the West Saxon hedge-sparrow in regard to the verb-substantive. The present plural of *am*—we *are*, ye *are*, they *are*—are Northumbrian forms which have supplanted the *syndon* of the West Saxons, which clung closer to the *seyn* of the Germans. So also *am* is nearer to *em*, the Northumbrian first person present, than to the West Saxon *com*; and the same remark holds good of many other examples both of declension and conjugation. As for single words, the preference given to the Northumbrian is even more striking. Not content with existing merely as a kindred or sister form, the Northern dialect has often entirely extirpated the West Saxon equivalent, and will not suffer it to live by its side. As for our pronunciation, it cer-

tainly appears to be much more Northern than Saxon. There are some young ladies indeed who talk of *skjy*, and *kjind*, and *chjild*, for "sky," and "kind," and "child;" some, too, talk of *cjare* for "care;" and some clodpoles in the West talk of being *sceared* for being "scared" or frightened, or of a *meare* for a "mare;" but as a nation we speak with a less mincing mouth. We speak our vowels out broad and boldly; and in speech at least, we have sent the West Saxon broken vowels to the right about, and even where we have kept them to the eye, as in *swear*, and such-like words, we have lost them to the ear, for though we write *swear*, we pronounce *sware*.

During the eleventh, and all through the twelfth centuries, the vernacular dialects of England were left by the Normans to adjust their differences as they could. The king and his barons spoke Norman-French, their subjects and serfs, whether Scandinavians or Saxons, might speak whatever jargon they chose. It never occurred to the Conqueror or his sons, or to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, that a Norman could be anything else than a Norman, or his speech anything else than Norman. But after John's time, in the thirteenth century, and especially towards its end, the case is very different. Now there are not three languages but one language, not three dialects but one dialect, not three peoples but one people. Now we have an Anglo-Norman literature, in which the body and bones and muscle are Scandinavian or Saxon, and all its articulations English, but the skin, and dress, and garb, are Norman. That is the period of knightly romances, of William the Werewolf, and Havelock the Dane, but as year after year goes on the language becomes more and more Saxon, using Saxon as a common term, the Norman dress is cut more after the Saxon pattern, the Saxon articulations become more and more fined down, here a joint of speech or a case-ending or conjugation is worn away and rubbed off, as the two elements of the now common tongue are rolled together down the stream of time, like water-worn pebbles in a river's bed, whose very original angularities only serve to render them at last more smooth and round. So we pass through the reigns of Henry III. and of the first Edward and his weak son. In all of these England had much work to do at home. She was exposed to little foreign influence. During this time then her language revenged itself upon the Anglo-Norman, which ever lost ground. But with the glorious reign of Edward the Third, and his victories and conquests in France, the French element in our language gained fresh force, and a new stream of life-blood was poured into its veins. Then it was that those *integra verborum plaustra*, those "whole wains full of words," were imported

from France, and hence it is that the language of the courtly Chaucer shows such a great French infusion if compared with the homely dialect of *Piers Plowman*. But the new infusion was too late to affect either the root or the bole or the boughs of the old English stock; it showed itself as it burst and budded out in fresh leaves and flowers, in the new verbs and adjectives and substantives made English by the great Father of English Poetry, but the trunk and branches of the tongue remain the same, they support bravely the new foliage which covers them, and without them the new graftings and offshoots would not last a day. As it is, many of them dwindled away; the untimely fruit of Chaucer's or Gower's brain they do not now see the sun, but others take fast hold of the parent stem and still survive.

During the fifteenth century the literature of England was well-nigh mute. It was a time of strife both political and religious; there were rebels, traitors, and heretics in abundance, and as a necessary consequence murders and executions, whether by the axe or at the stake, were rife. Men had much to do and think about, but little time to write except on religion, and that too often in no Christian spirit. "The fathers had eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth were set on edge." The treasons of Henry of Bolingbroke were cruelly avenged on his saintly grandson, and the treachery shown towards Henry the Sixth was justly punished by the long struggle of the Roses, in which and the desolation which followed on it, the philosophic De Comines saw more plainly than in any other land the finger of God. But though a literature may slumber and sleep for a century and more, then to wake up like a giant refreshed by sleep, a language so long as it is alive in the mouth of a nation never slumbers; it never altogether rests, it always advances, sometimes with hasty giant strides, sometimes at a creeping tortoise-pace, and so it was with England in the fifteenth century. During that period the language made great progress, but inasmuch as a living literature—that Pole-star by which a language steers its course—was wanting in great measure, it progressed in different directions, that is, still greater play was given to the dialects which it fostered in its bosom, and it was in danger of resolving itself into its several component parts. It was the great evil of the time that there was no sure pattern of the mother-tongue to which men could look up and appeal, and say "That word is true English coin current all over the land, but that is merely a base token of a country town which will not pass beyond its native walls." In such a time it was that Caxton could tell the story of asking for "eggs" on the south-east coast and not being understood. But

those times like all times had a remedy for every wrong, and towards the end of the fifteenth century the discovery of printing came to the rescue of our mother English, and the mechanical art of Caxton and the labours of his disciples in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey restored a standard to our tongue.

In the sixteenth century the seeds of religious strife which had already borne bitter fruit to the heretics who first sowed them, shot up into the goodly harvest of the Reformation. Men not only acted and thought, but they wrote and wrote well and much about religion. The disciples of Wycliffe had already, in the previous century, tried their hands on rendering the Bible into English. In the sixteenth when it was first revised and printed, a new element of stability was at once added to the thought, the literature, and the language of the nation. Then came many other prose translations into English from the Latin, from the French, and from the Italian. On every side the language is trying its breath, exercising its muscle, and pluming its wings for that great flight into the boundless realm of thought which it was soon to make. Now there were poets, Skelton in England, and Lindsay and Dunbar, those great Scottish lights, which kept the lamp of literature alive when it seemed about to expire,—all three most original in their way; then there was a play or two,—“Ralph Roister Doister,” and “Gammer Gurton’s Needle.” A little later and we have Surrey and Wyatt and Sackville, and in the dark Marian days we have Greene and Ascham; all, bitter controversialist, dull translator, grotesque rhymers, silver-tongued poet, and fettered playwright, all preparing a path and making the language smooth for Shakspeare, the sun of our literary system and his satellites, all—

“Preluding those melodious strains that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.”

But besides our sun we have other lesser lights. Orthodox divines and stern natural logicians as Jewel and Hooker, sweet Arcadian shepherds like Sidney and Spenser, natural philosophers like Bacon, topographers in verse like Drayton, translators from the great Italian masters like Fairfax, all working steadily on, and adding day by day to the treasures in the national storehouse. With James the First came Johnson and the minor dramatists, allegorical writers like the Fletchers, conceited theology like Donne, sweet affectation in rhyme like Herbert and Cowley, love-songs bordering on lust in soft Carew and Randolph; Milton is laying up that store of learning which, wedded to solemn verse, raises him a generation after next to Shakspeare’s throne. We are beginning to think too. Henry

More and Cudworth and Hobbes are each students of philosophy in their own way; Clarendon is laying up facts or what he calls facts, and taking breath before he writes his endless history. The Puritanical struggle in Charles the First's reign makes us go to the theatre less but think and preach more. We cut off our lovelocks and put our players into the stocks. We rather neglect the vernacular and affect Latin as we see it chosen by Selden and Milton; but that is only for a moment; it is but the genius of English winking for a while; on the whole our style under the Commonwealth is cumbrous and involved, if we may judge from Whitelock's works and Cromwell's mysterious speeches, out of which the genius of Carlyle can scarce make common sense. Were it not for Waller and Mrs. Hutchinson and a few letter-writers, we should say the art of writing English was lost. But the Commonwealth is overthrown, Charles the Second returns with all his rights and vices, the sour Parliament leaven with which the literary bread of that generation was made so unwholesome is thrown to the dogs, and the children of the Ante-chamber at Whitehall are fed upon fancy rolls, white and light with yeast brought over from France. But it does not nourish us, we sigh for more solid food, we try our hands in Dryden at political pamphleteering in Alexandrines. It is a new fangle and takes wonderfully. So do the new kind of plays, those of intrigue and gallantry, the Spanish drama with something of Calderon's rapt force, and with plots as involved but not nearly so artistic as his. But we still think, for Hobbes is still with us as selfish as ever, Locke is working away in his rooms at Christ Church. Then we have many books of travels, and Pepys like a black spider is every day creeping from his web in the Admiralty, and every night crawling back to it again, noting down in the most truthful way everything that passes good and bad before his eyes, and worst of all his own vice and corruption. Lawyers are a hateful race in all ages and in all lands, but our Filmers and Jeffreys, and a few others in this reign and the next, would match with the worst examples of any time. But even lawyers add to the language with their fantastic theories of divine right and high prerogative, and the brutality of Jeffreys has rendered the new-fangled word "Trimmer" more famous by his brow-beating than the candour and double-facedness of Halifax and his followers. We swear now as we used to swear in the good old times, and the ruffian Tyrconnel, Lying Dick Talbot, can swear so hard that he curses all the way from Dublin to London. So we go on thinking, acting, libelling, gossiping, fawning, dicing, drinking, and swearing in the most charming French way, going fast politically speaking down the steep

place into the sea of French dependence ; yet all the while the language thrives and prospers. Wherever we see a want we remedy it, not logically or grammatically perhaps, but still we stop the weak link in our mail ; it may be with an ugly patch, but ugly as it is, the patch will last for ever. Thus, between the days of *Paradise Lost* and Dryden, we invent "its," a little word which every one now uses every other minute, but which for all that is never found in the authorized version of the Bible, and is only once or twice used by Shakspeare and Milton. *His* was the true common genitive of *he*, *she*, and *it*. Thus in Scripture we have, the gate that opened "of *his* own accord ;" but as time went on we find this common genitive confusing and awkward, and so we coined and forged the barbarous "its." Still, barbarous as it is, does any purist think that the day will ever dawn when English shall exist and "its" be done away ?

Now we begin to borrow largely from foreign languages, but in a new way. Of yore we imported our words as in Chaucer's time by cargoes and batches. They came over as it were by the ship-load, were put up to public approbation by this or that great writer ; if approved they took the place of, or stood side by side with, the old vernacular equivalent. In this way to "err" and to "stray" find themselves after the lapse of years cheek by jowl in the English Liturgy, and in this way in many an English sentence, what seems to be a confirmation or corroboration of an argument or an assertion, is merely an idle repetition in one great element of the language of something which has been already uttered in the vocabulary of the other. "'Tis hard to choose," we remember once hearing a great master of English say to an upholsterer, who had laid some patterns at his feet. "Yes," was the tradesman's answer, "certainly it is difficult to select." The one was as Saxon as he could be, and the other as French or Latin as he could be, for over the "it" and "is" and "to,"—those Saxon forms of construction, that framework so needful in building up the simplest sentence,—he had no power. That was the way of old time, but in the seventeenth century it was not so. As no dictionary can contain all or nearly all the words in a language, so no language can contain every word needful to express ideas or even things. Some languages have fifty words for a sword and twenty for a horse, but it would puzzle them sorely to express even our lumbering "steam-engine." The case is worse in words which express abstract ideas, new products either of the earth or mind, new coin in fact to pass current in men's mouths. The closer that nations live bound together by trade or war the more they feel on either side the need of adopting new words to express things or ideas

which they have not of their own, but which they must use. Thus the French have taken from us "comfortable" and "club" and "jockey" and "sport," and so we have taken from them "bayonet" and "prestige" and "solidarity," and many more. As too we have more trade and dealings with other nations than any country in the world, as we go everywhere and bring all things to our stores, so we have imported "tea" and "coffee" and "cocoa" and "china" and "porcelain" and "tobacco," and a thousand others, not at all in batches as of yore, but choosing this one or that one just as we wanted it, or as it took our fancy, bringing it into the land, calling it by its name, and finally naturalizing and adopting the alien as our own. Besides trade, war worked in this way, and early in the seventeenth century the comrades of the great Gustavus and his Swedes brought home with them from the great war in Germany such words as "plunder" and "lifeguard," which are pure Swedish forms, and of which the last has nothing to do with "life" but is formed from the Swedish "lif" or "body," answering to the German "leib." So that our "life-guard" means simply "body-guard," and does not, at least not in the first instance, refer to the preservation of the sovereign's existence. "Furlough" too we got at the same time from the Swedish "forlof," which old Monro spells "furloofe." At that time too we got the phrase "running the gatloup," or as we now call it "running the *gauntlet*," which has nothing to do with a steel glove, but means running a certain distance between two files of soldiers, who beat the offender with rods as he passes, *gat* meaning a path, and *loup* the act of running, akin to *leap*. The curious reader will find this punishment fully described in Monro's "Expedition" with Mackeye's regiment which served in the Thirty Years' War.

Now comes Dutch William, always beaten, yet ever winning as much by a defeat as by a victory. With him came many an outlandish word, and in his time too flourished Defoe, whose prose is still unsurpassed. During the eighteenth century we have many poets and many divines. We are good logicians of that old formal sort now brought to its true level, a system which stands in the same relation to the laws of thought as the Alphabet does to Macbeth or the bellows to the Haarlem Organ. We could not think without these elementary forms, just as Macbeth could not have been written had Shakspeare not learnt his A, B, C, or the best player in the world struck a symphony on that great instrument without wind, but each and all of which are merely mechanical aids to a far higher aim. The Alphabet we believe has never asserted its superiority over the poet, though we have heard of a bellows-blower who brought

an organist to a standstill ; but logic long lorded it over thought, saying, " thus and thus only shalt thou think," till thought arose, shook off the mediæval yoke, while the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had made narrower and tighter still, and reduced mere formal logic to its true position as an underling rather than a lord. In that century, Swift scorches and withers ; and Pope, the champion of the classical school, blazes as a satirist and translator, but our most remarkable literary productions are our essayists and novelists. Addison and Fielding and Sterne and Steele will live as long as English lasts. Hume tries his hand at history, and his work is still our best. At the end of the century we find out political economy and agriculture, just as in the present we have discovered cleanliness and philanthropy, and if we have not made all mankind wash, or brought every one to love his neighbour as himself, we have taken more steps that way than the nation ever took before, and in this respect may boast ourselves better than our fathers. If the last century was the schoolroom of the classical, the present has been the play-ground of the romantic school. In the first quarter of it authors thought before they wrote, and the result was often satisfactory ; now our authors write before they think, and having once written leave out thinking altogether. Of late we have been handed over, with few exceptions, to the tender mercies of the sensationists both on and off the stage. " Come early, seven murders in the first act," is pretty much the shape of the alluring bill posted to draw us to the theatre, and our novelists combine the wearisome twaddle of a *Scuderi* with the choicest atrocities gathered from the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*. We are glad to see that the English Archbishops are turning their attention to this sad state of things ; for really if we except the works of the laureate, English literature at the present day is like a plot of ground which once was a lovely garden, but which is now all overrun with weeds, and in this rank jungle lies in wait the penny-a-liner, whose calling it is to fall upon every fresh fact, and to tell it in the most diffuse and rambling way. Like a Thug, he chokes the life out of a sentence by a long coil of words. In general this assassin of the mother tongue has very vague notions of spelling. He could not write " irrelevant," or " veterinary," or even " separate " correctly from dictation. With him women in what the Germans call a state of *guter Hoffnung*, or *gesegneten Leibesumständen*, are always " *enciente*." When a frost comes, though he revels at the prospect of accidents on the ice, his notions of zero are most perplexing. Sometimes he will tell you that " zero rose to freezing-point during the past night, but that

as the sun rose zero fell suddenly, and a thaw set in." Sometimes he seems to think the Centigrade thermometer is a malignant monster, a water-god that lurks among the weeds of the Serpentine in defiance of Mr. Cowper and the park-keepers, for he has been known to warn his readers on no account to venture on the ice so long as the Centigrade is below zero, but to wait till they see their old friend Fahrenheit below the freezing point, so that to him these two scales are the Ormuzd and Ahriman of skaters and sliders, the good and evil principles of frost, instead of two different scales expressing exactly the very same thing. With him all accidents are "awful," but he much prefers "catastrophe" to "accident." So too a fire is invariably a "conflagration," and not only a conflagration but an "alarming" one, as if it were likely to be anything else. If he describes a shop it is an "extensive establishment," though the owner may be merely a cobbler. At a launch he is in great glory, nor is he satisfied till he has described how "the noble triumph of marine architectural construction"—a periphrasis for *ship* which would delight the heart of an Anglo-Saxon "maker"—has "glided like lightning into its native element." A most puzzling assertion, seeing that the native element of no part of a ship is water, either salt or fresh. He makes his way everywhere, and we find him even in the very last Queen's Speech, in which he makes Her Most Gracious Majesty talk of a "friendly reconciliation" between contending powers; as if a reconciliation could ever be anything else than friendly. Sometimes he goes up in a balloon, at least he says he does, though we hardly believe him. Were we there on the spot, endowed like Nero with absolute power, and sure that he were the only one of this wretched class alive, we would, without a moment's remorse, take such steps that the balloon, and he in it, should never come down. To the Moon he might rise, and write a long description of Earth to the "man" in that planet, but earth should be rid of him and his twaddle. But, alas! he goes up and comes down, and talks of the "veteran *Æronaut*" and of zero rising and falling up there in his distracting way. But we leave him where we found him, "the last man in possession" of the English language abiding in that stately palace which our forefathers have reared, and rendering it hideous by his utter ignorance of regimen or syntax, of mood or of tense, of person or of gender. Standing there, in the very fore-front of our language and literature, read by millions every morning in the newspapers, his power for harm is incalculable. "To this complexion," after an existence of eighteen centuries, "have we come at last."

We have thus rapidly run over our language and literature

from the earliest to the latest times. Celt, Roman, Saxon, Northman, and Norman spun the woof and warp. Since then we have brodered it with many a foreign word, tokens of national triumphs or defeats, and with many a household phrase taken from factions or parties, terms often of reproach which have been adopted by those to whom they were first applied in derision as watchwords of all their class. Besides the great main elements of our tongue we have borrowed at all times and on all hands during these eighteen centuries. It has been a long race, and we have thrown off most of our wraps and ornaments by the way. We are almost bare of conjugation and inflexion. We have little superfluous flesh left, but our wind and muscle and bone and thews are strong. No tongue can match ours for strength and suppleness of expression. But just in proportion to our scantiness of form is our richness of vocabulary. A word is self-existent. It can stand alone in this sense whether it be substantive or adjective. It has a settlement by the natural law of language in the land which has either begotten or adopted it, that is its birthright of which none can rob it. "I am an English word," "*Civis Romanus sum*," who dare cast me out? But an inflexion or form or mood is quite another thing. It cannot stand alone, like ivy it clings to the trunk, but you may tear it off from its hold and trail it through the mire, often very much to the good of the stem which upheld it. Inflexions therefore may be rubbed off, conjugations may wear out, a word may change its form and spelling, especially if it be an alien word, but it is still not only *a* word, but *the* word it has been from the first, under every change of form and under every kind of alteration or mutilation it has had but one original meaning from which all its later senses may be traced. It may become obsolete and out of date, but then it is not the less an English word, though we may have forgotten its existence. A man may have cousins and may forget them, as who does not even in Scotland; but they are still his cousins. So it is with words. Where then shall we look for all these English citizens, who claim to vote as English representatives by a sort of universal suffrage? Can any dictionary contain them? As we write the word "dictionary" we have unconsciously abandoned the point, for a Dictionary like a *Lexicon* originally meant only a selection or collection of choice phrases and words in a tongue, not an aggregate of every word in the language. That was the Greek and Roman idea, and our modern classical dictionaries help themselves out by *Totius Latinitatis*, or *Totius Græcitatís*, *Lexicon*, to show by their title the completeness of their work. It is probable that our Greek and Latin dictionaries which are supposed to contain every known word in those tongues really

contain but a portion of those vocabularies, because as many classical authors have perished numbers of words may have perished with them, and instances such as *nero*, the modern Greek for water, which evidently stands in the closest connexion with the water divinities *Nereus* and the *Nereides*, prove that many Greek and Latin words which now exist only in the modern dialects have only escaped notice as ancient words from the fact that the authors who may have used them no longer exist. But of modern languages such as French, German, and English, the vocabulary is so immense, and the numbers of authors published and unpublished so boundless, that no dictionary can hope to be exhaustive. An approach to completeness is all that can be expected. Like a man who sits down to invite his friends to a feast, and finds he has thirty to ask while he has only room for ten, we at once begin to pick and choose, to see in short what kind of words ought not to be in a dictionary before we settle those that ought to be there. First and foremost, proper names and names of places fall away; interesting and instructive though they may be, we treat them as Don Quixote's medical and religious advisers did his romances, "Out of the window with them! They shall find no place here." Each of these classes in fact requires a special dictionary of its own.

Next come jaw-breaking names of scientific implements and technical nomenclature in general, unless such as are so common as to be of constant occurrence in English authors. On this principle let such words as "*Acotyledon*" and "*Dicotyledon*," and all that barbarous botanic clan be banished from our dictionary. Let "*sextant*" and "*quadrant*" and perhaps "*theodolite*" be admitted. But let almost every word of this kind which has only a special and technical meaning, which is merely a scientific label having existence in this or that branch of knowledge, but which cannot show its citizenship by quotation from some work other than one which treats of that particular science, also follow its botanical brethren to the dreary columns of a technological dictionary.

Again, a question arises, Shall the words which excite a feeling of shame be excluded from our dictionary? Here the rule *Naturalia non sunt turpia* holds. A dictionary which is worth its salt does not exist to suppress but to utter words, and words of all kinds so that they be not filthy and obscene. "Muck" is a nasty thing, though it has been well defined as only "matter out of place;" but the man who excluded it from our English dictionary would make a mistake, because though it is dirty it is not obscene, not to speak of the fact that it is

just such a word as this which shows that primeval affinity which binds so many tongues together by a golden chain. Sanscrit, *mih* ; Lat. *mejere*, or *mingere* ; Anglo-Saxon, *migan* ; Gothic, *maihstus* ; modern German, *mist* ; Anglo-Saxon, *meox* ; English, *muck*, and *mixen*. Our forefathers spoke with a manly mouth, and uttered many a word which now shakes our weak nerves, but as they spoke so they wrote, and what they wrote remains. To exclude all free words from our dictionary would cut us off from a rich store. Besides, as Grimm well says, a dictionary is not "a moral treatise." It is not the Whole Duty of Man ; its duty is towards the language, and it knows no law except that of showing fairness alike to all. What shall we do with our Shakspeare, what with our Bibles, if we are to strike out from them all the outspoken words that shock the taste of our mincing age, which will gloat for hours over the double meaning of Gerfaut, and be charmed for a whole day with its unblushing profligacy, and yet cannot suffer its delicate ears to be polluted by any one of our fine old English words which still exist, and will always exist so long as the needs which they express are the lot of poor weak human nature. These words must be there then, for our dictionary affords an asylum to all its children ; it should be a sanctuary large enough to hold them all. There there are no outcasts or exiles, all have an equal birthright, old and young alike they should be all there, except the aliens and the obscene. Let those alone be profane, and let those whose taste is too refined to bear what they may find in Shakspeare or the Bible forgive the presence of the offenders, and console themselves with the overwhelming majority of words fit to be presented in their society.

We have now settled the words which a dictionary should contain. All English words, except the classes we have set aside, have a born right to be looked on as free of the tongue. As a child has one first look, one original form of face and feature by which its mother knows it all through life, however much that face and those features may be marred by time and age ; so every word has one original meaning, one form by which it may always be known, however long it may have lived, and however much it may have been modified by use. But as the child changes as it grows older, so words change in centuries. As every human being has a history often written on his face, so words have their history as they appear in the literature of the race that speaks them. A dictionary, then, has first to prove the birthright of a word ; it has to find out its original meaning, to produce, in fact, its certificate of birth by quoting if possible the first, or at least a very early pas-

sage in which it occurs. After that comes the history of the word, in which, by a string of quotations down to the latest times, the various changes of meaning which the word has undergone may be faithfully presented as in a mirror. Nor is it enough merely to quote a passage. Chapter and verse should be given, the name of the book and the page, so that a careful reader may verify them if he pleases, and all may know the kind of writer from whom they have been taken. We need not add that the reading of the compiler of a dictionary must be wide and deep. It must begin early and end late. He must have neither religious nor philosophic bias, for in a dictionary there are no religions except that of justice and impartiality, no philosophies except the philosophy of language.

But besides all this, we expect more in our dictionary. There should be occasional definitions, not such as *Table*, "a raised flat surface, at which one stands or sits to take various things from off it," or "a plane resting or raised upon legs, at which a number of occupations are performed;" or *Nose*, "the protruding and elevated portion of the human or animal face, situated immediately over the mouth, the seat and organ of smell." How much better would it be, as Grimm says, in quoting these long-winded definitions, to content one's-self with simply giving the Latin equivalents, *mensa* and *nasus*, which afford at once a sure explanation of what is meant to be understood in a language at once the widest spread, and best known, and most precise that the world has ever seen. What pedantry and affectation to forsake such a help, and betake one's-self to such particular and preposterous definitions as these we have mentioned! Every word should have an explanation, should be followed in a dictionary by something, whether a Latin word or an English word or two, which helps the reader to understand its meaning; but to do this by a cumbrous, logical definition, is merely to explain something of which a little is known by something of which nothing is known, and to throw a cloud of dust into the reader's eyes, which robs him of the small insight which he already had, and leaves him blind instead of short-sighted.

Anything more? Yes, something more. Every word has an *etymology*. We well know the tricks which have been played under this name, and the reader of this new Dictionary will find not a few of them; so long as etymology was merely the field on which word-jugglers and mountebank professors of philology met to play their pranks, it was often "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." As a science its rules are even now scarcely settled, but it is a science; the false professors and tumblers have been chased from the field, and etymology, from having been the bane

and byword of philology, has now become its medicine. It has been well likened to the salt or spice in a dictionary, without which many a word would be tasteless; but yet all food may be over-salted and over-spiced, and there are some things which have a greater zest if they are eaten raw, without either pepper or salt. Let there be moderation in all things, therefore, and among the rest in Etymology.

There was a time, indeed, when the classical languages, those twin tyrants Greek and Latin, lorded it over all the tongues of the earth. They had crushed the vernacular in every land by the weight and beauty of their literature, and by the fulness and symmetry of their grammatical rules. With their yoke on our necks, we scarce thought our own baser tongues worth studying as languages, however much our literature might demand our admiration. We reformed all grammar to their standard, and scarce dared to have a rule of our own. But when Sanscrit was discovered, the two despots were hurled from their thrones, and a new and juster reign began. It was as different from the tyranny of Greek and Latin as the gentle influence of a mother differs from the domination of a step-dame, or the mild sway of a legitimate king from the upstart arrogance of an usurper. "Obey my rule or perish," was the old decree. "Respect me and respect yourselves," was the new philological dispensation. Before the venerable age and boundless fulness of Sanscrit all other tongues must bow the head, and in the clearness of its forms many dark roots are transfigured, and glow with purest light. We complain of the moon, and ascribe all sorts of evil influences to her. Why? because she is too near us, she interferes with our tides, makes men mad, and rots our meat. It is unlucky to look at her through glass, and woe betide the wight who does not turn his money in his pocket, if he has any to turn, when he catches sight of her as she begins to wax. We abuse our stars, too, and impute malevolence to them; but do we ever dare to take such liberties with the sun? No! and why? because he is too great, because he is too far off, because he is too bright. Not even in these islands, where no one can say that his beams are often oppressive, does any one venture to speak ill of the sun; we all revere him as the great centre of our system. So it is with Sanscrit: it warms and vivifies our vernacular philology, it has made it a living thing, it has made our dry roots shoot up into flower and fruit, out of the ugly bulb has burst forth the lily more bravely arrayed than Solomon in his glory; it has done all this like a god from afar, without passion or pedantry and without insult or oppression. It lives and it lets live. Each of

our European languages, and best of all the two old tyrants who have now learned better behaviour, looks into its own bosom and there finds the features of the great mother reflected, and the whisper of her voice speaking to its conscience, and bidding it be a freeman and no longer a slave. But no man can be free without self-respect, he cannot respect himself until he knows himself, and he cannot know himself till he looks more at home and less abroad, and so sees at last what manner of man he is. Let our philology, therefore, be rather home-born than foreign ; let it rather be near-sighted than far-fetched ; let it know itself before it claims to know others.

And now comes the question, to which all that has been already written is but a preface, How has Dr. Latham fulfilled these duties in this Dictionary ? Six parts of it lie before us, though if the work had progressed as it began there ought to have been nine ; but still there are six, from *A.* to *Combust.* *Ex pede Herculem, ex auribus Asinum.* The letters *A* and *B*, and part of *C*, are enough to judge from. Let us say at once that we are much disappointed. In this dictionary we miss many words, old and coarse perhaps, but not obscene, and which are deep-rooted in the language. But this is a small point compared with the poverty of the quotations, which neither give the earliest, and in many cases not even the latest uses of the words. The quotations in fact seem taken almost at haphazard, some on insignificant words are enormously long, and others ridiculously short. No attempt is made to let the word tell its own story by a series of quotations ; there it stands as it stood, it may be, in the days of Elizabeth, or of the Georges, or as it stands nowadays, when it had perhaps already existed hundreds of years, and undergone all sorts of modifications. The definitions, when any are attempted, are rather logical than grammatical, and are generally so stated as either to embody a crotchet, with which few can agree even if they understand it, or they are so transcendental as to be quite beyond the comprehension of even an enlightened reader. The etymology is generally of the scantiest, and sometimes of the wildest kind, and scarcely an attempt is made to show the place in which English stands in the great Indo-European family. We believe Dr. Latham is an unbeliever in the truths of philology. He thinks the wise men came from the West. He is welcome to his unbelief ; but a dictionary is not written for unbelievers but for believers, and the new philological faith is too firmly rooted to be simply ignored. Whoever compiling a dictionary does thus ignore it, must do so at the peril of his head, and must look to hear hard things. We expect him, as may be gathered from what

we have said above, to be moderate in the use of his etymological spice-box, but when we find him either not using it at all or using it at random, what can we say but that we love English rather than Latham, and must criticise his shortcomings?

So much for the general, now for some particulars, though our bill of indictment is so long that even in *A* and *B* we shall not nearly have room for all.

A. prep. For its power in such expressions as

They go *a-begging* to a bankrupt's door (*Dryden*),

See *On*.

It is very doubtful whether this gerundial *a-*, as in *a-begging*, *a-dying* (*moriturus*) is a preposition at all, and if it be, it has not come from *on*. This will be plain if we consider the very next word in Dr. Latham's Dictionary:—

Aback, *adv.* [*on back*].

1. Back.

They drew *aback*, as half with shame confound.

Spenser, Pastorals; June.

2. Behind; from behind.

Venerius, perceiving the danger of the general, was about to have assailed the poupe of Italy his gallie, so to have endangered her being set upon both before and *aback*.—*Knolles, History of the Turks*, 879 A. (Ord. ms.)

Here we cannot help thinking that Dr. Latham is quite wrong in supposing that the *a* in *a-back*, and very many words of the same kind, comes from the Saxon *on*. The meaning of that preposition is quite as much that of rest as of motion, and no sense but that of motion will suit the passage quoted from Spenser. Besides, what authority is there for the change of *on* into *a* in all these compounds. How then is it to be explained, and what is the true etymology of such words as *a-back*, *a-gog*, *a-loft*, *a-lone*, *a-loof*, *a-mong*, *a-new*, *a-sunder*, *a-thwart*, and many more? Why, simply that in the scramble for precedence and adoption which took place between the various dialects in England between the Conquest and the invention of printing, the Scandinavian element won the mastery in these forms as in many others. Thus though we cannot point to any Anglo-Saxon equivalents of *a-back* and its followers on the list, we can in almost every case point to the Old Norse counterparts of these English words, all formed of the preposition *á*, the long and broad *a* still heard north of the Humber, which governs the accusative with the idea of motion, and the dative with that of

rest. Thus *á baki*, with the dat., "on the back, borne on the back," where the "i" of the case is preserved in the now silent but once sounded "e" of *abacke*; *á bak*, with the acc., "on the back, put on the back," whence also we have an adverb *ábak*, the exact equivalent of our *a-back*. That was the word as it stood in the Northumbrian dialect before it had spread itself over all England, and thence has our modern word been taken.

So also ABOARD, which we have now limited merely to a seafaring term, but which originally meant quite as often sitting at a table as standing on a ship's deck, *á bordi* or *á bord* are the old Norse forms whence our modern adverb has come. Nor can we help turning here to "board," to which Dr. Latham refers us after telling us that "aboard" comes from "on board." This is what he says:—

Board. *s.* [A. S. *bord*.—*Bord* is a German word; but it was taken up in the French, whence it reached England as an Anglo-Norman one. Hence, it is difficult to give the exact details of all its derivatives. As a general rule, it may be laid down that it is a word of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means *piece of wood, table, and the like*; of Anglo-Norman when the notion of *side* prevails. It is certainly Anglo-Norman when, as a verb, it can be rendered by *accost*.]

This is a most mysterious passage, from which we infer that there are two boards in English, one derived from the Anglo-Saxon and one from the Anglo-Norman. In point of fact there never was but one word *board* in the English tongue derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and meaning originally a flat plank, a board in fact. The word was common both to the Norsemen and Anglo-Saxons, and was used by both in precisely the same sense. The Norsemen carried it with them to Normandy, and it was ingrafted in some of its senses into Norman-French; but to say that "it is of Anglo-Saxon origin when it means a piece of wood, table, and the like, and of Anglo-Norman when the notion of side prevails" is sheer nonsense. Nor is it "certainly Anglo-Norman when as a verb it can be rendered by *accost*." All this confusion arises from disregard of the rule laid down before that a word has one meaning, and only one, out of which all its after forms are made. What then is the Anglo-Saxon and Norse *bord* from which our "board," as well as the Anglo-Norman *aborder*, and our obsolete substantive *abord*, sprung? First of all it meant a flat piece of wood or plank, then because planks or boards were used as tables it meant a table, as we use it every day in many expressions, "to be bonny and buxom

at bed and at board," "the festive board." Then because planks were used for the decks of ships, the deck of a ship was called board, whence we have the expression "all fair and above board," meaning open, unhidden, upon deck where all may see it, not down below in the darkness of the hold; unless this expression too relates to a table, and contrasts the light above the table with the darkness under it. It may be so, but we lean to the metaphor from the deck of a ship. For the same reason because planks were used for the sides of ships, a ship's side was called board, whence starboard and larboard; next it was used for the whole ship, whence "on board," and "aboard," the first of which is the Saxon, and the last the Norse form. But the list is not nearly out: sailors who in sea-fights try to scale the sides of an enemy's ship are called "boarders"—a word Dr. Latham has omitted, though he uses the verb to "board" in that sense. From this sense we used to call any ardent attempt to force one's company on another to board. "He would have *boarded* me in his fury," says one of the merry wives of Windsor, speaking of Falstaff's impetuous wooing. But those who are fed in any one's house and sit at his table are also called "*boarders*," and such persons are said to "*board*" with the master. Hence too we have *boarding-school*, and *board-wages*, that is, money allowed to servants for their food. Furthermore, because board means side of a ship, by a very natural metaphorical process it is transferred to the side of anything. And now we drop the "*oa*," which only marks the length of the vowel, and go back to the original "*o*" of the word, and form a number of words, as "*border*," the outer side or edge of anything; thus we speak of the "*border*" of a cloth or the "*border*" of a garden, and of "*the Border*" between Scotland and England, meaning the tract where the two sides of each country touch, and by a reduplication we speak of the *Borderside*, and we say to *border*, meaning to be on the march or edge of a country, and those who live there are called *Borderers*. So also a book is said to be in *boards* when its outside case is formed of paper pasted together and called *pasteboard*; and finally, people who sit round a table and do business are called a *board*. All these meanings come from the first rude flat plank of wood, *tabula*, *asser*, which our forefathers hewed out in some forest in the morning of time, and called *board*, perhaps because it would *bear* something when set upon it. It is a very simple word, and tells its own history without confusion if Dr. Latham would only let it. Nor had the Normans, except collaterally in *abord* and *aborder*, both derived metaphorically from ships, anything to do with the develop-

ment of the word, which was complete in its notion of plank, table, ship, side, and sustenance, before the Conquest both in England and the North.

But to return to our adverbs in "a-:" we have no time to examine them all, but here are some:—

Agog. *adv.* [?] In a state of desire or activity; heated with a notion; longing; strongly excited.

Then follow quotations from South, Cowper, Dryden, Roger l'Estrange, Butler's *Hudibras*, and the *Spectator*, in the order named. Then comes something from the late Mr. Garnett, which shows how sure his philosophical insight was:—

[We believe that the Roxburgh phrase, *on gogs*, adduced by Mr. Brockett, points to the true origin, viz. Icelandic *á gægium*, on the watch or look out; from the neuter passive verb *gægjaz*, to peep or pry.—*Garnett*, p. 30.]

This little bit from Mr. Garnett, one of the best philologists England ever had, might have shaken Dr. Latham's belief in his "on backs," "on boards," and other adverbs of the same kind. No doubt Mr. Garnett was right, and to be "agog" is to be beset with that eagerness which makes men and women run and stare and peep and pry instead of minding their business; but why, when Dr. Latham was on the right vein, did he not tell us that "goggle eyes" are wide staring eyes, or eyes that stare with something of a sidelong, furtive look; and that when we call spectacles "goggles," we mean that they are glasses through which shortsighted people stare and peep? All this information is no doubt reserved for "goggle," but a little of it would have come in very well under "agog." Before we pass on we may remark that in Richardson's Dictionary, which is one that *does* try to make each word tell its own story by quotations, there is a very curious passage from Wycliffe, in which the *luscus* of the Vulgate is rendered "goggle-eyed" in the verse, "It is better for thee to enter heaven having only one eye," etc. So that "goggle-eyed" is equivalent to "one-eyed," though here again the original meaning is not wholly lost, for the peculiarstaring one-sided expression of a face with only a single eye seems to have caught the translator's fancy; and so he rendered *luscus*, whence the French *louche*, by "goggle-eyed." One little correction of Mr. Garnett, and we leave "agog:" *á gægium* does not come from the verb *gægjaz*, or as it would be more properly spelt *gægjask*, but from the plural substantive *gægjur*, staring, peeping, prying, the Roxburgh "gogs," a form which presupposes a lost singular "gog"

or "gágr," the full broad vowel of the singular being broken in the plural by the final "u," in obedience to a well-known law. The expression *standa á gæggjum*, to stand agog, to stand and stare or pry, is still common in Icelandic. They have also the adjective *gagr, gögr, gagrt*, "twisted," "turned awry." In *Snorro Sturlusons Edda*, ii. 496, "Gogr" is given as an appellative of "man" in a bad sense, and in early times Peeping Tom of Coventry, who stood and stared and peeped at the Lady Godiva, would have been called "gogr" by an Icelandic Skáld, and his deed of shame, "*at standa á gæggjum*." He was all "agog" to see the charms of the fair lady, and so he stood and peeped while all others turned away their eyes.

Let us get on.

"**Agate**," according to Dr. Latham, is "*adv. [on gait] on the way, a-going. Obsolete.*"

Is it his 'motus trepidationis' that makes him stammer? I pray you, Memory, set him *agate* again.—*Brewer, Lingua*, iii. 6."

If by "on gait" Dr. Latham means that the second part of this adverb is derived from "gait," mien and manner in walking or going, and that the office of Memory, in the quotation, is to set the stammerer on his legs again and set him agoing, we think he is wrong. Our "gait" comes from the Icelandic "gæta," to take care, to give heed, whence come a host of compounds and derivatives, as "gætir" *custos*, "gættinn" *circumspectus*, "gætimadr" *vir diligens*,—such an one as he of whom the Psalmist says, "I will take heed to my paths;" a man who walks straightly and carefully in the eyes of God and man, whose "gait" is good. It is remarkable that from this very word an adjective is formed with "á," "ágætr," where the "á" is not the preposition, but an adverb, meaning "ever," so that "ágætr maðr" is a man ever careful in his ways, a discreet, and therefore famous man; who walks well, because he knows that all eyes are fixed on him. But the substantive "gait" and this "ágætr" have nothing to do with our obsolete "agate." The first part of that adverb is the preposition "á," which Dr. Latham will call "on," and the last has nothing to do with the "gait" or going of the stammerer, but relates to the road or path, or to use a Northumbrian word, the "gate" on which he walks. "Agate," in fact, is the old Norse "á götu," from "gata," which means a path or road. Here again the broad vowel of the nominative singular has been broken by the final "u" of the declension. If any one objects that "á götu" is unlike "agate," the answer is easy. The first thing to perish in a dialect so shattered as the Saxon and Scandinavian tongues were in England after the Conquest,

is the inflexions. The prepositions are tougher and remain. Thus, while the "á" remained, the Northumbrians soon forgot that the "u" final broke up the "a" of "gata;" gate, the nominative form, was used for all the cases, and *á gōtu* became first *á gata*, and then the adverb *agate* or *agates* was formed. When our version of the Psalms speaks of "letting the *runagates* continue in scarceness," the Hebrew poet is but inculcating the truth of the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." The "runagates" are the vagabonds, the "gangrel loons" who roam over the country, trying path after path; wanderers without a settlement, who have neither time nor means to acquire a fixed abode. No word can better prove the truth of our assertions, first that the "a" is the Norse preposition "á," governing the accusative with the sense of motion and the dative without it; and secondly, that "gate" has nothing to do with "gait," which we have shown to be derived from another word, but is nothing more nor less than the old Northumbrian or Norse "gata," a path.

So also AGROUND, after which Dr. Latham omits the stereotyped [on ground], merely calling it an "adverb, stranded, hindered by the ground from passing farther." Hindered by what ground? not "ground" in the sense we now commonly use it, of firm and solid earth, as "the ground" we tread on; or metaphorically, "Tell us the 'grounds' of your belief?" that is, "Tell us the firm basis on which your faith rests?" In fact, there are two "grounds" in the English language which Dr. Latham has rolled into one in his explanation of "aground." The "ground" which, according to him, hinders the ships from passing farther, is not the same word as the "ground" we tread, and which is often distinguished from it by the epithet "dry."

"Now, if these boys had been at home,
A-sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one pennie,
They had not all been drown'd."

And so it would have been better if Dr. Latham had told us that there are two "grounds" in the English language, the ground of the land and the ground of the sea. One derived from the Icelandic *grund*, *planities*, *terra*, which we will call "dry ground;" the other, which shall be "wet ground," derived from *grunn*, *vada*, *brevia*, in which sense the word can scarcely be said to be obsolete, as it is of frequent occurrence in English literature, and still lingers in "aground," that is to say, fast on the shallows or grounds at the bottom of the sea, and also in "ground-swell, that is, the sea swell which rolls in over the shallows. We also speak of coffee-"grounds," that is, the sedi-

ment at the bottom of the liquid. Both "dry ground" and "wet ground" have their equivalents in Icelandic, "á grundi" would be on dry land; "á grunni" would be on a shoal at the bottom of the sea. When the Northumbrian dialect was shattered, both were rolled into one word in sound, with two meanings as distant as black and white. The Icelandic equivalents of "ground-sea" or "ground-swell," are "grunnföll" and "grunn sæfi," both of which the readers will find in Egilsson's Dictionary.

We hasten on with our adverbs in "a-": ALONE. Here too Dr. Latham drops his [on lone], and merely calls it an adverb meaning "only;" but not content with letting "alone" alone, he goes on to make it an adjective. This is what he says:—

Alone. *adj.* [The exact details of the form of this word are obscure; and they belong to minute philology, rather than to lexicography. The *al-*, in the first instance, looks like *all*. In *lone*, however, we have it without the *a*: a syllable which, viewed merely with respect to its form, may represent the initial of *all*, the French *a*, or Anglo-Saxon *on*.

The second element, however, is *one*; the construction of which is peculiar.]

He then treats the reader with some logical transcendentalism, which, even if Dr. Latham be right in asserting Dr. Guest to be of his opinion, certainly only shows how much two philologists of very different ability may agree in a mistake. The "one" and "ane" on which these learned men rely in certain passages, seem to us to be much more like forms of "own" than of "one;" and even if they are forms of "one," they would not prove either that "alone" is to be dissected into "all one," or that it is an adjective. So far from this latter proposition having been proved, every one of Dr. Latham's quotations seems to show that "alone" is neither more nor less than an adverb. We believe it to be an adverb, and we believe it to be made up of "a" and "lone," not of "all" and "one." What then is "lone," which we may remark exists in "lone," "lonesome," and "lonely" and "loneliness," a fact in itself enough to show what the formation of the word really is. It is nothing but the Northumbrian "á laun" or "á lön," both of which would be pronounced very nearly as our "alone." Now, to do a thing "á laun" or "á lön," is to do a thing by one's-self, apart, privately, secretly; "möla á laun" is to talk aside; "hylja hre á laun" is *clam occultare cadaver*, "to bury a corpse by one's-self." A base-born child is said to be "laun-getinn," that is, "lone-begotten;" "launkrá" is a hiding-place in a corner; "launþing" is *conventus clandestinus*, what we should now call

"a hole-and-corner meeting;" from "laun," the feminine substantive, comes the verb "leyna," to conceal, pronounced "laina" as in "alane," and "leynigata," a lonely path. Hence come too our English "lane," a bypath, and many others. To be "alone" then, is to be by one's-self, whether for a good or bad purpose, but as the life of the freeman in early times was open and above-board, as the difference between murder and homicide lay in the one case in the concealment, in the other in the open avowal of the deed, any one who shunned the company of his equals was looked upon with an evil eye. But as the word waxed older, the spirit of that free and open life died away with the freeman himself and his rights. It became no longer a disgrace, though it might be misery to live alone and work and think alone, and so the old "á laun" with its uncanny feeling passed into our "lone" and "lonely" and "alone." Our "alone," therefore, now merely expresses "solitude," with no notion of evil. It is a misfortune not a fault.

ALONG reminds us of ABROAD, and we take them both together. The first Dr. Latham tells us is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "andlang," which, if it be genuine Saxon, can only contain the ideas of length and opposition; the Saxon and Scandinavian inseparable particle "and-," German "ant-," being the remnant of a primeval separable particle or preposition. Its equivalents are the prepositions "and" in Gothic, the Greek "ἀντί," and the Latin "ante." We use this inseparable particle every day in "answer," and even in "end," which is the point of an object opposed to anything else; the Germans use it in "antwort," in "antlitz," and many other words beginning with "ant-" and "ent." It is more than likely that it is the original of our conjunct "an," if, and that the true form of the word is "and;" nay, that our everyday "and" itself is this very word. But this "and" of opposition, doubt, and suggestion, has in our opinion nothing to do with "álong," which is merely our old friend the preposition "á" or "a" governing the adjective "long" from "láng, löng," and some substantive which has disappeared; the notion throughout all the passages quoted is one of lengthened progression in the same direction, of going along with the object in short, instead of opposition or of motion towards or against it. If this first meaning of the word be kept steadily in view there will be no need for word-splitting in the case of "along," and for making it, as Dr. Latham does, a preposition as well as an adverb. To prove his point he quotes the vulgar expression, "it's all along on you," and "who is this 'long of?" the last from Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuses*, ii.; and to strengthen his opinion, as he brought up Dr. Guest as his backer in "alone," he brings up Mr. Wedgwood

as his armour-bearer in "along," this being only one out of numberless occasions in which he falls back on that writer. We give the extract at length:—

[We must distinguish *along*, through the length of, from *along*, in the sense of causation, when some consequence is said to be *along of* or *long of* a certain agent or efficient principle. In the former sense *long* is originally an adjective agreeing with the object now governed by the preposition *along*. In the latter it is the O. S. and A. S. *gelang*, owing to, in consequence of; from *gelingen*, to happen, to succeed. 'Hii sohton on hwom þat *gelang* wære:' 'they inquired *along of* whom that was,' whose fault it was, from whom it happened that it was.—Wedgwood, *Dictionary of English Etymology*.]

We here observe with pleasure that Mr. Wedgwood confirms our assertion that "long" was originally an adjective agreeing with some object, but we differ with him when he calls "along" a preposition, it being invariably an adverb. With the last part of his statement we altogether disagree. The true rendering of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather of the Northumbrian, passage is, "they asked of whom or to whom that belonged." That we believe to be the meaning of the sentence, and we think that the Northumbrian "a lōng," and not the participial form "gelang," from "gelingen," is the original of "along."

After splitting "along" into two parts of speech, the fact being that where it can be twisted into a prepositional force, it must always have a real preposition, such as "with" or "of" to help it out and govern the substantive which it is supposed to govern, Dr. Latham passes on to ALONGST, which he calls an adverb meaning "along." But in this obsolete word we hail one of the strongest confirmations of our theory as to the origin of all these adverbs. "Alongst" is an adverb, but it means much more than "along," just as a superlative is a much better and stronger thing than either a comparative or a positive. Precisely as "along" is formed from "a" and "long," so "alongst" is formed from the superlative of "lāngr, lōng, lāngt." This is "lōngst" or "lengst," and out of this an adverb "ālēngst" or "ālōngst" has been formed, which means not "along," but "alongest," it being as is common enough in old Norse a superlative adverb, meaning not *longe* but *longissime* in Latin. The meaning of "alongst" is therefore not merely "along," but along and much more; as is plain by Dr. Latham's quotation, which he seems not to understand:—

Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind savour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. *Alongst*, in a border, grew maidenhair.—*Greene, Quip for an upstart Courtier*, p. 6.

The Turks did keep straight watch and ward in all their ports *alongst* the sea-coast.—*Knolles, History of the Turks*.

In the first of these the word means "farthest on," "at the

very end," "after one had gone along as far as one could." In the second the Turks kept watch and ward all along their coast, from the very end on one side to the very end on the other, as far as ever they could.

Returning to "answer" for a moment, we may add that though Dr. Latham derives it from the "weak" Anglo-Saxon "andsvarian," it is more probably derived from the "strong" Norse form "andsvara," and that the word is a reduplication like "lukewarm," "loup^{garou}," and others, as it contains the idea of opposition twice over. "Svara," akin to but not the same as "sverja" to swear, is in itself to "answer," as we see not only from the old Norse "svara," but from the modern Swedish and Danish "svara" and "svare;" so that "answer" contains the notion of a reply repeated, first in the particle "an," and then in the verb "svara" itself.

AGEN, AGAIN, and AGAINST. These are separate though kindred forms, and "again" and "against" stand in the same relation the one to the other, as "along" and "alongst." First, of "agen." This adverb, Dr. Latham says, "is used chiefly by the poets in cases where the spelling with *ai*" might lead to false pronunciation, and spoil the rhyme." He thus treats it as identical with "again," except in poetry. But in truth it is a distinct form, and comes from a separate word, as we shall soon see. "Again" Dr. Latham derives from the Anglo-Saxon "onganes" without knowing how much nearer the word lies to the Scandinavian than to the Saxon element in English. The truth is that there are two parallel forms in Icelandic, "gegn," from which "agen" comes; and "gagn," from which "again" comes. The primary meaning of both is that of opposition and motion towards, and that is the primary notion of "again," which is formed like all these adverbs in "a-" out of "a" and "gagn;" what happens "again" is something which meets you twice, which throws itself in your way. This primary meaning shows itself in "gainsay" and "gainstand," which are earlier forms than "againstand" and "againsay," and have their Icelandic representatives in "gagnstanda" and "gagnsegja." In Wycliffe we have—"We hopedden that he should have 'agen-bought' Israel" (Luke xxiv. 21), that is, bought over again, redeemed, and also Romans i. 4, "agenrising" for "resurrection." From "gagn" the Icelanders made a substantive "gagn" meaning victory, "gain," because what opposes or thwarts one is fought and conquered, and so out of strife comes "gain." What opposes is often broken through, and so "gagn" in Icelandic means "through," as well as "opposed to." As for "gegn" it is almost in every respect a parallel form to "gagn." As for "against," which out of a superlative adverb has almost

entirely passed into a preposition, we think that it originally came from "á gegn," because there is in Icelandic a superlative of "gegn" which is an adjective as well as an adverb, "gegnst;" thus, "hit gegnsta" the shortest way, the way which leads to some place most directly opposite to you, or, as they still say in the north, as well as in other parts of England, the "gainest" way. But "agen" and "again," though cognate, are distinct formations, and Dr. Latham has no right to confound and roll them into one. If he had sought for some prose quotations of an earlier date he would have seen that as "gegn" and gagn are kindred collaterals in Icelandic, so are "again" and "agen" in English.

And now for ABROAD, which Dr. Latham merely calls an adverb, giving no etymological hint about it. This word is in no sense a correlative of "along," as "broad" is the opposite of "long." It has nothing to do with breadth, while "along" has everything to do with length, and exists only in that idea. The first meaning of "abroad," whence all the rest naturally follow, is, like "agate" of which we have already spoken, and "away" of which we shall have to speak, one of travel or progression on a path or road. It is derived not at all from "broad," but from the old Norse feminine substantive "braut" or "bröd," a way, a path, or road. This word itself is derived from "brjota," to break or open a path. Thence we have "á brautu" on a path or road,—in *via*; and thence an adverb "ábraut" or "ábröt:" so "Reginn var ábraut horfinn," "Regin had taken himself off, had gone away;" but as ways lead out of the land, a man who had gone away often left the country, or went, as we now say, "abroad," that is, quitted his native land. All the other meanings of the word spring from this; as "out of doors" in the well-known line of Dr. Watts,

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad;"

that is, Whenever I go out of my house, and walk on any road, in any direction; or,

"Again the lonely fox roams far abroad,"

where Reynard tries many paths in the pursuit of prey.

The old Norse "braut" has many children, as "brautíngi," a vagabond or beggar; and hence the proverb, "Bráð eru brautíngja erindi," "Beggars' business brooks no delay," which answers perhaps to our "Beggars must not be choosers." Here to-day, and gone to-morrow, ever tramping on the road, they must take what they can get, and take it at once, or not at all.

After "Abroad" we may as well take AWAY, the last of our adverbs in "a" in alphabetical order, though not the last of which we shall have to speak. In the case of this word, Dr.

Latham returns to his [on way]. Its first meaning, he says, is "in a state of absence," but he omits either to explain how "away" means in a state of absence, or to let it explain itself. It is the Northumbrian preposition "á," with "veg," from "vegr" in the accusative; whence an adverb "áveg," pronounced "away," has been formed precisely in the same manner as all the rest; *á götu* or *á gata*, and *á braut* or *á brôt* are its exact counterparts, and as in their case, all the meanings of "away" spring from the one primary sense of motion on a path or road.

We have not nearly exhausted all these adverbs in "a," but we have only space for two or three more.

Aloft. *adv.* [A.-S., *on loyfte* = in the lift or air.] 1. On high, above, in the air.

This explanation as to the meaning of the word is no doubt right, but in all our reading we have not met the Anglo-Saxon form *on loyfte*, though we have heard of *on lyfte*; but here again it is not to the Anglo-Saxon but to the Scandinavian element of our language that we owe the word. *Lopt* or *loft* is the old Norse form, from which we get both our word "loft" as an upper chamber, which has now sunk into a room over a stable, though of old it had a nobler use (see Acts xx. 8, 9), where the slumbrous Eutychus, wearied with St. Paul's long sermon, sitting in a window, "fell down from the third loft"—or as we should now say from the third storey—"and was taken up dead." That we take to have been the first meaning of the word, something raised or "lifted" from the ground; thence it came to mean the air, which is the sense of the old Norse "lopt," the old English "lift," and the modern German "luft," being applied not only to what was raised by man above the ground, but to what was spread by God above and around the earth; finally it was used for what was supposed to be above the air, the sky or "heaven itself," which last is only another word for expressing the same thing, the arch "up-heaved" above the earth. We need hardly add, after our other examples, that "aloft" is a genuine old Norse form, "á lopt" or "á loft;" "vera á lopt," with the accusative of motion, *sursum tollere*, "to bear aloft;" "vera á lofti," with the dative of rest, *esse in sublimi*, "to be aloft." From "loft" comes "lypta," to lift, and "lypting," the poop, half-deck, or raised and lifted stern of the old Norse ship.

Aloof. *adv.* [A.-S. *on lyfte* = windward: see Aloft.]

So says Dr. Latham; but in the first place the Anglo-Saxon "on lyfte" does not mean to windward, and in the next "aloof"

has no connexion with "aloft" in any of its senses. It has nothing to do with the "lift" or air. It comes from "á hlaupi" or "á löpi," for the "h" is not essential, and ö is only another form of writing "au," the pronunciation being very nearly "aloof." But "hlaup" or "löp" is the act of running, and "hlaupa" or "löpa" is to run, near akin to our Saxon "leap," but not the same in sense, the idea of motion being less prolonged in our "leap" than in the Norse "hlaup" and "hlaupa." There is another form, "hleypa," with the same sense, and from it comes "hleyþingi," as from "hlaupa" comes "hlaupíngi," both meaning runagates and vagabonds. A man who holds himself "aloof," then, is not one who, according to Dr. Latham, gets to windward of you, or gets "aloft," upstairs, or up into the air or heaven, to get out of your way, but merely one who, in plain English, runs away, and keeps at a respectful distance from you. In this way Spenser can describe his knight as saying, in his fantastic English of no age, and which always sets our teeth on edge to read it—

"Then bade the knight this lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside."

That is, "then the knight bade the lady run away, and withdraw aside to a hill." In this sense, too, a sinner may be said to be "aloof" from God or from grace. In the quotation given by Dr. Latham from Bacon the word looks very much as though it were used in its strict primary sense:—

Going northwards *aloof*, as long as they had any doubt of being pursued, at last when they were out of reach, they turned and crossed the ocean to Spain.—*Bacon*.

However that may be, though in its secondary state its meaning is standing aside at a respectful distance, its first sense was running away from pursuit, and out of this the secondary and metaphorical meanings have been derived.

One more of these "a-'s" and we leave them.

Askance. *adv.* Asquint; sideways; obliquely.

Of this word Dr. Latham gives no derivation of his own, but after the quotations comes a long extract from Mr. Wedgwood, who, after throwing a good deal of etymological rubbish in our eyes, which makes such a dust that we can scarce see where we are, seems to consider its connexion with "scant and scanty" as undoubted, and suggests that the Icelandic "skammr" "short," may have something to do with the "scance" of "ascance," after it has undergone such a change of consonant as is exhibited in the Italian "cambiare" and "cangiare." But though he is right in referring the verb to "scamp," to "skammr," as used of work done in a hurry, and therefore badly done, and as we may add,

though it is true that a "scamp" is a good-for-nothing fellow, who slurs over all he has to do, and does nothing well, yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. Wedgwood is quite wrong in connecting "scance" with "skant" and "skanty," and that to use another derivative from "skammr," made after what has been called that "Bow-wow" theory of language, which would make everything "onomatopœic," he talks a deal of "skimble skamble" stuff about "askance." This is the more odd, because in the passage about "askew," which Dr. Latham has also embodied in the dictionary, Mr. Wedgwood quotes the very Icelandic word from which "askance" comes, but which he is as wrong in referring to "askew" as he is in referring "skamnr" to "ascance." This word is "skakkr," he spells it "skackr," and probably had he known that the double "k" in Icelandic is an assimilation for *nk*, he would have seen at once that "skakkr" is as near akin to "ascance" or "askance," as, to use an Icelandic proverb, "nose is to eyne." This formation of "skankr" is corroborated by the old pret. of the Norse "hanga" to hang, which is "hekk," for "henk," and in other words where the same combination of *k* occurs. Such are "bekkr" and "bakkr," which are the counterparts of the Danish "banke" and "bænk," and of our "bench" and "bank." But the meaning of "skakkr" or "skankr" is not that of shortness and haste as shown in "scant," "scanty," and "scamp" from "skamnr," but of motion "sidelong" or "aside;" it is the Latin *obliquus*, and the Icelandic "at lita á skakkt," or "á skankt" would exactly answer to our "look ascance" both in form and sense.

We should be induced to refer "askew" with Mr. Wedgwood to the Icelandic "skeifr," which is the German "schief," not "scheef," and the Dane "skiev," were it not for "skewbald," of which we wish to say something under "Bald."

What then is BALD? All Dr. Latham tells us about it is, that it is an adjective, and the first sense he gives of it is "wanting hair," despoiled of hair by time or sickness. His second is, "without natural or usual covering," and then he gives this quotation from *As You Like It*, IV. 3.—

"Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."

This quotation might have suggested to him the first meaning of the word, which is "glistening," "white," or "bright;" it is the white scalp stripped of its hair, like the withered hoary top of an old oak, which raises its head to heaven stripped of leaves and bark. But besides this suggestive passage, we have "the bald-faced" stag, a common sign; that is, the stag with a white blaze down his face; and we have "skew-bald" of a horse, where

"skew" denotes the variety of colour; and "bald" the white, which is always one of the colours of a skewbald. Then we have "pie-bald," where "pie," from magpie, denotes the variety of coat, and "bald" is again white. But why is "bald" white? We think there can be no doubt that the notion of whiteness and brightness in "bald" comes from the glorious whiteness of the God Baldr's face, who was so white that the great oxlip, the *Anthemis cotula* was called "Baldrsbrá," Balder's brow, because the whiteness of its beaming petals was likened to the shining, glistening face of the Sun-God. The word does not seem to mean stripped of hair, in Icelandic. The higher attributes of the god have clung to the word, and it means, "divine," "glorious," "mighty;" but perhaps its sense of whiteness still lingers in the "Baldjökul" in Iceland, which raises its hoary pate not far from Kálmanstunga. For our "bald" the Icelanders used "sköllóttir," of which -óttir is only the adjectival ending. Their word for baldness was "skalli," and the same word was used personally for "bald pate." "Go up 'skalli,'" the children afterwards eaten by the bears would have said to Elisha, had they spoken Icelandic. From this Norse root we have many words, as "skull" or "scull," the bones of the human head stripped of hair, skin, and flesh; and again we have "scalp," the skin of the head without the hair; and again we have "scald head," for the baldness caused by ringworm; and "scalding water" is water so hot that it will take the hair off, unless it comes from "skella," and means water that boils so fiercely that it makes a shrill, ringing sound.

As we have said something about "skewbald," let us go back to "askew," and say why we think that the Icelandic word from which "skew" is formed is not "skeifr." The reason is this, the modern Icelandic word for a skewbald is "skjóttr," and a horse skjóttr is called "skjóni," and a mare of the same piebald colour, "skjóna." Perhaps the difficulty may be solved by supposing skjóttr to be itself a compound of skeif and the termination -óttir, so that the meaning would be the skew-coloured pied sort of horse! But in favour of skjóttr as an independent word, is the fact of the accent over the óttir, as well as the fact that it may be derived from "skjóta," to shoot—pass rapidly with the eye from one colour of a skewbald horse to the other—in which sense we also use the word in English when we talk of a "shot silk," meaning by the term, a silk in which various colours are so blended that the eye cannot tell what the true hue of the dress really is, so rapidly does it pass from one tint to another.

From "bald" we go on to BALDERDASH, which Dr. Latham says is Welsh, "Balldorddus = imperfect utterance." As its first meaning he gives "lax and mixed language." Its derivation is

not Welsh, but the Norse "baldrask," which makes in the past tenses "baldradisk" and "baldradask," from "baldur," noise, clamour, and the meaning of the verb is "to pour out noisy nonsense." Hence it came not only to talk nonsense, but it was used metaphorically for any vile mixture with which better liquor was adulterated, and so the scandalous Geneva ballad of 1674, quoted by Dr. Latham, can talk of the time

"When Thames was 'balderdashed' with Tweed."

And Mandeville on Hypochondria can speak of wine or brandy being "balderdashed" by simple water. First of all, the word meant to pour out nonsense noisily, and then it came to be used of pouring vile liquors, or even simple water, into generous wine, and so spoiling it.

On very many occasions Dr. Latham, by taking his quotations too low down in time, quite confuses the meanings of words, or merely gives them their bad senses.

Take BULLY, which Dr. Latham defines to be "a noisy, blustering, quarrelling fellow (generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage)." Here we have only the modern meaning of the word, and no attempt is made to explain its history. And yet one of Dr. Latham's quotations under "apitpat," and another under "bully-rook," might have put him on the right scent. When mine host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* says, "What says my bully-rook? speak soberly and wisely," he certainly does not use the word in our modern sense. Nor again when the lady says, in Congreve, "Oh! there he comes. Welcome, my bully, my back— (a misprint in the New Dictionary for *buck*)—agad my heart is gone 'apitpat' for you;" it is rather used as a pet term for endearment than as one of reproach. These quotations, which are Dr. Latham's own, should have held him straight. Here are two others, not in the New Dictionary, which will set the meaning in its true light. In that very rare work recently sold at Mr. Daniell's sale, entitled, *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Poules* (London, 1604), the "fatte" host tells tales at the upper "ende" of the table, and thus answers one of his guests who is supposed to allude to Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, "O! my bullies, there was many such a part plaide upon the stage." Here surely the host uses "bully" in no bad sense. Again, when Col. Robert Monro, in his *Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeyes Regiment* (London, 1637), thus speaks of himself, Part ii. p. 33, we may be sure a "bully" is used as a term of friendly endearment. He is describing what he calls the "intaking," that is, the storming of Frankfort on the Oder, one of the sturdiest

assaults in the Thirty Years' War. "The valorous Hepburne leading on the battaile of pikes of his owne briggad, being advanced within halfe a pike's length to the doore, at the entry he was shot above the knee that he was lame of before; which, dazling his senses with great paine, forced him to retire, who said to me, '*bully* *Monro*, I am shot,' whereat I was wondrous sorry."

Having thus rescued the word from its later and bad sense, we go on to ask what it originally meant? Nothing worse than a rattling, roaring fellow, it may be, with better heart than brains, but still a good and true man. *Monro*, one of the bravest of the brave, would have challenged the "valorous" *Hepburne*, even while his wound was yet green, if he had shared *Dr. Latham's* belief that the word was "generally applied to a man with only the appearance of courage." The word is near akin to "bull," concerning which *Dr. Latham* tells us next to nothing etymologically. All he says is this, "Bull [German and Dutch *bulle*, *bul*], male of black cattle;" but *bull* etymologically, as well as physically, is a good deal more; it is the noisy, roaring, bellowing beast, but not a cowardly beast for all that, any more than a "bully," or a "bullyrook" in the days of *Elizabeth* or *James* was synonymous with "coward." The "rook" of the latter word we take to be the Icelandic "*rakkr*," "*rökk*," daring, dashing, so that "bullyrook" would be a dare-devil rattling blade, which is just the sense in which the word is used by mine host of the "Garter," and because we men, and still more women, admire daring by a law of our nature, the dashing rattling word became a term of affectionate endearment. But that was in the coarse old days of beef and beer, and pike and headpiece. Since then we have become delicate and mincing; we hate rudeness, roughness, and noise, and our forefathers before the second half of the seventeenth century had well begun, hated them too. Then "bully" got a third sense, of a noisy boasting braggart, who will oppress the weak, but fears to meet his equals in strength. This third sense is *Dr. Latham's* first. His first quotation is from *Dryden's* "*Juvenal*,"—

" 'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl,"

where the Latin satirist describes the Roman bully who cannot sleep a-night unless he has thrashed some quiet citizen who cannot raise a hand in self-defence, in terms which exactly suit our *Mohawks*. After being thus dragged through the mud, the word as was likely never rose again, but sank and sank. So *Pope*, a century nearly after could write:—

"Where London's column rising to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

Where lying is added to a bully's other base qualities. Now we know the word chiefly from the tyranny and bullying of big boys over little ones at great schools, but when in the police reports we see some vile fellow described as a "bully" at a house of ill-fame, we may yet discern some lingering traces of the woman's affection which makes Congreve's lady call her lover her "bully."

Other words afford instances of ridiculous word-catching etymologies, which appeal neither to the ear nor to the sense. In most of these, Mr. Wedgwood, who seems to forget the French proverb, "*qui trop embrasse mal étreint*," has led Dr. Latham astray. In fact, like the Troll, who when he was eating rag-broth could not tell which was thick and which was thin, when we regard the etymological part of the new Johnson, we cannot tell which is Dr. Latham and which Mr. Wedgwood, so often does the former hurl the latter at our heads by pages-full. Take BALCONY:—

[From the Persian *bālu khaneh*, upper chamber. An open chamber over the gate in the Persian caravanserais is still called by that name, according to Rich. The term was then applied to the projecting platform from which such a chamber looked down upon the outside. As this *balcony* over the gateway is precisely the position of the *barbican* in a castle wall, it is probable that the latter name, in Mid. Lat. *barbacana*, is only another corruption of the same word which gives us *balcony*. If we compare the various modes of writing the word from which our belfry is derived, and especially the two, *belfredum*, *bertefredum*, we shall find nothing startling in the conversion of *bala khaneh* into *barbacana* by persons by whom the elements of the word were not understood. A barbican was a defence before a gate, originally, doubtless, a mere projecting window from whence the entrance could be defended, or the persons approaching submitted to inspection, the word being probably brought from the East by the Crusaders. *Balcony* is a much later introduction, and has accordingly better preserved the true form of the original.—*Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology*.]

Now we have no hesitation in saying that all this etymology from the Persian is laborious trifling, and may be crushed by one little sentence from a greater philologist than either Dr. Latham or Mr. Wedgwood. This is what Jacob Grimm says about "'Balcony,' 'Balkon,' a projection of balks or beams on which one can stand in the open air to enjoy a prospect; from the Italian *Balcone*, which itself was borrowed from our *Balk*." So that, instead of the Italians borrowing it from the Persians, they, in fact, took it from the Teutonic tribes, in all of which the word seems primeval. Old High German "*balco*" or "*palco*," Old Saxon "*balco*," old Norse "*balkr*" and "*bjalki*," whence the Swedish and Danish "*bjelke*." Dr. Latham gives the Anglo-

Saxon equivalent as "bælc." We should be glad to know on what authority. Early English, "balk," modern English, "balk," all meaning a beam, *tignum*. A balcony was simply such a projection of the main beams of the house as would afford room to stand on out in the air; and it is strange that Dr. Latham should not have seen this, because in the very next page to that on which all the stuff is quoted from Mr. Wedgwood, he quotes under BALK a deal more from the same authority, in which this passage occurs: "Hence," from *balk*, a beam, "also probably the Italian *balco* or *palco*, a scaffold, a loft-like erection supported upon beams." With regard to which we can only say that this sort of scaffold strikes one as being very like a balcony, which on the opposite page Mr. Wedgwood tells us comes from the Persian. But in this, as in many other cases, like Saturn he eats his children after begetting them, or like Tom Thumb, he makes giants first before he slays them. Life is too short for such etymological trifling.

To go on with "balk:" from this first sense of "beam" spring all the rest. Beams not only support houses, but they serve to divide them into rooms; so a balk means a division, and not only one indoors, but out of doors also. The strip of sward left between ploughed land where two holdings would otherwise touch is called a "balk." In the Scandinavian races the sections of the law are called "balks," but what divides you and cuts you off from something which you wish to reach, also checks and disappoints you, and cheats you of your desire. Hence a whole string of meanings of "balk," akin to which is "bilk," which sometimes expresses very nearly the same thing as "balk." So also "balkers," are men set up on a scaffold made of balks, to watch the shoals of herrings in Cornwall.

Of BASTARD, Dr. Latham gives no derivation. The word appears nowhere before the time of our William the Bastard: "*Iste Willelmus quem Franci bastardum vocant . . . cui pro obliquo sanguine cognomen est bastardus*" (Adam of Bremen, ii. 52, and iii. 51). And in his own deeds: "*Ego Willelmus cognomine bastardus*." It was not early French, and its origin must be looked for in the North. Grimm, *sub voce*, calls attention to the fact, that a Scandinavian jarl had a sword called "basthardr," that is, as hard as "bast;" but "bast" is the inner bark of the linden-tree, and a sword as hard as "bast" could only be a mocking name, though the blade might be a good blade. So "bastard," as applied to a man, might mean a base son, and yet he might be a good man and true. Perhaps the termination "hard," or "ard," has nothing to do with the meaning, and the idea of degradation lies in "bast," which was used at any rate

in German, like "straw," for anything vile and of no value. Here the old French expressions, "*filz de bast*," "*venir de bast*," as applied to "*bastards*," would come in. Perhaps too "*basthardr*" was given to William in his boyhood for some fancied weakness, which those about him, some of whom were also against him, had spied out. The expectation was belied by the daring and deeds of his after life; but the mocking nickname stuck to him. And so from the first "*basthardr*," all base-born sons were called "*bastards*." From this sense it soon passed to other spurious and adulterated things. In *Parzival*, 552, 12, quoted in Grimm under *bastart*, that is, already in the thirteenth century, *samit pastart*, "*bastard sammite*" is spoken of as distinguished from the genuine stuff, and in English we spoke of *bastard silks*, meaning an inferior kind. It was also applied to wine. Besides the "*brown bastard*," quoted by Dr. Latham from *Henry IV.*, without explaining its relation to "*bastard*," in its first sense, there was a white bastard known in Germany as "*weisser bastard*," and no doubt it was known in England as well as the brown kind. The Italian *bastardo* is a wild grape. The French *charette bastarde* is explained to be *quæ inter majorcm et minorem media est*, and to this day *écriture bâtarde* is a kind of handwriting between the round and pointed Italian style. In the quotation given by Dr. Latham from Beaumont and Fletcher, *bastard wine* is described as being "heady and monstrous;" every one of which instances shows that a degeneration or deterioration from a better sort is implied in "*bastard*." If Dr. Latham had turned to Grimm's first volume, and extended and arranged his English quotations, he would have given a more satisfactory account of this curious word.

But if he is scanty under "*Bastard*," under BOTH Dr. Latham launches out into more than five columns of transcendental philology or philological logic, after reading which the reader feels as though he had swallowed five bowls of syllabub; puffed out, and yet empty. Dr. Latham labours to give the word a Saxon derivation,—from the somewhat doubtful combination *ba twá*, which are Anglo-Saxon parallel forms, the one from "*begen*," and the other from "*tvegen*," "*twain*,"—to do which he shuts his eyes to the difficulty raised by Mr. Garnett, that the cognate form "*beide*" exists in German. Then, according to Dr. Latham, "*both*" is a natural dual, not only in sense but in form; it is also, according to him, both a pronoun and an adverb. Besides these statements, the five columns contain many abstruse and superfluous speculations as to "*natural*" duals in cognate tongues, which have very little to do with "*both*;" we mean the speculations, for "*both*" has a long string of relations in the Gothic

and classical tongues. It is a pity Dr. Latham, before he wrote this long story about "both," had not turned to "*beide*," in Grimm's Dictionary, published in 1854, where he would have seen all that Comparative Philology can do for the word; and he would also have seen this sentence: "The inquiry how far dual flexions have come into play here, and have mixed themselves up with plural flexions, would lead us too far away." In our opinion, "both" is originally a numeral; *ambo*. It takes two things or two persons abstractedly, and sets them side by side, and thinks of them as one; and this is enough to show that it is not a true dual or a "natural" dual, for a dual takes two things or persons together, and thinks of them as *two*. A dual, in short, without the notion of two, would be nonsense. "Both" may be used to supply the place of the perished duals "*wit*" and "*git*,"—"we two" and "ye two,"—in sentences where we speak of "both of us" or "both of you;" but for all that it can never be a true dual. But besides being strictly a numeral, it is also a pronominal numeral, in which cases it answers to the Latin *uterque*. As "*both*" when it can be translated by *ambo*—the *bo* of which is the *bo* in "*both*"—means "two" taken together, so when it is translated by *uterque*, it means two taken separately, or as distinct component parts of a pair. The following passage from Cæsar, *De Bello Civili*, iii. 30, shows excellently these two meanings of "*both*," as well as of *ambo* and *uterque*: "Cæsar atque Pompeius diversa sibi *ambo* consilia capiunt, eodemque die *uterque* eorum ex castris exercitum educunt." "Cæsar and Pompey *both* take to themselves different counsels, and on the same day *both* [= either or each] of them lead their army out of the camp." In the first *both*, Cæsar and Pompey are taken together, and regarded as an unity; in the second, they are resolved again into the two individuals which form the pair.

We have already mentioned the parallel form *beide*, we now give the true derivation of *both*. It is nothing more nor less than the Northumbrian or Scandinavian *báðir*, pronounced *bothir*. In the course of time the *-ir* of the plural has been rubbed off, but "both" has remained. With this simple derivation from a word which is plural in form, and which is only dual in sense by a confusion as to the notion of a dual, all Dr. Latham's transcendental logic disappears, and instead of having to fall back on the somewhat apocryphal Saxon "*bá tvá*," for though Dr. Latham reads "*bá*" without an accent, it has one as well as "*tvá*," we have our "both" made to our hands. It is no slight confirmation of this view that the old English genitive *bother* or *botheres*, quoted by Grimm under *beide*, exactly answers to the old Norse masculine genitive *báðra*, pronounced

bothra, which is sometimes found, though less often than the common genitive for all genders, *beggja*.

After BAIT the substantive, and BAIT the verb active in the sense to *bait* a horse, Dr. Latham puts a query to show his ignorance of their derivations. The substantive comes from the Icelandic substantive *beita*, in the sense of a bait for fish, and to bait a horse from the verb *beita*, to turn out to grass, which again comes from *beit*, grazing-ground, or the act of grazing itself. To *bait* a horse then was originally to turn a horse into a meadow, when horses were fed on grass alone, as they still are in Iceland. Now that we feed them on corn, to *bait* a horse means to give him a feed of oats. We may add that *beita*, which is akin to *bíta* to bite, is pronounced "baita."

But there is another verb to BAIT, older and more savage. It also comes from a verb *beita*, the same in form, but with a different sense. Used in poetry first of violent action of any kind, as of exciting to blows or sword-strokes, it came afterwards to mean to throw any one to the beasts, as in the expression, *at beita einhverni hundum til bana*, "to bait or torment any one to death by dogs." Hence came our bear and bull baits. Dr. Latham, in despair about the true derivation of the word, tells us it comes from the French *battre* = "to beat down," but, as we have shown, it has nothing to do either with *battre* or *beat*.

From this same *beita*, to urge on, comes another English verb, which Dr. Latham has classed with BEAT, which he says comes from the Anglo-Saxon *beatan*. We should have thought indeed that all the English "*beats*" came from the savage "*beita*," to strike, drive on, urge on, bait; but be it so; if there be an Anglo-Saxon *beatan*, let it be the father of all our "*beats*," save the one we are about to rescue. This is "*beat*" in the sense of "*tacking*," which Dr. Latham says means "*striving against the wind*:" so it does, but by *tacking*; in no other way. In Egillson's Dictionary we find *beita skipi, navem obliquo vento obliquare*, and absolutely without "*skipi*" *beita, obliquo vento navigare*. When the adventurous Earl Rognvald of Orkney set off with his chiefs for the Holy Land, sailing all the way from Kirkwall to Acre in Palestine, he was caught in a storm off the Durham coast, and being a good "*skáld*" as well as bold sailor, he burst forth into extempore verse on the occasion :—

" Off the muddy mouth of Wear,
Out the boom to beat we bear."

In the original :—

" Ut berum ás at beita."

Furthermore, when in shooting a dog *beats* a field, he does it by crossing backwards and forwards, and to *beat* a cover is to go up and down through it.

So again because a ship tacks, it is called "*beit*" and "*beiti*," and a sea-king is called "*beitir*," unless indeed the derivation went the other way, and *beita*, to beat or tack, came from *beit*, a ship. But there can be no doubt that to "*beat*," as a nautical term, came from the Scandinavian *beita*, pronounced, be it remembered, "*baita*."

While we are thinking of the sea, let us say a few words about AGAR, which Dr. Latham tells us is the same as "*Eagre*," reserving himself, we suppose, for that word to say more about it. But as our review cannot wait for *Eagre*, we prefer to say something about "*Agar*," now, the more so as, except in the very interesting quotation from Lyly's *Galathea*, the Dictionary gives us no information at all about the word than that it is "rare." The following is the quotation:—

"He [Neptune] sendeth a monster called the *agar*, against whose coming the waters roare, the fowles flie away, and the cattle of the field, for terror, shun the banks."—*Lyly, Galathea*, i. 1.

This refers to the "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*" of the Trent and some other English rivers, in which at certain times of the tide a "bore" rises to the height of many feet. But why was it called "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*," and why, according to Lyly, does Neptune send this monster at whose approach all nature is so scared? Because the monster that Neptune sends is no other than a personification of Neptune himself. It is "*Ægir*," which you may call "*Agar*" or "*Eagre*" if you will, the great god of the sea himself, who thus leaves his own domain, and rushes up the rivers to affright the land. Fire and storm are his brothers, the rolling waves are his daughters, gold is called his flame. Rán is his wife. Hers are all those who are drowned, with them her wide hall is filled. He is in general a terrible god, but he is especially styled *Ægir Engla*, "the terror of the English." When he puts on his *Ægishjalmr*, "his helm of fear," he is so awful that the expression passed from him to all sorts of fear, and "to overshadow any one with *Ægir's* helm," came to be a term for giving any one what we should call "an awful fright." It is not at all certain that our "*Ogre*" does not come from him, for "*Ögr*" is another form of his terrible name. And so this *Ægir*, the god of the sea, has sunk to be the mere name of a high tide.

From Rán his wife, who catches the drowned in her net and holds them fast, but treats them well in her hall, we have a whole host of Scandinavian derivatives, all of which relate to wrong and robbery, and robbers were called *ránarar*, and robbery "*rán*," from the goddess who stole the bodies of shipwrecked sailors. Some have sought her name in our "*ransack*," a word which stands alone in English, and is unintelligible till the connexion between

it and its Scandinavian cousins is explained. To "ransack" is to search thoroughly, to leave no stone unturned to find anything out. It comes from the Icelandic "*rannsaka*," to make a legal inquiry, or *perquisition* as the French would say, in a house, and to search it from top to bottom for stolen goods or for offenders. The first part of the word is "*rann*," *ædes, domus*, and the last is the legal word *saka*, to accuse or proceed against any one at law, to have cause of action against any one. When in English we say "do this for my *sake*," we only mean do it "*because of me*," or "*in my cause*." From its legal sense it passed to any inquiry, but always with the notion of thoroughness and completeness, and our English "*ransack*" certainly implies turning everything topsy-turvy, very often with the idea of plunder added. With us it almost means to carry off as well as to search.

For ANGER Dr. Latham has no better derivation to propose than the Latin *angor* = distress. He defines it to be "indignation attended with irritation and mental disturbance," and he gives "pain" as its secondary sense. In doing this he has just reversed the history of the word. But first for its derivation. It is a true northern word, wanting so far as we know in Anglo-Saxon, and has come into English from Northumbria. In the earliest poetry of the North we find the neuter substantive *ángr, dolor, ægritudo*. Side by side with it we have the parallel and feminine substantive "*ángist*," answering to the old German *angust* and the modern German *angst*. The original meaning of all these words is grief that knows not which way to turn, from the root *angi* in old German, the new German *enge*, and the Gothic *aggrus*, where no doubt the double *g* was sounded *ng*, as the double *k* in words already quoted. The Latin *angustus, anxius* for *angsius, angustia*, and *angor* are from the same root, expressing the sorrow which arises from being in a strait. *Bange*, as Grimm well points out, is from the same root, for *bange* is only *be-ange, be-engt*, that is, driven into a corner or strait. So much for the first stage of the meaning of this old word, at which the German and Latin stopped. In the North the meaning was carried further still. It is but a step, as we should say, from grief to wrath, and so we find in Northern poetry the masculine substantive *ángr* for *res molesta, res ingrata*, and the verb *ángra*, governing both the dative and accusative. With the first the notion of grief or trouble seems still to prevail, as *harmr stránger fær mér ángrat*, "strong grief (harm) angers me," *i.e.*, "troubles my mind;" while with the latter the notion of wrath is getting the better of grief. "*Orð þau, er ángra fyrða*," "those words that anger (enrage) the people." *þau þing of öngruðu þengil*." "Those things angered

the king very much," where Egilsson translates "*regis animum exasperarunt.*" From these words come very many derivatives. In English we have carried the notion of wrath further still, and have nearly suppressed the notion of grief in *anger*. But if any one will compare the word with "wrath," as both occur in our literature, he will soon see that "wrath" is a far hotter thing than "anger," which always presupposes a feeling of grief and vexation in the mind of the angered person; in wrath, on the other hand, the notion is rather that of a fierce and furious thirst for vengeance. Perhaps we may define them by saying that "anger" is wrath at rest, and "wrath" anger in action! *Anger* is the grief and vexation which sits in a strait with folded hands. *Wrath*, which also is from the North, from *reidi*, is up and doing; a wrathful man is a "ready" man, who avenges with his hands what his heart feels. The word probably comes from *reida*, *tollere*, *ferre*, *agere*, *movere*, and Egilsson, under *reidr* the adjective, while he gives its first meaning as *iracundus*, adds, that it can be as often as not rendered *alacer*, *magno ardore rem administrans*.

Under BEDRID and BEDRIDDEN Dr. Latham is again in error. "*Bedrid*," he tells us, comes from the Anglo-Saxon *bedrida*. We are ignorant of any such form, though we know many Icelandic forms by which the word might be explained. In that tongue there are a number of compounds which end in *-ridi* in the masculine and "*rida*" in the feminine, *atriði*, *ballriði*, *blakkríði*, etc., in all of which *ridi* means "he who rides" or "is carried." So too for the feminines there are, *kveldrida*, *myrkrida*, *túnrida*, etc., where *rida* means "she who rides" or "is carried." Thus *blakkríði* is "the man who rides on a black horse," while *kveldrida* is "the hag who rides at night." The termination comes from the intransitive *rida*, "to ride, or be carried," *equitare*, *vehor*. But besides this derivative, *-ridi* or *-rida*, *rida* has a past participle *ridinn*, which does not mean *ridden* in our sense, as when we say "a horse is ridden," but "one who has ridden," "who has been and is carried;" *qui vectus est vel fuit*, as Egilsson has it. Now whether *bedrida* or *bedrida* be a Saxon form we know not, but this we know, that as "*bedr*" is very good Icelandic for "bed," so *bedríði* or *bedrida* would be quite legitimately formed on the analogy of the words already quoted, the one meaning a "bedrid" man, the other a "bedrid" woman. That is, a man or woman who rests on a bed and is borne by it.

In the same way we may form, and not only form, but understand, "*bedridden*," from the masculine participle *bedridinn*, in Icelandic, a word formed on the analogy of "*rammridinn*," and many others. But, as we have already proved, the meaning

of this "*bedridinn*" does not bear our passive sense of "*ridden*," as when we say a horse is "*ridden*," using the participle of the intransitive verb, all action ceases and rest takes its place. In other words, we regard the rider, him who sits or is borne on the horse, and not the horse. We say, therefore, in Icelandic, that a man "*riðr*," "*rides*." We also speak of him as *riðandi*, "*riding*," and as *riðinn*, "*carried or borne on a horse*." In modern English we generally use the transitive sense of the verb to ride as regards a horse; but yet we often use the intransitive in an expression sometimes thought vulgar, when we talk of "*riding*" in a coach; though it is just as good English to use "*ride*" as an intransitive as a transitive verb. We say "*bedridden*," and no one smiles, though few can explain it, but if we said *coachridden* or *horserridden*, every one would laugh. We use the participle of the transitive "*to ride*" when we say a country is *priest-ridden*, where we regard the country in the light of a horse who has got a rider on his back. *Ridden*, what is ridden? the country; who rides the country? a priest. Here the action is carried on. When, on the other hand, we say "*bedridden*," we use the participle intransitively. It is not the bed which rides the man, but the man who is borne by the bed. "*Bedrid*" and "*bedridden*" are therefore two equally good but distinct forms, the one is a termination meaning rest on some object, whether in motion or not, the other is a past participle of an intransitive verb, from which the termination also comes, meaning also rest on some animate or inanimate object. This is the true history of these forms. Of "*bedridden*" Dr. Latham tells us that it is "*catachrestic* for '*bedrid*,' which is not a participle." In his temporary preface he tells us:—

"In a genuine catachresis, there must be not only an original error in language, but an error that is adopted, and held to be no error at all. Nor is this all. It must simulate a true form; in other words it must follow an analogy, though a wrong one."

No doubt there are many such forms based on false analogies in English, but *bedrid* and *bedridden* are not of them. Nor do we think that Dr. Latham is always very happy in his attempts to explain phrases or idioms by what he calls a "*catachresis*." Take, for example, the following under "*all*." "I think that in some cases, especially in such phrases as '*lose one's all*,' this sense may be a Latinism, catachrestic for *naulum* = passage-money, as in *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*." One would have thought that to lose "*one's all*" was sufficiently plain English to require no explanation at all, least of all such a far-fetched one as that just given.

"Apple-pie," under one of its idioms, is a *catachresis*, but is that any reason why the word should be altogether left out of the Dictionary, though the obsolete "applemos" is inserted? Under APPLE, too, why are we not told that in early English an "apple" was used of the fruit of any tree?—

"Impe on an ellere,
And if thine appul be swete
Much wonder meseemeth,"

says Piers Plowman of an elder-tree, referring to the popular belief against that tree, which was supposed to be the kind of tree on which Judas went and hanged himself. We still talk of the fruit of the potato as "apples;" and we speak of "gall-apples" and "oak-apples," on the oak; we call fir-cones "*fir-apples*," so that even yet the practice has not quite gone out. Other nations, too, call the pupil "the apple of the eye" as well as we; thus, in Iceland, "*sjónepli*," "the sight-apple," for the pupil, and just as we used "apple" for any fruit, they used oak, *eik*, for any tree.

The word "apple," of which Dr. Latham does not even give the Anglo-Saxon equivalent, *æppel*, plural *æpple*, is one of the most widely spread and interesting words in English. It stands with its cognates in the Celtic, Slavonic, German, and Lithuanian tongues well defined against the *malum* and *pomum* of the Greeks and Romans, and it means any round, full-hanging fruit in general, though it is commonly limited to the fruit of the apple-tree. It holds its own against the classical tongues, in the same way as "ape," German "*affe*," Old Norse, "*api*," stood up for their own against *simius* and *simia*, French *singe*. "Ape" probably means the "gaping," "wide-mouthed beast, just as *simius*, from the Greek *σίμπος*, means the "snub-nosed beast." Much more comparative philology, and of the most interesting kind, might be spent on these two words, but of one Dr. Latham, who spends so much powder on a flash in the pan on *Both*, gives no derivation at all; of the other, he merely tells us it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *apa*.

Having put forward the claims of APPLE-PIE, we should like to ask what "apple-pie order" is? Does it mean in order or in disorder? We rather incline to the latter, and think it means, or meant originally, in a muddle. We think, too, it is a "catachresis," to use a favourite term of Dr. Latham's, and that it has nothing to do with "*apple*" or "*pie*" in the common sense of the words. We believe it to be a typographical term, and that it was originally "*Chapel pie*." A printing-house was and is to this day called a Chapel—perhaps from the Chapel at Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton's earliest works are said to have been printed, and "pie" is type after it is "distributed" or broken

up, and before it has been re-sorted. "Pie" in this sense came from the confused and perplexing rules of the "Pie," that is, the order for finding the lessons in Catholic times, which those who have read or care to read the Preface to the "Book of Common Prayer," will find there expressed and denounced. Here is the passage :—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie, and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." To leave your type in "pie" is to leave it unsorted and in confusion, and "apple-pie order," which we take to be "chapel-pie order," is to leave anything in a thorough mess. Those who like to take the other side and assert that "apple-pie order" means in perfect order, may still find their derivation in "Chapel pie;" for the ordering and sorting of the "pie" or type is enforced in every "chapel" or printing-house by severe fines, and so "chapel-pie order" would be such order of the type as the best friends of the Chapel would wish to see.

Why too when the ALMUG trees that Hiram brought from Ophir for the Temple are mentioned, are the unhappy ALGUM trees in the parallel passage in the Book of Chronicles not given? One has as much right to a place in the Dictionary as the other; perhaps "Algum" rather than "Almug," which we think were decidedly not "almond" trees, *amygdala*, as Dr. Latham suggests, for no almond-tree is of value for timber.

Why too when inserting AIT as a small island in a river, and referring us to *eyot* for further information, does he not tell us that the "t" in this little word is one of the remains of Scandinavian forms in English? The original of the word is "ey" an island—not necessarily a small island, but any island. But *ait* is something more than "island" or an island, it is *the* island, "ey-it." It being a peculiarity of the Scandinavian tongues to make the definite article a suffix, thus—*maðr*, man, *maðrinn*, the man, *ey*, island, *eyit*, the island, *eyit*, *eyt*, and then *ait*, which again is pronounced just as the Icelandic original. We daresay Dr. Latham will deny this Scandinavian origin, and assert that "eyot" is only a little "ey," the *ot* being a diminutive termination, but he will have hard work to make "ait" out of the Anglo-Saxon *ea*, or when he has so derived it to give a more plausible account of the "t" than that just given.

ADVENTURE, another very interesting word, is dismissed most drily by Dr. Latham. He tells us it comes from the French *aventure*, that its first meaning is "accident, chance, hazard," and its second "haphazard," or when it is preceded by "at all," the

combination *at all adventures*. Here, again, we have the first meaning of the word entirely missed. Before "adventure" came to mean "chance," "accident," or "hazard," it meant the setting out on some search of a doubtful and dangerous result, on a daring "quest" of strange and uncertain event; on a deed of daring, whether in religion, love, or war. Such searches, quests, and deeds, formed the pastime of Arthur, "the blameless king," and the great champions of his Table Round. An "adventure" in this sense was a plunge from the dull routine of every-day life into the unknown realms of chivalry and romance. Around it hung the charm of novelty and mystery. It might be followed by risk; those who went out on it might be the playthings of blind chance, and it might end in accident or death; but these were only the consequences of an "adventure," not the adventure itself, which belonged altogether to a higher and nobler nature than that which makes danger or accident, or death itself, the first consideration of a man. Sir Galahad's search for the "Holy Graal," the hallowed cup of the sacrament, was an "adventure" in this its first sense. The "Aunters of Arthur," that is, the *Adventures of Arthur*, published by the Camden Society, are a series of such quests, and Dr. Latham under the letter A, might have given *Aunter* for Adventure, as well as *Anchor* for *Anchoret*.

But besides these "adventures" of religion and knight-errantry, there were those of love. Lancelot's dealings with Guinivere were *adventures*, and so were the tender passages between Tristan and Isolde. So far was this spirit of adventure carried by the German poets, that they personified the notion, and called her "Lady Adventure," *Frau Aventiure*, as Grimm has well shown in his little essay, "*Frau Aventiure klöpft an Beneke's Thür*." We too still talk of "adventures" in love and in war, and though we use *peradventure* as equivalent to "perhaps," and so rather regard the chance and accident, which are the secondary meanings of the word, we have not yet altogether lost our feeling for its original sense. So we talked, too, of "adventurers," as when Sir John Davis says in the passage quoted by Dr. Latham, that Ireland was conquered by "adventurers and other voluntaries who came to seek their fortune." Now, we rather use the word as one who has nothing to lose, and therefore is ready to run all risks; but *adventurous* is still synonymous with courage and daring, and Macaulay talks of "men of steady and 'adventurous' courage," in the highest sense. To treat a word so full of poetry, and with such a history, in this dull prosaic way, is not only to rob a dictionary of one of its greatest charms, but also to treat the word itself with the greatest injustice.

Under BLUSTEROUS, Dr. Latham, again led away by Mr. Wedgwood and the bow-wow theory, labours to show that in the combination "bl," we have a number of words formed on the "onomatopœic" or "imitative" principle. We have no desire to ignore the bow-wow theory altogether, but a theory, like a horse or a donkey, may be ridden or driven to death. In other words, we believe that other principles than the "imitative" lie under language. So therefore though one may admit that "blow" and "blast" and "bluster" may be formed on the imitative principle, we should be inclined to deny that "blaze" or "blush" are formed on the same principle as "blow" and "blast." Dr. Latham says that BLAZE is "a rush of flame," as if the first notion in the word was the draught of air which sends up a blaze of flame. But this draught of air or rush of flame appears in none of his quotations. He then brings forward another substantive "blaze," with the sense "mask, blazon," and quotes Cowley's Account of the Plagues of Egypt, in which he says that the sacred ox had "*a square 'blaze' on his forehead.*" This "blaze" on the forehead of Apis ought to have opened Dr. Latham's eyes as to the true meaning of both his substantives, for as he sometimes rolls two words into one, he has here cut one into two. A "blaze" on the forehead of any animal is a *white* stripe down the face. Blair Athole, the winner of the Derby this year, had such a "blaze," and the "blaze" of a fire is only white flame, as opposed to red flame. We turn to our Icelandic, and there we find that "blesi" is the name for a horse with a "blaze," and "blesa" the name for a mare with such a mark. We also find an adjective "blesótt," for a blazed horse. These words would be pronounced as if spelled "blazi," "blaza," and "blazottr." The notion of whiteness is therefore fixed, but "blesta" is also "iron at a white heat," where we have the notion of whiteness and fire combined. But what is fire at a red heat, it may be asked, if "blaze" is fire at a white heat? We have the word, though in English we only use it in a secondary sense. It is BLUSH, which Dr. Latham says comes from the Saxon *ablisian*; its meaning, he says, is "to betray shame or confusion by a red colour." But why do we call this red colour a "blush?" Because "blossi" is the Icelandic or Northumbrian for "red flame," and we know that it was also applied to what we should now call a blush. When old Egil Skallagrim's son, the famous Icelandic who stood so stoutly by Athelstane at the battle of Brunanburgh, was dying of extreme old age, and his feet were icy cold, he said, as he tried to warm his heels at the fire, "These widows have need to blush." But "hæl," the Icelandic for "heel," is also a poetic word for a "widow," and so, by a play of words, he meant

"these heels have need of the fire." From "blossi" we have "blossa," to flame, to burn red; and "blys," pronounced "blus," a torch. It is from this family of words, and not from "abli-sian," that we get our "blush," which contains the notion of red, while "blaze" is the very word for "white flame."

Here we must stop, not certainly because we have no more fault to find, but because we have found enough to prove our point. Johnson's Dictionary was a wonderful work, and so no doubt was Noah's Ark; both answered their end well when they were first made, but neither would suit the wants of our time. In Johnson, the etymology was almost invariably wrong, the quotations insufficient and often ill-chosen, and the explanations absurd. That is to say "wrong," "insufficient," "ill-chosen," and "absurd" for our age. A hundred years ago, when men knew no better, they passed muster, nay, they were beyond the knowledge of the world. But the world goes on, science spreads, we are wiser than our forefathers, we know more about ourselves and our language. Regions of thought and learning, of which they never dreamt, lie stretched before us; our old guides no longer stand us in good stead. They must be mended, or we shall have to hurl them behind us to the moles and bats. Here too the words of warning ring in our ears, "Let the dead bury their dead." Something might have been made of Johnson's Dictionary, if the etymology had been wholly re-written, the quotations multiplied and arranged in order of time, and the definitions rendered more reasonable. Whether the work so handled would have been Johnson's Dictionary or not, is quite another question. To some minds it would have been like the knife which, after having six new blades and five new handles, is said to be still the same knife. But to others it would still have been Johnson's Dictionary. In the present edition, we have almost every one of Johnson's errors and Todd's absurdities, with others which neither Johnson nor Todd would have committed. The truth lies in a simple sentence. Johnson was before his age, Dr. Latham is behind it. The one knew many things of which no one else was aware, and so his work brought light to their eyes; the other seems not to be aware of many things which every one who has any right to call himself a philologist must know, and thus his work serves rather to blind than to enlighten. Johnson's etymology we now see to be entirely wrong, but it was the best the age afforded. We now see in it nothing but confusion; but Dr. Latham's is confusion worse confounded. In this notice we have mainly striven to show how, after the long battle between the dialects which followed the Conquest, the Northumbrian or Scandinavian form of speech gained the day in many expressions over the West Saxon; and

having established this fact, we have shown the mistakes into which Dr. Latham has fallen, by referring such expressions to pure Saxon forms. In all cases where the Northumbrian forms are nearer to our modern English equivalents than the parallel Saxon forms, we have thought that the Northumbrian and not the Saxon is the source whence they have sprung; but we have also shown that many of these Saxon forms which Dr. Latham brings forward are either imaginary, or so overstrained, as to answer to the modern English neither in sound nor sense. We have already shown that he is not happy when he has to explain a purely Norse word like "anger;" and under **BOULDER** the reader of the Dictionary will find a most absurd attempt to explain a very simple word. "*Boulder*," Dr. Latham derives from the Swedish "*bauta-sten*." Now, what is this Swedish "*Bauta-sten*?" It is almost letter for letter with the old Norse "*bauta-steinn*;" which again is a compound formed from *bauti*, a warrior, derived from the old verb "*bauta*," akin to *beita* and our "*beat*," "slay." "*Bauta-steinn*," and the Swedish "*bauta-sten*," are nothing more nor less than the "standing-stones" so common in Scotland and the North, which were set up to mark the spot where a brave warrior had fallen in fight and lay buried. As if to distinguish them more thoroughly from "boulder," they are almost, without exception, stones cleft as the strata lie, and however much they may be weathered, they still show the ragged edge which marks the handywork of man. They are the earliest tombstones which the North can show. But what is "boulder?" Let Dr. Latham answer. It is a "fragment of rock, which has partially lost its angularity after removal from its original site." Just so; it is a block of stone rounded by the water and ice which have borne it from its native bed. This *roundness* is the notion which is contained in the word. Its Northern original may be found in the Icelandic "*böllr*," the Danish "*bold*," and Swedish "*ball*," and our English "*ball*," which Dr. Latham derives from the French "*balle*," but which probably came from Northumbrian "*böll*," or "*baul*," as the word seems to be wanting in Anglo-Saxon. Be that as it may, "boulder" has certainly nothing to do with "*bauta-sten*," and as certainly means a round water-worn rock.

ARK, again, Dr. Latham derives from the Latin "*arca*," adding that it was "introduced during the Anglo-Saxon period."¹ Yes! no doubt during the Anglo-Saxon period, but by the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who brought it with them into the land. It is a very old word. Gothic, *arka*; old High German, *archa*; modern German, *arche*; Anglo-Saxon, *earc*; old Norse, *ǫrk* genitive *arkar*, and *ask* for *ark*; English, *ark*. The Latin

¹ "Earce innan."—*Cædus Thorpi*, p. 82.

arca is only cognate, and has nothing to do with the derivation of our English word. Its first meaning is *chest, coffer, bin*, as we have it in the Bible in the "ark" of the Tabernacle, and the "ark" of bulrushes on which Moses was exposed as a child; but because the ship which Noah built was like a huge box or chest, it was called an *ark*. Dr. Latham, as usual, has confused his quotations by placing Noah's ark first, and by adding the meaning of "chest" at the end. The word, he admits, is still used in that sense in the northern counties; and those who agree with us rather than with him, will see in our "ark" a pure Northumbrian form, which, both in spelling and sound, has ousted the West-Saxon "*earc*" or "*yark*."

We are curious to see what Dr. Latham will make of such undoubted Norse words as "threshold," which has as much to do with "threshing" and "holding," as the German "*armbrust*" from "*arcubalista*," has to do with "*arm*" and "*brust*." *Coster-monger*, too, is a philological nut, and cannot be ignored, as the word is used by Shakspeare. An English Dictionary is a task not lightly to be attempted, and one may break one's neck at every step. Such a work, therefore, should be treated with forbearance in minor faults, and we are not inclined to make much of such confusing errors of the press as "*Van Harmer's History of the Assassins*," where Von Hammer Purgstall, the great Oriental scholar, is turned into a name which, under a Dutch form, reminds us of a distinguished Old Bailey attorney and thief-catcher, who was also an Alderman of London.

But, on the whole, we may say, that if the parts of this Dictionary which have yet to appear are not a great improvement, both in etymology, quotation, and arrangement, on these six which have already seen the light, this new edition of Johnson's Dictionary will not only be the worst Johnson, but one of the worst Dictionaries that the world can show.

ART. III.—LITURGICAL REFORM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Debates in Parliament. V.Y.*Special Address of the Association for Promoting a Revision of the Prayer-Book, 1862.*

No candid observer can regard without disquietude the present position of the Church of England. She is labouring in a sea of troubles, and none can discern any sure promise of a serene future. Uncertainty surrounds her doctrine; the authority of her judicatories has been rudely impugned; her discipline is defective; and her formularies are a cause of offence to many of her most zealous children. This state of things does not affect the south alone. The good or evil fortunes of the Church of England are matters of interest to us all. It concerns every denomination in Great Britain; nay, it concerns Protestants, in whatever country they may live, that the mischiefs which disturb her should be faced, their causes examined, and the remedies for them, if remedies are possible, found out. It is not our present purpose to enter upon questions of doctrine, or of Church judicatories. Of Essays and Reviews, or of the authority of the Privy Council, we shall say not a word. We shall confine ourselves to matters, less weighty indeed, but yet of abundant importance—the Liturgy and the Formularies, and the Discipline of the English Church. These points are worthy of all consideration for their own sakes, and, moreover, it is only when our southern friends shall have succeeded in putting them on a satisfactory footing that they will be able to grapple with those deeper and more complex questions which at present so disturb their Church, and of which a solution seems so remote. Reform, too, with regard to these minor points, appears to be now within their reach; and prudence would surely dictate that they should apply themselves with all zeal to improvements which are feasible, which are highly expedient in themselves, and which will prove of the utmost service as leading up to more arduous undertakings.

The attention of Parliament has of late been seriously directed to the acknowledged difficulties of the Burial Service of the Church of England. In the course of the debates which have taken place on this subject, a most important admission was made, if not in express words, at least by implication.

The principle of *non-infallibility* was applied to the Prayer-book, by no less an authority than the Primate of the English Church, who openly avowed the incompatibility of the clerical

functions in certain cases with the requirements of the law. It matters not this admission may have been much qualified, both then and since : dictated as it was by the well-known candour and sincerity of the most reverend Primate, it will probably prove to have been the real turning-point of a crisis in Church reform, and cannot fail to be looked upon, both by liturgical revisionists, and by those who advocate an improved state of discipline among the clergy, as a happy omen for the consideration of questions which are still more important than the objections urged against the offices for the dead, and which still more deeply affect the peace, efficiency, and future welfare of the Church of England.

For it would be idle to speak of the Burial Service as the topic which, of its kind, receives the largest amount of interest ; or which, if one were to be selected from the whole list of such matters, would, by its satisfactory solution, propitiate the largest number of objectors. The *Burial* Service may count the conscientious scruples to which it gives rise by hundreds ; the *Baptismal* Services by thousands. It is these last which perplex vast numbers of pious and faithful Churchmen, and which constitute an almost insurmountable obstacle to Nonconformists. The words attributed to the late Archbishop Sumner, forcibly describe the magnitude of the evil, and the facility of a remedy :—" I do not know what I may have said at any former time ; but my opinion now is, that if I could be allowed to alter *twenty* words in the Prayer-book, I could bring 20,000 Dissenters into the Church !" At the present moment complaints are loudest against the Burial Service ; but the cry for reform which has arisen upon this single point, undoubtedly represents a long pent-up desire for a revision of those formularies, which restrict the latitude of opinion held allowable by the law of England upon the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, and which seem to exceed, in dogmatic assertion and in positiveness of language, the statements of the Thirty-nine Articles themselves.

The demand for alteration in the Burial Service must therefore be considered as necessarily involving other and yet more important changes. The propriety of this course will probably make itself more and more apparent to those who have undertaken to apply a remedy to existing grievances. There must be a due proportion always between the work to be done and the machinery for doing it. The appointment of a Royal Commission to consider nothing more than how the Burial Service might best be amended, would, even if clogged with no conditions, be a violation of this principle ; but the language used

by the Primate in assenting to such a step, if correctly reported, seems to point at conditions which leave no hope of any worthy result even as regards this service itself. The archiepiscopal consent is to be given only upon the supposition that there is to be *no alteration in the words* of the service; and as the objections to the Burial Office do raise distinctly the question of altering or omitting some half-dozen *words*, which are the gist of all the conscientious scruples involved, what good will come of an inquiry so limited in its scope and end? It is vain to expect that the deliberations of such a commission would lead to any settlement of the question, or indeed to any useful result whatever, save, perhaps, that the futility of its labours might bring out in a yet more striking light the imperative necessity for some verbal alterations. But the application of a large and cumbrous machinery to a single object of such comparative insignificance, would be, in any case, of very doubtful propriety. It is hardly probable that any statesmen would be found to aid in the undertaking, or that the Episcopal Bench would be induced seriously to apply themselves to an inquiry which presents no one hopeful feature. The more thoughtful among our legislators might feel, that real harm may be done to the Church of England by an inadequate treatment of these questions, and that it would be better and wiser to deal with the whole case, as put forward by the friends of a moderate revision of the Prayer-book, than to lose time, and incur the risk of strife and troubles, for what at best could only end in an imperfect settlement of a minor point in a great subject.

One long-standing objection to a comprehensive inquiry into the claims of English Church reformers has been the want of some well-defined statement of the reforms proposed. In this respect the Central London "Association for promoting a Revision of the Prayer-Book and a Review of the Acts of Uniformity" has rendered real service, by gathering up into a small compass,¹ and by expressly stating, the main points upon which

¹ *Extract from the Special Address of the Council, adopted March 11, 1862 :*

II. With respect to the Daily and Occasional Services :—

1. The substitution, in the *Service for Ordering Priests*, of a precatory form for the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," etc.; and the removal of the clause, "Whose soever sins thou dost forgive," etc. These words formed no part of the ordinals of the Western Church for at least the first thousand years of the Christian era, and at this moment are not found in the rituals of the Greek and Eastern Churches.

2. Such a modification of the *Baptismal Services* as will relieve the minister from the necessity of asserting that the baptized person is thereby regenerate, with such verbal alteration in the *Catechism* and *Order of Confirmation* as

there is a general agreement. These points are reduced to *seven* in number; and of these, some are merely rubrical. It would seem, therefore, that no further statement is necessary to refute the objection which attributes vagueness and indefiniteness to liturgical reformers. The Council of the above-named Association comprises the names of influential noblemen, clergymen, and laymen of the Church of England; and we may fairly assume, that the "Seven Points" specially put forward by them represent the case of the majority among revisionists. These points involve no extravagant or violent changes in the services of the English Church, and no changes at all in her fundamental doctrines; while, on the other hand, they are of sufficient difficulty to demand all the care and labour which any commission could bestow upon them, and of sufficient extent, as it seems to us, to give room for a well-grounded hope that, should they be honestly and openly discussed and settled, many of the evils which at present trouble and grievously weaken the Church of England will disappear. We may surely, then, expect from our statesmen that they will not shrink from the fair and impartial examination of matters which have now been singled out, as it were by general consent, as causes of offence to a large body in the English Church. Signs, indeed, are not wanting that those statesmen whose names are especially connected with the cause of political reform, are preparing to recognise ecclesiastical

will bring these formularies into more complete harmony with the freedom of opinion which has been legally declared permissible within the Established Church. Also the optional use of vicarious stipulations on behalf of children to be baptized, with permission to parents to undertake all needful responsibilities for their own children.

3. The form of absolution in the *Service for the Visitation of the Sick* to be assimilated to the declaration of pardon in the Morning and Evening Prayer, or to the form of absolution in the Communion Service.

4. Such amendments in the *Burial Service* as may render it more universally appropriate.

5. The optional use of the *Athanasian Creed*, with or without the damnable clauses. Also the power of omitting a part or the whole of the *Communion Service*, and of abbreviating the *Service for the Solemnization of Matrimony*.

6. The separation of services originally distinct, so as to detach the Litany and Communion Service from being of necessity part and parcel of the Morning Prayer on Sundays and other holy-days; as well as permission to the minister to make use of certain portions of the Prayer-book for Afternoon or Evening Service on Sundays, when both are held in the same church, and for any extra week-day service.

7. The restoration to the minister of the discretionary power he formerly possessed¹ of occasionally substituting for the appointed Lessons some others which he may consider more appropriate.

¹ See the Preface to the Second Book of Homilies.

matters as coming within the general principles by which they have been guided, and that they see the anomaly of applying a doctrine of finality to Church affairs, while, as regards all other institutions, they would deem it an absurdity to refuse to admit the necessity of change and timely renovation. One favourable symptom of the increasing favour with which such subjects are likely to be received, is the progress in the House of Lords of those questions with which the name of Lord Ebury is connected. Whereas formerly a motion for the appointment of a Royal Commission could with difficulty find a seconder, now a comparatively full house is at any time ready to enter into a discussion upon the Burial Service or the Subscriptions of the Clergy, and more than one of the leading peers have committed themselves to the opinion, that the advocates of liturgical revision have a case which entitles them to an attentive hearing, and which deserves the most careful consideration.

Nevertheless it rests with the hierarchy of the Church of England to secure the success of any really efficacious measures of relief. The opposition or disfavour of the Episcopal Bench might, under some circumstances, be disregarded; but in the case of those temperate reforms, which depend rather upon argument and justice than upon any loudly-expressed feeling out of doors, it would be vain to disguise from ourselves the utter improbability that our statesmen will ever initiate a movement to which the bishops were averse. On the whole, looking at the present constitution of the Episcopal Bench, we shall probably not err in assuming that the strong views which have been expressed by some leading liberal statesmen will have great effect, and that a majority of the hierarchy would afford their co-operation to the Government of Lord Palmerston, in any well-considered attempt to improve the discipline and formularies of the Church of England. Dr. Baring, the present Bishop of Durham, in a charge delivered in a former diocese, has placed upon record his adhesion to the cause. The Bishop of London occupies an intermediate position: "Change is not to be repudiated in itself," he says, "but the *onus probandi* devolves upon the advocates of reform." The Bishop of Ripon, who appears to be under a misapprehension, holds back, because "the advocates of revision have not, so far as he is aware, given any precise statement of the change which they would wish to see adopted!" The Bishop of Carlisle leans notably towards an alteration of the words in the Burial Service. One of the first acts, as a bishop, of the present enlightened Primate of the Northern Province, was to promote to a benefice in a former diocese a clergyman who is chiefly known as an able and

frequent writer upon the revision of the Liturgy. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself has done something, during his short tenure of the primacy, to establish the necessity of some moderate measures of Church reform. Upon the whole, there is no need to fear the strenuous opposition of the few, who are committed to the policy of "*non possumus*." Living prelates, who are favourably disposed, may call to their side the names of those who in times gone by, like Tillotson, Stillingfleet, or Tenison, urged the propriety of those temperate reforms, which the lapse of time seemed to them to have even then rendered necessary. In fact, action in this matter seems to us to be now not a matter of choice. Safety can no longer be found in silence. The *quieta non movere* principle is no longer becoming; hardly, we think, longer possible. It is no light thing, in these days, that the teaching of the Church of England can be assailed by any man as inconsistent or obscure: and to remove this evil, even at the risk of some danger, is a work from which the most timid should not shrink, and to which the holiest and most learned may aspire.

It was only through the determined and factious opposition of the Lower House of Convocation, in the reign of William and Mary, that the following measures were nipped in the bud, and as has proved the case, indefinitely postponed:—

1. Ceremonies to be left indifferent.
2. To review the Liturgy, and remove all grounds of exception; to leave out Apocryphal lessons, and to correct the translation of the Psalms.
3. Ministers only to subscribe *one* general declaration of submission to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England, and promise to teach and practise accordingly.
4. To make a new body of Canons.
5. To regulate the Ecclesiastical Courts.
6. That those who have been ordained in any of the Reformed Churches be not required to be reordained to render them capable of preferment in the Church.
7. But none to be capable of ecclesiastical preferment that shall be ordained in England otherwise than by bishops.

One or two of these propositions would perhaps at the present day sound like anachronisms; but the simple fact, that liberal and enlightened Churchmen in the year 1689 were constrained to offer such a scheme of ecclesiastical reform, constitutes in itself an abundant justification for the revival of the recommendations of the Royal Commission (consisting of ten bishops and twenty other divines), which was at that time appointed "to prepare such alterations in the Liturgy and Canons, and to draw

up such proposals for the reformation of Ecclesiastical Courts, as might most conduce to the good order, edification, and unity of the Church of England; and to the reconciling as much as possible all differences." When it is recollected, moreover, that the several previous revisions of the Prayer-book since the Reformation, had been all in a direction retrograding from the purity of the Protestant faith, and that the excesses of Popery under Mary, and the extravagances of the Long Parliament, consequent upon the imprudent zeal of the divines of the school of Archbishop Laud, paved the way for the high-handed legislation of Sheldon and his associates in the reign of Charles II., it is natural to expect, that those who are acquainted with the history of the violent shocks and reactions to which the Church of England has been subjected, will not be satisfied until the defects which have descended to the present generation shall have received the careful and impartial consideration of the highest authority.

Touching matters of discipline and of order, it will not be difficult to demonstrate the necessity which exists for the interference of Government. The labours of a Royal Commission should be by no means limited to liturgical subjects. We may look forward to the time when it will be no longer possible for clerical monomaniacs to defy entire congregations and parishes, and even their diocesans, by an appeal to canons or rubrics which have become obsolete. It is not to be endured, in a Church which purports to be the *National* Establishment, that an individual clergyman is to be at liberty to indulge in singularities and eccentricities, which have the effect of scattering his charge like sheep without a shepherd. The disputes connected with St. Barnabas' and St. George's-in-the-East in London, Claydon in Norfolk, and other places, are unfortunately impressed upon all our memories; and it must be admitted that there is a lamentable vagueness, in the rubrics and other regulations affecting the conduct of public worship, which affords only too much ground for the assumption of that virtual independence of authority which characterizes those clergymen who are bent, before all other things, upon asserting the powers of an incumbent. It is, moreover, generally quite safe to defy the interference of the ordinary, owing to the expense of proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is no trifling matter for a bishop to call to order a priest with high-flown notions of his office; for should the inferior prove refractory, the bishop must pay pretty handsomely for the luxury of doing his duty. It is not always that an excitement can be produced such as that connected with the recent proceedings taken by the Bishop of Salisbury against

Dr. Williams. Admiring friends and sympathizers do not always stand by ready to pay the bill. In most cases which call for episcopal interference, the causes are more or less hidden from the public ; and, if it were otherwise, it would be unreasonable that any bishop should be made to depend upon the voluntary support which might or might not be forthcoming. When cases of immorality occur among the clergy, the hardship of the position of the bishop becomes yet more apparent. If, without professional advice, he takes a single step amid the mysteries of ecclesiastical law, he may suddenly find himself defendant in an action for damages ; if he calls in professional advice, his call will not be *for nothing* in any sense of the words. A bishop, in such circumstances, may, with more truth than any man, apply to himself the saying of the wit who declared that he had been twice ruined in his life, once when he *lost* a suit, and once when he *gained* one. Not that we mean to insinuate that any bishop of the Church of England would shrink, on merely personal grounds, from incurring risk and expense in the discharge of his duty ; but we do mean to say that no man should be placed in a position where duty so clearly conflicts with interest. A bishop, less than most men, can afford to speculate in such matters : his income is generally not more than sufficient to enable him to maintain an establishment suitable to his rank, and to support the charities in his diocese and elsewhere. It is a grave point for the consideration of our rulers, that there is no fund properly available for the legal expenses to which a diocesan may become liable.

Furthermore, the position of the clerical delinquent himself calls for a measure of relief and justice. There is a claim, which he on his side may put forward, in respect of a false position. The whole body of the Christian community would be gainers if he could be heard ; his proved immorality has deprived him of all influence for good as a minister of the gospel, but why should he be prohibited by the law from betaking himself to any other sphere of employment ? Why should a man, who cannot possibly be employed with advantage in one occupation, be prevented from obtaining an honest livelihood in another ? Is there not an urgent need of some means of escape into the ordinary working world for clerical offenders ? Those who maintain the absolute indelibility of holy orders will at once reply to these questions with a direct negative ; but common sense revolts from such a conclusion. What can be said in answer to a clergyman, whom it may be thought fit to remove from a cure of souls, when he asks, "Where am I to go ?" "What am I to do ?" "Why, at least, do you thus fetter me

when you cast me out upon the world?" There is little practical wisdom in quoting the maxim, "Once a priest, always a priest," and in alleging that the inconvenience and discomfort of the delinquent is the unavoidable penalty which attaches to the culpable breach of ordination vows, and to the light-minded and unworthy exercise of the most sacred functions. Such a view shuts out any allowance for the infirmities of human nature, and therefore defeats its own end. Its harshness is revolting to compassionate and gentle dispositions, and leads to the unhappy, though excusable result, that delinquencies are not unfrequently overlooked or condoned, because the punishment is greater than can be borne—with how much mischief to the Church, readers can easily conceive.

We have space for but a few sentences regarding two widespread forms of mischief—the present system of testimonials, and those pious frauds which gently evade "the detestable sin" of *simony*. Upon the latter point, it is a mere truism to state that few know what the law of simony is; and that those who understand it best have best learned how to defeat it. In practice, certain respectable and conventional arrangements are allowed to pass unchallenged, and, in plain English, the result is that the whole body of law on this subject is utterly ineffective. It would be no less advantageous to the laity than to the clergy that the legal requirements with respect to presentations should be reviewed, and well-considered principles made to prevail over the obsolete letter of the law. With regard to forms of testimonials, it may be laid down as an incontrovertible proposition, that they should be *positive*, not, as at present, negative and quite ambiguous. The total inefficiency of the present form of testimonials by three beneficed clergymen (in some cases the counter-signature of a bishop is also required) has been illustrated by many painful instances. A clergyman may have been guilty of grievous faults, even of crimes, and this may be well known to his brethren of the clergy, and in particular to the bishop; but yet, under cover of a three years' certificate, he is enabled to acquire letters of recommendation, and to impose himself upon another diocese, upon the strength of the assurance that "at no time" have those who sign the testimonial "*ever heard*" that he lived "*otherwise than piously, soberly, and honestly.*" It cannot be expected that congregations will have due and undoubted security against bad appointments until the system of testimonials has undergone a careful scrutiny.

The foregoing remarks will not have been made in vain, if in any degree they conduce towards the conclusion, that both in respect of Church discipline and of the liturgical formularies,

there is no lack of topics which demand the attention of our rulers. May it not be hoped that a temperate review of the laws which specially concern ecclesiastical polity, and a limited revision of the Prayer-book, would result in the retention of all that is substantial and truly valuable, while at the same time many obstacles to Christian union would be removed, and relief given to many a sensitive and oppressed conscience? If objects of this high importance can be compassed, through the collective wisdom and matured judgment of a Royal Commission, it behoves every sincere member of the Church of England to rejoice that a door has at length been opened, under plea of obviating the difficulties of the Burial Service, for applying a renovating hand to other matters, and that an earnest has thus been given that those in high places are not insensible to one of the first duties of the governors of a National Church, namely, to free that Church from those acknowledged stumblingblocks which cause the separation from it of any considerable portion of the people, and to make it in deed and in truth *national*.

Surely it is unreasonable, upon every ground, that "the strait waistcoat" which, in the words of the late Archdeacon Hare, was "devised for men's consciences" in 1662, should be assumed to be a good and sufficient fit in 1864. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the Act of Uniformity was neither tyrannical nor iniquitous at the time, the clothes of a pigmy cannot be adapted to the frame of a full-grown man. England has shot far beyond the stature to which she had attained in the reign of the second Charles. The population has been ever increasing; and it cannot be supposed that the ministrations of the Church of England can be made to embrace the whole body of the people without being readapted to the growth of the nation in numbers, in intelligence, and in earnestness. The clerical harness is, in a word, too tight for the generation; the area of usefulness, on the other hand, is almost infinitely extended; and until these two facts become generally recognised, there can be little expectation that the Church of England will successfully hold her own in the altered circumstances which now surround her.

The Prayer-book itself is a witness that our forefathers were not disciples in the school of *finality*; witness the following wise and explicit declaration in the preface:—

"The particular forms of divine worship, and the rites and ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things in their own nature *indifferent* and *alterable*, and so acknowledged; it is but reasonable that, upon weighty and important considerations, according to the

various exigency of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made therein, as to those that are in place of authority should from time to time seem either necessary or expedient."

These words descend to English Churchmen in the mantle of truth which fell from the great Reformers. Shall they not prevail against timid fears that a door once opened may never be shut, and against ill-defined and unfounded notions of the nature of a Prayer-book? A misty theory of a sacred composition; ignorance of history; a want of acquaintance with the character of the revisions through which the Prayer-book has passed since the time of Cranmer,—these are poor weapons indeed with which to fight the battle of obstructiveness, and to overcome that case for moderate reform, which is founded upon practical, no less than theoretical arguments, and is commended to the wisdom and prudence of men now alive, by the warning voice of those revered fathers of the Church, who felt that no care on their part *could* have the effect of enabling them to foresee the future, and to provide against its contingencies.

One obvious duty of a Royal Commission would be, to substitute for the present vague and incomplete reference to "the ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof," some plain rules for dress and celebration, to which every officiating clergyman would be obliged to conform. In the same spirit, it would probably be expedient to review the whole of the rubrics, and perhaps to substitute the term "Minister" for that of "Priest" in nearly every instance. As a general principle, little should be left to the personal discretion of a clergyman in the matter of ceremonial, although it would be advisable to invest him with certain powers of transposition, addition, and subtraction, so as to enable him to *extemporize* the means of grace, according to the requirements of any extraordinary position in which he may be placed. Thus it is manifestly undesirable that the Sunday Evening Service should be an exact repetition of the afternoon's, or that three distinct services in the morning should be always jumbled into one, or that a long course of prayers should necessarily precede the sermon. Good plain rubrical directions ought to meet the want, which is widely felt, of a power of variation. The holiest and most privileged act of divine worship may lose in dignity and in proper solemnity, if it is made the occasion of objectless repetitions. If these things could be accomplished, and if, further, certain important seasons of the year, as seed-time and harvest, should receive that special notice in the prayers which at present they cannot receive from want of proper authorization; if the influence of heretical teaching

could be obviated by the introduction into the Church Catechism of a few plain questions and answers upon fundamental topics ; if the vulgar misunderstandings, which are induced by the antique phraseology of the sponsorial vows in the Baptismal Office, could be dissipated by some wise alterations ; if better provision could be made for the reading of the Holy Scriptures and the exclusion of the Apocrypha from the list of Proper Lessons ; if the obligation to force the Athanasian Creed upon unwilling ears were removed ; and last, but not least, if the Burial and Baptismal Offices should be so arranged as to preclude the necessity of mental reservation in the performance of ministerial functions,—a great advance would be made towards the removal both of objections from without, and of disquietude within the Church of England.

One quality which, more than most others, distinguishes an Englishman, is his love of straightforwardness. The absence of mental reservation in enunciating great religious truths, is surely not less important than straightforwardness in secular matters ; and if any such reservations can with truth be imputed to those who are especially charged with the public worship of God, the evil cannot well be exaggerated. Now is it not notorious that large numbers of the English clergy are enabled to maintain their positions only by means of reasoning and of arguments which, to say the least, are far-fetched and sophistical ? Mr. Spurgeon lately aimed a well-pointed thrust at the evangelical clergy of the Church of England, and fairly charged them with inconsistency in this respect. It is indeed difficult to gainsay such an imputation. Language and conviction are, on not a few vital points, manifestly at variance. Thus a child is pronounced “ regenerate ” in baptism, and yet there is *no* such thing as baptismal regeneration ! Again, a garbled rubric, cunningly added to the Baptismal Service in times past, authorizes the inference of the non-salvation of infants who may die unbaptized ; and the unpretending *vulgus*, who know nothing of “ incomprehensible,” or “ co-eternal,” or “ confusion of substance,” are virtually consigned to everlasting fire (if words mean anything) by the Creed of St. Athanasius ! There are multitudes, indeed, both of clergy and of laity, who are not misled by this fast and loose use of language, but its tendency *is* to mislead, and to authorize a system of interpretation which is irreconcilable with truthfulness. Moreover, in the cases of those clergymen who will not condescend to special pleading, it leads to confusion ; for such are often in the habit of taking the question of alteration or omission into their own hands, and of so evading the offensive parts of that Liturgy, which they are

nevertheless bound, by their own declarations of conformity, to read in its entirety. Dr. Newman's startling challenge cannot, in common honesty, be left unanswered :—

"I challenge, in the sight of all England, evangelical clergymen generally, to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words (the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick), consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which Tract 90 puts upon any passage in the Articles." —*Apologia*, p. 171, *note*.

In the true interest of the Church of England, longer delay in wiping out the blots which lie here and there upon the face of her formularies cannot be too strongly deprecated. If it should be clearly established that redress is not to be obtained, a secession of a large portion of the evangelical body may be apprehended. It is probably well known that in such a contingency many pious and respected clergymen would be found ready to guide the movement. Having in vain exhausted every legitimate method of promoting the union of the Church, such a separation on their part could not fail to excite much public sympathy ; and it is not difficult to foresee that the even balance of the Church and the State would be seriously disturbed. From the point of view of an English Churchman, the violent disruption of the relationship between Church and State would be regarded as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the nation ; and any fresh secession upon a large scale would certainly hasten such a crisis.

Although the theory of a Church and State system may be manifestly defective, there are few members of the Church of England who do not regard the connexion as one which has worked well in practice. The great principles of civil and religious liberty and toleration have been fully, though perhaps slowly, developed under it. Upon the civil side of the case, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that there is an elasticity of means for maintaining the union. The Repeal of Tests, Catholic Emancipation, the Removal of Jewish Disabilities, have all tended in this direction. It is but fair that the Church should be called upon to do her part to consolidate the alliance, by repairing her breaches, and by extending her usefulness. The Church of England, however, is not in a position to act independently of the State in respect of her reforms. One result of a religious system imposed by an Act of Uniformity is, that the bishops and clergy have entered on their ministerial careers in a manner pledged, by the very fact of their subscriptions, to a policy of keeping things as they are. They feel pro-

professionally bound to exercise all the *vis inertiae* in their power. Upon every mention of ecclesiastical or liturgical reform, they feel instinctively afraid to move, lest they should bring down the Church of England. The timidity of a bishop is reflected upon his clergy, who naturally think that their sympathy with a course of dignified inaction is what their diocesan would most desire. It must, indeed, require a very uncommon chain of circumstances to induce both bishops and clergy to become reformers. The laity being thus left without leaders among those to whom the initiative rightly appertains, must look towards the Government.

An opportunity has been afforded by the present state of the Burial Service for carrying out these changes. As we have already said, the *principle* of such a method of settling Church questions was tacitly admitted last session, both by the Government and by the hierarchy. Earl Granville, as the leader of the House of Lords, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the ecclesiastical head of the Church of England, are at least partially committed to the application of legislation to liturgical reform. The appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the Burial Service and a rearrangement of Proper Lessons was indicated as probable; and this would be the first step towards legislation. The main question for the Government to consider at the present time therefore is, whether it would be reasonable and justifiable to embark upon a course of piecemeal legislation, or whether a true and far-seeing wisdom does not demand that the *whole* case for Church reform should be intrusted to the same Commission.

In order to command approbation and success, such a Commission must be fairly constituted. As a matter of course, the Archbishops of the United Church of England and Ireland would be called upon to guide its deliberations. The Bishop of London might hold an even balance between the Bishops of Durham and Oxford. Two or three representatives of the lower clergy might be admitted, and a fair proportion of statesmen and distinguished laymen. A body thus constituted, and not too numerous, could not fail to insure a safe and proper treatment of the questions which would be referred to it. The notion that revolutionary or violent changes would be recommended by it is in the highest degree absurd. The more, in fact, that the probabilities of its practical working are scanned, the less likely will it appear that the report of such a Commission would give any pretext for triumph to either of the great Church parties. Its recommendations would be conceived in a spirit of Christian charity and liberality. The utmost care would be

exercised that no view of doctrine, which is now legally permissible, be shut out, or narrowed, or changed.

It will not, we trust, be supposed that any of these remarks have been conceived in a spirit other than one of regard and esteem for the Church of England. That Church is beyond doubt the greatest and most powerful of the many religious bodies which sprang from the Reformation ; and in the present state of the religious world, few, we think, even of those who belong to different persuasions would desire to see her force abated. Sectional differences are as nothing when compared with the great doctrines which form the groundwork of the Protestant faith. But just because the Church of England is great and powerful, it especially beseems her to preserve these doctrines ; to keep that faith in its purity. And, without being unduly sanguine, we may hope that were her liturgy and formularies purged from the remaining dross which has come down from acrimonious times, and the laws which affect her discipline and order subjected to a careful scrutiny, she might widely extend her influence over the English people, and rise to a position worthy of her as a great National Establishment. The fatal error into which she was led on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, cannot indeed be recalled : the schisms which date from that period, when her clergy and congregations were driven into dissent, will bear their fruit for ever ; but she may at least acknowledge her mistake, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to the descendants of those whom she then alienated.

- ART. IV.—1. *The History of Rome*. By THEODOR MOMMSEN.
Translated by the Rev. WILLIAM P. DICKSON. (Book III.
chap. xiv. ; Book IV. chap. xiii.) London, 1862, 1863.
2. *The Roman Poets of the Republic*. By W. Y. SELLAR, M.A.
Edinburgh, 1863.

THESE works go some way towards supplying a want of which English readers have long complained—a satisfactory account of Roman literature. For the literary history of Greece a good deal has been done in England, though we should be glad of more. Colonel Mure's unfinished work may be pronounced sufficient as far as it goes, presenting as it does the results of comprehensive learning and research in a very readable form, and setting them in the light of a criticism which, if not always profound, is always clear and sensible. Those who desire a more rapid survey will be amply satisfied by the masterly sketch of Ottfried Müller, translated by Sir George Lewis and Dr. Donaldson ; and though Dr. Donaldson's continuation is far from sustaining the high philosophical merit of the German original, it completes what was previously incomplete, and is executed in a neat and workmanlike manner. Roman literature has been less fortunate. Dunlop's *History*, besides its incompleteness, is essentially a mediocre work, insufficient alike in scholarship, learning, and critical power ; and the subsequent attempts that have been made to treat the subject have been slight and superficial, if we except the series of articles, mostly by Professor Ramsay, in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, which are excellent as dictionary articles, but, of course, cannot supply the place of a continuous history. The past two years, however, have brought us an instalment of what we want. Professor Mommsen's *Roman History* is itself a manual rather than an elaborate work, and the part devoted to literature does not extend beyond two or three chapters ; but even two or three chapters are sufficient to show the hand of a master, and if Mr. Dickson's translation had been simply confined to those chapters, he would still have earned the thanks of an English student of classical antiquity. Professor Sellar's work is at once fuller and less full ; fuller in its treatment, less full in its scope. It is restricted, as its title imports, to the poetry of the Republic ; and it understands the term *poetry* in a restricted sense, limiting it, as certain critics in Horace's time appear to have done, so as to exclude comedy. On the other hand, it is, as might be expected, considerably more copious than Mommsen's chapters ; not approaching, indeed, to the elaboration of a history like Colonel Mure's, but sufficiently

extensive to include facts as well as theories, information as well as critical disquisition.

Our great southern contemporary, the *Quarterly Review*, lately contrasted Professor Mommsen with such writers as Mr. Merivale and Mr. Forsyth, and talked of his sentences, which have no end, and never ought to have had a beginning. There could hardly be a greater mistake. He is a most brilliant writer, full of felicitous expressions and lively allusions to the questions of the day, and eminently calculated to conciliate readers who would be repelled by the exhibition of mere learning. His pen is a gold one, not a quill worn to the stump. He writes, in fact, more like a French essayist than a German scholar. It is indeed in this direction that his errors seem to lie. If there is a fault in his treatment of Roman literary history, it is that he has made it too salient, too definite, too much a matter of light and shade. He talks of the lost Roman authors as if he knew them well, and had their works duly ranged on his book-shelves. He has no doubt that Nævius was a great original genius, far greater than Ennius, who was simply an able *littérateur*, though the whole consensus of Roman critics is on the other side, and the materials for reversing their judgment are to be found in a very scanty collection of what are not so much fragments as crumbs. Nay, he composedly informs us, that the poem on the Punic War was written throughout in the present tense, though of the few remains that have come down to us, more than one-third tells a different story. There is none of this boldness of assertion about Mr. Sellar. So far as we have checked him, he keeps strictly within the limit marked out by his authorities, and does not seek to expatiate further. For those who read for amusement, or perhaps to be set thinking, this is not so well; for those who read for information, it is certainly better. Even he, perhaps, though in a different way, is disposed to make too much of the fragments he has to deal with. He does not indeed construct an entire body from a finger-nail, or conjecture the existence of a Hercules on the strength of a dubious footprint. His propensity is, if we may be allowed the image, to look rather for colour than for form. Without thinking it necessary to tell us what was the structure of the language in Ennius' lost works, he is apt to discover a certain moral genius in relics which, from the nature of the case, can display little or no character of any kind. But much must be allowed to a writer who has to interest himself and his readers in the remains of a period which, to an ordinary observer, would be in danger of yielding little but dry bones. It is precisely in approaching such subjects as these that the ordinary reader requires the guidance of an accomplished scholar. Lucretius

and Catullus he may read for himself, and measure by his own standard of judgment. Ennius and Lucilius are only accessible in works where, if the editors have done their duty, much space is necessarily occupied with minute attempts to ascertain the exact reading of this or that fragment by the help of casual and often conflicting evidence, and where consequently an unpractised eye sees little but darkness visible. It is no slight praise to say that such a reader will find such a guide in Professor Sellar.

It is of this period—the first historical period, as Mr. Sellar calls it—the period of extinct yet acknowledged varieties, of fossil epics and skeleton dramas, that we purpose ourselves to speak for the remainder of this article. We pass over the mythical portions of prehistoric literature, in which the optic glass of Niebuhr saw ballads and lays, and the improved telescope of Sir George Lewis can see nothing: we stop short of the mapped and measured territory which is appropriated to the poetical contemporaries of Cicero and Julius Cæsar. Even within the boundaries which we have chosen, we propose to make a further selection. Nævius and the Saturnian verse, Lucilius and the origin of Roman satire, might each of them be expected to tempt us; but we shall ignore the second altogether, and bestow only a transient glance on the first, confining ourselves to a survey of the tragedy of the Republic and of the remains of Ennius; a task where our labours will be lightened by those of the latest German editors, Ribbeck and Vahlen, who, in the last twelve years, have published editions, the one of the Tragic Fragments, the other of those of Ennius, at once more comprehensive and more critically accurate than any that have preceded them.

Roman tragedy, more perhaps than any of the other branches of Roman poetry, appears to have been an exotic growth. In comedy, for example, we see the confluence of two distinct streams—the exuberance of native pleasantries, welling out from the heart of a rustic population in Fescennine verses and rude Atellane entertainments, and the more regular course of the Athenian drama, flowing on in an ever-widening, if not ever-deepening channel, as it were in forgetfulness of the fountain-head which it had left so long behind it; and though the torrent may seem to have been at once lost in the river, yet we perceive that the great volume of waters must have derived new elements of life and freshness. Among the Greeks, indeed, tragedy seems to have been evolved, whether by Thespis or by his successors, from rudiments as little calculated to excite pathos or deep emotion as any of the Etruscan performances which the old Italians loved; but we feel that it is not in such

embryo states of being, equally capable, as far as we can see, of being matured into one or the other of two distinct organisms, that the actual type of either can be said to exist. There seems to have been nothing in the native institutions of early Italy answering to the nucleus round which Grecian tragedy gathered and clustered the Bacchic chorus; no depth of dithyrambic fervour, by entering into which the population might have been led on to conceive or appreciate a high and heroic argument. Other conditions there may have been, no less adapted to give the impulse required for the production of a national tragedy; but these, if present, must have been neutralized or retarded in their operation, so as to delay, if not to postpone indefinitely, the set time of birth. The same causes which prevented Rome from creating tragedy for herself influenced her treatment of it when adopted from without. Greek tragedy, in its progress from youth to manhood, was ever travelling further and further from the East, ever losing sight more and more of its Bacchic origin. The chorus, which had once been everything, was coming to be less and less; dominant in Æschylus; in Sophocles, occupying what may be thought to be a just medium; in Euripides, not indeed contracting its dimensions, but frequently standing in no very close relation to the business of the play, virtually a mere relief between the acts; in Agathon and his successors, attaining this consummation formally, as we learn from Aristotle, who tells us that they were in the habit of introducing *ἐμβόλιμα* or insertions, songs written for no one play in particular, and therefore suiting any. The next step in the development would obviously have been to anticipate the course taken centuries after by the modern drama, and discard the chorus altogether in tragedy as well as in comedy—a result to which one at least of the causes assigned for the cessation of the comic chorus, the expense of training, might very well have contributed; if indeed we are not entitled to assert that the step was actually taken, and with Quintilian and Schlegel, to recognise in the new comedy of Menander and Philemon the last phase of Athenian tragedy, the Euripidean drama worked out to its completion. It was not in the genius of an imitative people to form such an anticipation, any more than it was in the philosophy of an uncritical age to perceive such an analogy. The early Roman inventors doubtless regarded the chorus as an integral part of the play they copied, and Horace, two centuries later, is as clear in requiring that it should be made relevant to the action, as Aristotle himself; but the unreality of a Roman chorus must have made itself felt from the first. The Romans seem to have had no conception of that complex metrical variety, that “linked sweetness, long

drawn out," and returning back upon itself, which characterize the structure of the Greek choral ode. To copy its metres in their manifold combinations would have been a prolongation of servile labour, from which even they would have recoiled, even supposing them to have thoroughly understood what they read ; while they do not seem to have had anything analogous in the rude simplicity of their own poetical repertory. Horace appears to have regarded Pindar's dithyrambs as a mere inspiration, not bound by artistic rule, and therefore not to be attained by artistic practice ; in the words of their common imitator, Cowley,

" Pindar is imitable by none,
The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone :"

yet modern science has discovered the laws of the Pindaric measure, and modern art, or modern genius, has produced odes of Pindaric complexity. So in the remains of the early Roman tragedians, when we pass beyond the common iambic or trochaic of the dialogue, we find only the simplest metres, anapæsts chiefly, with here and there a fragment of bacchiac or cretic, such as Plautus uses in the *canticum*, the recitative performed by a single voice to the sound of flute-music, and accompanied by gesticulation. Seneca, who is uniformly careful to allot to the chorus a respectable proportion of each play, generally confines himself to anapæsts or some of the simpler lyric metres, such as asclepiads, sapphics, or glyconics ; and in the two or three instances where he attempts something more elaborate, by mixing them and others together, the result is a curious piece of workmanship of the Chinese sort, not unlike the poem in which an old grammarian has combined all the measures of Horace—a composition which, if ever produced in the theatre, for which Seneca's dramas were probably never intended, would doubtless have issued in a mere medley of discords. It is, in fact, what we know of the arrangements of the Roman theatre which enables us to estimate the self-confessed insignificance of the Roman chorus. "The Roman orchestra," we are told, "contained no Thymele, and was not destined for a chorus, but contained the seats for senators and other distinguished persons, which are called *primus subselliorum ordo*." These few words, which might perhaps be made the text for a commentary on the differing spirit of the Greek and Roman dramas, at any rate show that the day of the old chorus was past. Where there was no orchestra, what place could there be for the variety of orchestral motion and the fulness of orchestral harmony ? How could a chorus, compelled to share the stage with the actors, preserve its ancient character of military symmetry,

execute the grand movement of the Parodos, and draw up in rank and file to chant the Stasimon? The traditions of the dialogue could be conveyed from country to country without injury; the traditions of choric metre and choric gesture were precisely such as were likely to perish in the attempt to transplant them, if attempt there were.

Still, great as may have been the injury sustained by the Roman drama from this humiliation of the chorus, it is one which is but imperfectly brought home to the modern reader. Even where the whole play has been preserved, we may read it (in speaking of Seneca it would be too much to say, enjoy it) in happy unconsciousness, for the most part, of the alterations which its character must have undergone; much more when, knowing that we have to deal with fragments, we are disposed to think rather of what we find than of what we miss. The fragments preserved from the dialogue of Greek tragedy very greatly outnumber those which have survived from the choral parts; a fact for which various reasons may be adduced, such as the greater availability of the former for most purposes of quotation, especially where the quoter quotes from memory; and though it cannot be used to invalidate what we have said about the want of metrical variety in the Roman Chorus, as if many metres might have existed which quotation has not preserved, it at any rate prevents the student of one set of fragments from feeling any strong sense of contrast when he turns to examine the other.

Livius Andronicus is universally acknowledged to have been the Thespis of Roman tragedy. Such a title indeed would but imperfectly express the extent of his services to the country of his adoption. With that ambidextrous activity which is especially characteristic of an imitative culture, he became also the Susarion of Roman comedy, and perhaps the Homer of Roman poetry; the latter not merely in virtue of his translation or reproduction of the *Odyssey*, but as the first who is known to have written a poetical work, as distinguished from that popular poetry which may or may not have existed in the earlier days of the city. A native of Tarentum, taken prisoner in the Roman wars with Southern Italy, the slave, and afterwards the freed man of M. Livius Salinator, whose children he instructed, and whose name he bore when enfranchised, he acquired the language of his conquerors perfectly, and was thus able to interpret to them the poetry of Greece, and create for them what they had hitherto been without, and perhaps had hardly felt the want of. The year 240 B.C. gives us the date of his first acted drama, but we do not know whether it was a tragedy or a comedy. The fragments of his tragedies, the names of nine of

which have come down to us, amount to nearly forty lines. Like Thespis, he has had forgeries attached to his name by unscrupulous or uncritical grammarians; but he has been so far more fortunate than his prototype, that posterity is able to form a judgment of him from other data than these spurious relics. The genuine fragments, indeed, though more numerous, if not more pretentious than the forgery, are scanty enough. Of the *Achilles*—all his tragedies appear to have been written on Greek subjects, if not actually imitated from the Greek—only one line remains, as also of the *Ajax*, the *Andromeda*, the *Danae*, and the *Hermione*; of the *Trojan Horse*, one line and three words; of the *Tereus*, not quite five lines. Fortune has been more kind to the *Ægisthus*, which may consequently be allowed a longer notice. Twelve lines have been preserved, and they certainly tell us something of the conduct of the play. There was a speech by a herald or messenger, a narrative of the homeward voyage of the Grecian fleet, answering apparently to that in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, while in the fulness of its details it perhaps approached more nearly to that in the *Agamemnon* of Seneca, to which it may have supplied some hints. Like the latter, it seems to have commenced *ab ovo*,

“ Postquam Pergama
Accensa, et præda per participes æquiter
Divisa est,”

after the burning of Troy and the partition of the booty. Like the latter, it thought it worth while to notice the gambols of the dolphins, Nereus' herd, with their flat noses, about the sides of the vessels,

“ Tum autem lascivum Nerei simum pecus
Ludens ad cantum classem lustratur ”—

a picture which seems to have been a popular one, recurring, as we shall see, in Pacuvius, and which Æschylus, at any rate, cannot be pretended to have anticipated, though some recent critics have intruded it into his description, not of the tempest in the Ægean, but of the course of the beacon. An injunction apparently delivered by Agamemnon to his slaves, to support Cassandra, and lead her to the temple; a single line speaking of the king as engaged in solemn thanksgiving to heaven; another saying how he seated himself at the banquet, with Clytemnestra at his side, and his daughters occupying the third place; another describing him as dashing himself to the ground in the agony of his death-wound, and an inquiry, which may have been addressed to one of his murderers, “Jamne oculos specie lætavit optabili?”—“Hast thou at length gladdened thy eyes with this desirable spectacle?”—complete our knowledge of the play.

It is worth mentioning that for all these fragments we are indebted to Nonius, who, in the exercise of his calling, quotes them not for their poetic beauty, but as authorities for the use of certain words—*æquiter*, *lustror*, *pecus*, as extending to other than quadrupeds, *proco*, *solemnitus*, *juxtim*, *fligi*, *læto*, and *species*. Similarly it is to Nonius, Paulus, and Festus, that we owe the very few fragments which are quoted from unnamed plays of his. From them we learn that he indulged, as we might have expected, in Grecisms, which the genius of the language afterwards threw off, using *anclare*, or *anculare*, for “to draw,” and speaking of a crag in no less than four passages by the name of *ocris*; that *dusmus* in his time stood for *dusmus* or *dumosus*; and that *quisquis* included the feminine as well as the masculine; that he talked of the stony heaps, “struices saxeas,” along which Castalia tumbles, and applied *nefrens*—a word which, according to Varro, was used of young pigs—to the toothless infant into whose mouth its mother sheds the succour of her milk.¹ These are but faint and shadowy traces, a line here and there discernible in an effaced picture; but they may have their value for those whose curiosity has ever led them, as ours before now has led us, to search Johnson’s Dictionary for extracts from an old author whose works happened at that time to be beyond their reach.

The second of the Roman tragedians in order of time was Nævius, who will come before us again in a later part of this article as the predecessor, and, to some extent at least, the rival of Ennius in epic poetry. His first play, tragedy or comedy we know not, is said to have been represented B.C. 235, five

¹ Mommsen quotes this line, “Quem ego nefrendem alui lacteam immulgens opem,” as a proof of his assertion that the language of Livius is harsh and quaint. It is, however, a tolerably close rendering of Æsch. Cho. 897, πρὸς ᾧ σὺ πολλὰ δὴ βρίζων ἄμα Οὐλοισιν ἐξήμελξας εὐτραφέας γάλα, and may possibly have formed part of the *Ægisthus*, if that play, as is conceivable, included the death not only of Agamemnon, but of his murderers. There is nothing in the etymology of “nefrens” (“ne-frendere,” virtually toothless) to show that it might not have been naturally applied to an infant; nor do grammarians speak of the use as a strange one; “lacteam opem,” too, is quite in keeping with the style of earlier Latin poetry down to Lucretius and Catullus. Nor do the few lines preserved from Livius’ *Odyssey* bear out Mommsen’s contemptuous expressions, or warrant Mr. Sellar in calling it bald and prosaic, as compared, that is, with the remains of other early writers. Mommsen, who extols Nævius as far more original than Ennius, denies Livius any originality; in each case passing judgment without evidence. All that can be said is that Cicero thought Livius unreadable, and that we might probably think so too if he were extant, but that his few fragments impress us in much the same manner as those of his successor. Nævius, however, ought not to be judged apart from his comic remains, which are more lively and interesting than the relics of his epic and his tragedies.

years after the example was set by Livius. Our knowledge of his tragedies is rather greater in actual extent than our knowledge of those of Livius, nearly twenty of his lines having been preserved; but as they are distinctive rather of the age than of the poet, they need scarcely detain us so long. The names of two of his plays—unfortunately they are mere names, with but one line and three isolated words to support them—the *Clastidium* and the *Bringing up of Romulus and Remus*, are especially interesting as belonging to the class of *prætextæ* or *prætextatæ fabulæ*, plays on national subjects like Æschylus' *Persians*, or Phrynichus' *Destruction of Miletus*, or, to take an instance nearer home, the *Histories* of Shakspeare—a class which might command our sympathies more strongly than any other species of the drama, if the data for our knowledge of it were not so scanty, or if it did not seem to have filled a comparatively small space in the minds of the Romans themselves. The rest are on Greek subjects, *Andromache*, *Danae*, another *Trojan Horse*, *Hesiona*, *Iphigenia*, and *Lycurgus*. Of these the most important is the last, *Lycurgus*, the remains of which consist of more than thirty lines. The quaintness of one or two of the expressions has led Welcker to suppose it to have been a mythological comedy, like the *Amphitruo* of Plautus; but Ribbeck, with more verisimilitude, pronounces the play to have been a tragedy, occupying probably the same ground as the lost *Edoni* and *Lycurgus* of Æschylus, and answering in its general effect to the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. We see the Bacchantes, "thyrsigeræ Bacchæ Bacchico cum schemate," carrying crested snakes high in the air, and ruining the tilled fields—*arva* being used as a feminine noun—wherever they tread. Lycurgus seems to command his servants, "vos qui regalis corporis custodias agitatis," to take these disturbers of the good order of his kingdom on a hunting expedition into the forest, where trees grow of their own will, not planted, "ingenio arbusta ubi nata sunt, non obsita;" that when they get into his hunting-grounds they may be trapped themselves, and leave the light of day, like two-legged birds, by a snare. The victims apparently suspect him, and express their fear that in the thrill and rapture of the chase, "in venatu vitulantes," he will send them out of his forests with some savage vengeance as their guerdon, "pœnis decoratas feris." Bacchus, however, is captured and brought before the king, when an altercation ensues, of which two or three fragments have been spared, Lycurgus boasting of the wrath of his savage disposition, and the fierce ferocity of his spirit, "feri ingeni iram atque animi acrem acrimoniam," and being warned not to set up his wrath in competition with the wrath of Liber. Further on we get a glimpse of the burning of

the palace, the cross-beams far and wide all in a glow, and the whole building bursting and shining like a flower under the hand of Vulcan; and we hear a voice calling loudly for King Lycurgus, the son of Dryas. Add to these one or two graphic expressions from his other plays, as where a child is bidden by a parent to store his words in his mind, as a vintager stores the grapes in his basket, or the mountains are called places where the winds are wont to break themselves, and one or two sayings which have had the good fortune to pass into household words, though their author may have been forgotten, "male parta male dilabuntur," "latus sum laudari me abs te, patre, a laudato vivo," and we shall know all that for our present purpose we need to know of the tragedies of Nævius. If it does not enable us to realize the "immense chasm" which Mommsen affects to perceive between his productions and "the quasi-poetry of Livius," it may at any rate save us from the temptation of flying off under the influence of an equally paradoxical reaction, and doubting whether, if we possessed the entire works of both, we should think that Nævius had made that advance on his predecessor which he must have made, supposing him not to have been essentially his inferior.

When we come to Ennius, we find the horizon of our knowledge expand. The fragments mount up to about four hundred lines, and we have better means of judging of the plays from which they are taken, thanks to the laudatory notices of his countrymen, as well as to the greater fulness of the remains themselves. All of them, with one doubtful exception, the *Ambracia*, which some regard as a *prætexta*, others as a comedy, were on the stock subjects of Greek tragedy; some of them ascertained on external or internal evidence to have been translated or adapted from dramas now extant, such as the *Medea*, the *Hecuba*, and the *Iphigenia*; others, including the *Achilles*, the *Achilles of Aristarchus*, the *Ajax*, the *Alcumæo*, the *Alexander*, the *Andromacha* *Æchmalotis*, the *Andromeda*, the *Athamas*, the *Cresphontes*, the *Erechtheus*, the *Eumenides*, the *Ransoming of Hector* (*Hectoris Lustra*), the *Medea at Athens*, the *Melanippe*, the *Phænix*, the *Telamo*, the *Telephus*, and the *Thyestes*, easily connected with Greek originals, surviving or lost, by a more or less plausible conjecture. "Who is there," asks Cicero, "such an enemy, I might almost say to the Roman name, as to reject or slight the *Medea* of Ennius, or the *Antiopa* of Pacuvius, because he takes pleasure in reading their originals in Euripides?" The appeal to patriotic feeling may pass lightly by a modern critic; still, there is an interest in seeing how the old Romans attempted to render in their rough barbarian tongue the productions of the most polished age of Athens—an interest

like that which we may feel in taking up a translation of the *Æneid* by a writer of Queen Mary's day, or a version of the *Pharsalia* by a poet of the Commonwealth. The opening lines of Ennius' *Medea* (they may be found, along with their Greek original, either in Mommsen or in Mr. Sellar) are abundantly characteristic. Euripides, very naturally, makes his nurse first wish that the Argo had never passed the Symplegades, and then, wandering back, wish that the timber for the oars had never been cut down. This artful inartificiality lay apparently too deep for the old Roman; he knew that the cutting down of the timber was really an entire link in the chain of causation, and to talk about it late, doubtless seemed to him a mere piece of poetical refinement, so he chose to begin *ab ovo*. So there is great *naïveté* in the way in which he introduces the Argo, explaining, for the benefit of his countrymen, much in the style of an early commentator or scholiast, that she was a vessel bearing that name, and even taking the opportunity of imparting a scrap of etymological information: "Argo, so called from the eminent Argives, who sailed in her." The same vein of rude formality, varied occasionally by some quaint and forcible expression, runs through the other fragments of the play, as when he turns the simple *Κορινθίαι γυναῖκες* into "Quæ Corinthum arcem altam habetis, matronæ opulentæ, optimates," or where *Medea* is made to say that this day Creon has put into her hands the bolts and bars, and enabled her to let loose her wrath—

"Ille transversa mente mihi hodie tradidit repagula,
Quibus ego iram omnem recludam, atque illi perniciem dabo,
Mihi mœrores, illi luctum, exitium illi, exilium mihi."

Another fragment, containing the opening of the last choral ode of the play, is interesting, as apparently affording an instance of what we remarked a few pages back, the absence of any attempt to imitate the complexity of the Greek choric metres:—

"Juppiter, tuque adeo summe Sol, qui omnes res inspicis,
Quique lumine tuo maria, terram, cælum contines,
Inspice hoc facinus priusquam fiat, prohibe scelus."

Here the uncertainty of the text prevents our speaking with confidence: but the matter appears to be only the ordinary trochaic of the tragic dialogue. Of the fragments of Ennius' remaining tragedies, the most considerable and important are those which belong, by assumption or by acknowledged title, to the *Alexander* and the *Andromacha Æchmalotis*. We know but little of the structure of either play, except that both formed parts of the tale of Troy, the scene of the first being apparently laid

during the siege, that of the second during the capture. The first is supposed to have contained that memorable speech of Cassandra, which, in whole or in part, is more than once quoted by Cicero. "Why does madness flash from thine eye?" asks Hecuba of her daughter: "Where is thy maiden modesty?"

"Sed quid oculis rabere visa es derepente ardentibus?
Ubi illa tua paulo ante sapiens virginalis modestia?"

We know the Cassandra of Æschylus: let us hear the Cassandra of Ennius:—

"Mater, optumarum multo melior mulier mulierum,
Missa sum superstitiosis ariolationibus:
Namque Apollo fatis fandis dementem invitam ciet.
Virgines æquales vereor, patris mei meum factum pudet,
Optimi viri. Mea mater, tui me miseret, mei piget.
Optumam progeniem Priamo peperisti extra me: hoc dolet:
Men obesse, illos prodesse, me obstare, illos obsequi!"

And then, in the midst of her self-denunciation, the prophetic frenzy comes upon her: she sees the blood-red firebrand which symbolized her brother's birth, and calls on the Trojans to quench it:—

"Adest, adest fax obvoluta sanguine atque incendio!
Multos annos latuit: cives, ferte opem et restinguite!
Iamque mari magno classis cita
Texitur: exitium examen rapit:
Advenit, et fera velivolantibus
Navibus complevit manus litora."

A later fragment, probably from the same speech, has been copied by Virgil in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, as it is itself doubtless copied from a passage in the *Agamemnon*:—

"Nam maxumo saltu superabit gravidus armatis equus
. . . . qui suo partu ardua perdat Pergama."

So the address of Æneas to the visionary Hector is taken almost verbally from a speech in which one of the sons or daughters of the royal house apostrophizes the dead body:—

"O lux Trojæ, germane Hector!
. . . . quid te ita contuo lacerato corpore,
Miser, aut qui te sic tractavere nobis respectantibus?"

The longest and most noticeable fragment of the *Andromacha* is in the same strain. The discrowned princess, widowed wife, and bereaved mother, is recounting what she has had to witness:—

" Quid petam præsidi, aut exequar ? quove nunc
 Auxilio aut exili aut fugæ freta sim ?
 Arce et urbe orba sum. Quo accedam ? quo applicem ?
 Quoi nec aræ patriæ domi stant, fractæ et disjectæ jacent,
 Fana flamma deflagrata, tosti alti stant parietes,
 Deformati, atque abiete crispa.
 O pater, O patria, O Priami domus,
 Sæptum altisono cardine templum !
 Vidi te, astante ope barbarica,
 Tectis calatis, lacuatis,
 Auro, ebore instructum regifice.
 Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,
 Priamo vi vitam evitari,
 Jovis aram sanguine turpari.

 Vidi, videre quod sum passa ægerrume,
 Hectorem curru quadrijugo raptarier,
 Hectoris natum de muro jactarier."

It is to these latter lines that the present Archbishop of Dublin, in his work on Sacred Latin Poetry, refers for the support of a theory that something like rhyme existed in the early poetry of Rome. Expressed in more general terms, the view may perhaps be thought to receive confirmation not only from this passage, but from others which we have quoted. These old fragments contain many instances of similarity of sound, not only in the ending but in the beginning of words, sometimes confined to alliteration, sometimes passing into a jingle. Precisely the same thing occurs in Plautus, who abounds in jingles, not amounting to puns, or even to plays on words. The first rude attempts at producing rhythmical symmetry of language coincide with the first rude attempts at producing verbal wit. In their maturity they diverge widely; in their infancy they seem closely to approximate.

We now come to two names which are probably the greatest in the muster-roll of Roman tragic poets. Cicero, indeed, seems to have felt as high an admiration for Ennius as for his successors; but a reader of Horace would infer that the enthusiasm of Roman critics and Roman audiences was chiefly centred on Pacuvius and Attius. Yet in the case of M. Pacuvius, at any rate, we appear to be stepping back from comparative light into comparative obscurity. The aggregate of his dramatic remains, it is true, is somewhat larger than that of Ennius's: but they consist chiefly of single lines, and so give us but little opportunity of judging for ourselves of his poetical characteristics. Meantime, one or two facts of his personal history are worth a passing notice. His life, which was a long one, falls

between the years 220 and 130 B.C. He was connected with Ennius not merely by poetical relationship, but by the ties of blood, being, according to the most probable accounts, his sister's son, and about twenty years his junior. In temperament as in genius, he appears to have been a kind of Roman Sophocles, *εὐκόλος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκόλος δ' ἐκεῖ*. He took charge of his great kinsman's funeral; and many years later, when he had himself retired from the scenes of his fame, to pass his old age in his native Brundisium, his house and heart were open to his young rival Attius, with whom he used, as we shall see below, to converse freely on the subject of their common pursuit. Though he had attained renown not only as a poet, but as the painter of a picture esteemed only second to the great masterpiece of Fabius Pictor, he took leave of the world in an epitaph which, in its graceful modesty, is singularly contrasted with the arrogant self-assertion of his brother poets, simply asking the youthful reader to stop and read his memorial stone. After catching this brief glimpse of the man, it is mortifying to find that our knowledge of his works is so scanty, that we cannot judge whether Varro is right in quoting his style as an instance of luxuriance, or Fronto, in a later day, in characterizing it as a uniform level; what are the grounds on which Cicero charged him with speaking bad Latin in an age when, as he says, a good style came to men by a sort of unconscious innocence; or in what respect he deserved the ambiguous epithet "doctus" applied to him, whether from his acquaintance with Greek, or from his acquaintance with his art, by the connoisseurs not only of Horace's time, but of Quintilian's.¹ His plays, so far as their names have come down to us, amount to thirteen, the *Antiopa*, the *Judgment of the Arms of Achilles*, the *Atalanta*, the *Chryses*, the *Dulorestes*, the *Hermiona*, the *Iliona*, the *Medus*, the *Niptra* or *Ablutions*, a story partly taken from the Odyssey, the *Pentheus*, the *Peribœa*, and the *Teucer*, together with a *prætexta* named *Paulus*, the subject of which is conjectured to have been the Battle of Cannæ. Those of our readers who may happen to be familiar with the fragments of Attic tragedy, will see that each of these plays, with the exception, of course, of the last, must have had a Greek prototype, after which it was probably framed. But the remains themselves, as we have just intimated, exist in too small portions to give us any sufficient notion of the manner in which the stories were treated, or even of their own poetical value, considered merely as isolated passages. Like the remains

¹ As usual, Mommsen discriminates him from Ennius, pronouncing that, though he "polished more carefully, and aspired to a higher strain," "his language appears more rugged, his style of composition pompous and punctilious."

of Livius and Nævius, they are in fact not so much fragments as dust. Yet even there, perhaps, we may find something of interest, if we single out four of these dramas from the rest. We have already alluded to the warm eulogium which Cicero more than once passes on the *Antiopa*; but it should not be forgotten that there was another Roman writer who looked upon that work of ancient art with very different eyes. It is on its unfortunate heroine, and the sorrows whose pressure bolsters up her doleful heart, that Persius vaunts the disgust which he feels at the revival of a taste for obsolete poetry by the *dilettanti* of his day; and the very deformities, the warts and ulcers, which she is supposed to have contracted in the course of her unwholesome captivity, are used to symbolize the quaintnesses of language which are considered to disfigure the style of the old poet. This diversity of judgment, however, tells us nothing about the character of the play; it merely indicates a diversity of taste among the judges, just as the same peculiar features which repel one reader of our own Elizabethan drama attract another. Of the fragments themselves, the most noticeable is one quoted, though not *in extenso*, by Cicero, in the second book of the *De Divinatione*, as an instance of the obscurity with which a plain thing can be invested. Amphion is speaking of a quadruped: slow-footed, field-loving, low of stature, rough of skin, with a short head, a snake's neck, a fierce look, with no entrails, and no animal life, and yet with an animal's voice. The chorus of citizens tell him that he has guarded his meaning with so strong a force of language, "*ita sæptuosa dictione*," as effectually to exclude conjecture, and that if he would be understood he must speak plainly. He then utters the name *tortoise*. "Why should not the harper have called it a tortoise at once, instead of making such a mystery of it?" asks Cicero impatiently. Where we have so few data, it would be hazardous to attempt to answer the question; but the passage seems to be not a mere piece of circumlocution, but a riddle, like that of the Sphinx, Amphion describing his tortoise-shell lyre, not very consistently, partly by the properties of the lion tortoise, partly as what it is when, in the language of Shelley's version of Homer's *Hymn to Mercury*, "the life and soul have been bored out of the beast," and it has been "made to sing." There is, in fact, something in the humour with which the thought is played with, which may remind us, as it was perhaps intended to do, of the Homeric Heracles when he first views the tortoise:—

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome you
Excellent plaything! where, sweet mountain beast,

Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
 You must come home with me and be my guest :
 You will give joy to me, and I will do
 All that is in my power to honour you.
 Better to be at home than out-of-door :
 So come with me ; and though it has been said
 That you alive defend from magic power,
 I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."

This parallel may console us for the utter absence of anything salient in the few other remains of this once celebrated play. The only one which calls for even a passing notice is a line containing the expression, "*flori crines*," locks of bright bloomy hue, a reading which, if the authority of Probus the grammarian is to be held paramount, ought to take its place in a passage in the Twelfth Book of the *Æneid*, where we now read of the yellow hair, *flori crines*, of the fair Lavinia. We pass on to two plays which appear to have been connected in subject, the *Dulorestes* and the *Chryses*. The title of the former play, which seems to have been afterwards borrowed by Varro for one of his *Saturæ Menippeæ*, *Agatho Dulorestes*, is still a perplexity to critics, who cannot decide between *Δολορέσσης* and *Δουλορέσσης*, Orestes practising a stratagem on Thoas, and Orestes appearing, on some unspecified occasion, in the character of a slave. The subject of the play was the same as that of the Iphigenia in Tauris: the brother and his friend come to the Chersonese, where the sister is priestess, and instead of being offered up by her as human sacrifices, persuade her to elude her master and return with them. Cicero more than once mentions the tumultuous applause which invariably arose in the theatre during the thrilling scene when the king has the two friends in his power, but cannot tell which is Orestes, his intended victim, and each asserts, drowning as it were the ether's voice, that he is the man; till at last, neither being able to prevail, they entreat to be put to death together. "It was a mere histrionic fiction," says he, "yet the audience rose to their feet and clapped." With that exception, the remnants of the play are quotations for mere lexicographical purposes, made by Nonius, Festus, and Priscian, illustrating the use of such words as *orbitudo*, *vanitudo*, *prolixitudo*, *temeritudo*, *fatiscor* for *fatisco*, and *adjutor* for *adjuto*. The only one to which we now refer is one of several passages, in which the Roman writers as it were turn commentators on their own language, and explain the difference between *pigere* and *pudere*: "*Piget paternum nomen, maternum pudet profari*:" "My father's name I cannot tell for sorrow, my mother's for shame." The *Chryses* was a sequel to the *Dulorestes*, and on the Greek stage would doubtless have

formed part of the same tetralogy. The play was probably modelled on a lost work of Sophocles, bearing the same name; the story seems to have been preserved by Hyginus. The fugitives, escaping from the Tauric Chersonese, take refuge in the Isle of Chryse, known to all readers of the first *Iliad*, as the home of the priest Chryses. Thither they are pursued by Thoas, who requires their surrender. But they have found a friend who can help them. Chryseis, so runs the post-Homeric legend, after her return to her father, was delivered of a son, who received his grandfather's name, and was brought up as the child of Apollo. He assists his new relatives against their enemy, and Thoas is killed. Yet here, as elsewhere, the fragments help us but little towards the story. The most memorable are one or two preserved by Cicero, on the subject of divination and physical philosophy; taken, it has been conjectured, from a dialogue between Orestes and the elder Chryses. One of these is a sneer at augury, such as the old poets were fond of indulging, the point being, that those who learn more from the inwards of others than from their own, ought to be heard rather than heeded:—

“ Isti qui linguam avium intelligunt
Plusque ex alieno jecore sapiunt quam ex suo,
Magis audiendum quem auscultandum censeo.”

Another speaks of the all-embracing sky as the source of all being:—

“ Hoc vide, circum supraque quod complexu continet
Terram
Solisque exortu capessit candorem, occasu nigræ,
Id quod nostri cælum memorant, Graii perhibent æthera:
Quidquid est hoc, omnia animat, format, alit, auget, creat,
Sepelitis, recipit in sese omnia, omniumque idem est pater,
Indidemque eadem quæ oriuntur, de integro æque eodem incidunt.”

The last play we shall notice, the *Niptra*, contains, as we have said, part of the history of Ulysses. It appears partly to have coincided with the end of the *Odyssey*, partly to have carried on the narrative further. Like the *Chryses*, it had its original in a drama of Sophocles, the second title of which, *Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀκανθοπλήξ*, points to the post-Homeric part of the story. Ulysses arrives at his home, as in Homer, and is recognised by his nurse as she assists him in the bath. In lines which Gellius justly characterizes as delightful, she invites the stranger to submit to those offices which she had so often paid to her old master:—

"Cedo tamen pedem tuum lymphis flavis, flavum ut pulverem
Manibus isdem, quibus Ulyssi sæpe permulsi, abluam;
Lassitudinemque minuam manuum mollitudine."

We may wonder at the notion of colour which chooses the same word, *flavus*—a mixture, so Fronto in Gellius lays down, of green, red, and white—to represent both the hue of the water that cleanses, and that of the dust that is cleansed, but it can be no surprise to us that the passage should have been thought graceful and pleasing. Another line apparently tells of the qualities which enable Euryclea to identify the wanderer with Ulysses:—

"Lenitudo orationis, mollitudo corporis."

Afterwards, through what steps we know not, the story changes. Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, comes to Ithaca to seek his father, and wounds him ignorantly in a chance encounter, with a spear barbed with a fish-bone. "He met our lances," cries the wounded hero, "with a noxious barbaric weapon, made of a strange shape, and put together by no skilful hand." In the rest of the play we hear the complaints of the sufferer in his agony, reminding us of those of his old enemy Philoctetes, or of Hercules in the *Trachiniae*. "Take me up gently," he says,

"Pedetentim ac sedato nisu,
Ne succussu arripiat major
Dolor."

And then, as the pain masters him, he shrieks aloud, and begs to be left alone:—

"Retinete, tenete! opprimate ulcus,
Nudate! heu miserum me, excrucior!
Operite, abscedite jamjam.
Mittite: nam attrectatu et quassu
Sævum amplificatis dolorem."

Elsewhere, however, he rises superior to his anguish, observing, when he is dying, that complaint is the natural utterance for a man, lamentation for a woman; a contrast, Cicero seems to say, to the hero of Sophocles, whose exclamations were less manly, or at any rate were not met by the chorus in the same spirit of stoical reproof.

The fragments of Pacuvius' nameless plays, though not numerous, contain two passages of greater length than any that are to be found among his other remains. We will only quote one of them, the description of the Greeks on their voyage home from Troy, to which we alluded in speaking of Livius. At first they

amuse themselves with looking at the fish that sport about the vessel ; but a storm soon gathers :

“ Profectione læti piscium lasciviam
Intuentur, nec tuendi capere satietas potest.
Interea prope jam occidente sole inhorrescit mare,
Tenebræ conduplicantur, noctisque et nimbum occæcat nigror,
Flamma inter nubes coruscat, cœlum tonitru contremittit,
Undique omnes venti crumpunt, sævi existunt turbines,
Fervit æstu pelagus.”

But it is time to hasten to the last name on our list.

Of the life of L. Attius we know less than that of his predecessor, though he belonged to the next generation, the date of his birth being B.C. 170, and survived into the days of Cicero, who, as a young man, frequently conversed with him. As a compensation for this slenderness of information, however, we have a clearer view of his labours as an author, which appear to have been nearly as various as those of Ennius, including not only tragedies and *prætextæ*, but a historical epic like Ennius's, with the same title, *Annales*, and three prose works, *Libri Didascalion*, apparently a history of poetry, *Libri Pragmaticon*, and *Parerga*. So, when we come to his actual remains, we find that, as far at least as mere quantity goes, time has dealt more kindly with him than with his brethren, sparing us very nearly seven hundred lines. It is in his relics alone that we find any considerable fragment of a *prætexta*. He is known to have written at least two plays of that description, the *Æneidæ* or *Decius*, and the *Brutus*, the subject of the last being the elder Brutus, the hero of the Regifuge, though it is possible, as has been suggested, that he may have intended to compliment another of the family, D. Brutus, his own friend and patron. From the *Brutus*, Cicero has extracted two speeches, one of King Tarquin recounting an alarming dream, the other of the soothsayer giving the explanation. The king has dreamed of a flock of sheep, from which he chose two rams for sacrifice. He had slain one, when the other ran at him, and butted him to the ground, and as he lay there wounded, he saw the sun change his course and move from left to right. This he tells in iambics ; the answer is in trochaics, and is not without interest, philosophical as well as poetical, attempting, as it does, to give some sort of theory of dreams, which are said to arise generally from natural causes, but which in some cases are supernatural :

“ Rex, quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident,
Quæque agunt vigilantes agitantque, ea si cui in somno accidunt,
Minus mirum est; sed di rem tantam haud temere improviso offerunt.
Proin vide, ne quem tu esse hebetem deputes æque ac pecus,

Is sapientia munitum pectus egregie gerat
 Tequo regno expellat : nam id quod de sole ostentum est tibi,
 Populo commutationem rerum portendit tibi,
 Perpropinquam. Hæc bene verruncent populo ! Nam quod dexterum
 Cepit cursum ab læva signum præpotens, pulcherrime
 Auguratum est rem Romanam publicam summam fore."

A curious story, whether authentic or no, is preserved by Gellius, showing Attius's opinion of the character of his own genius. We give it as translated by Mr. Sellar:—"When Pacuvius, at a great age, and suffering from a disease of long standing, had retired from Rome to Tarentum, Attius, at that time a considerably younger man, on his journey to Asia, arrived at that town, and stayed with Pacuvius. And being kindly entertained, and constrained to stay for several days, he read to him, at his request, his tragedy of *Atreus*. Then, as the story goes, Pacuvius said that what he had written appeared to him sonorous and elevated, but somewhat harsh and crude. 'It is just as you say,' replied Attius; 'and in truth I am not sorry for it, for I hope that I shall write better in future; for they say that the same law holds good in genius as in fruit. Fruits which are originally harsh and sour afterwards become mellow and pleasant, but those which have a soft and withered look, and are very juicy at first, become soon rotten without ever becoming ripe. It appears, accordingly, that there should be left something in genius also for the mellowing influence of years and time.'"

It would be interesting if we could verify this piece of self-criticism by an appeal to Attius's writings, and see whether his somewhat complacent anticipation can take rank as a fulfilled prediction. Here, however, as elsewhere, the state of our knowledge leaves us quite at fault. The names of no less than forty-five of his tragedies have been preserved,—a number which, even if reduced, as a searching criticism would perhaps reduce it, by ten, will still be very considerable; but, except from Gellius' story, we appear to have no external means of ascertaining the time at which any of them were composed, and the remains themselves are not sufficiently speaking to give any evidence of their own age or youthfulness. We question, indeed—and here we are glad to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Sellar—whether, to a modern apprehension, there is any sensible distinction between the style of Attius and his predecessor and critic; whether to one whose eyes were bandaged, the harsh fruit would not taste merely the same as the mellow; though Mommsen, of course, finds Attius's imitations "more readable and adroit." Each individual, doubtless, had critical

stages in his own poetical life; each individual, doubtless, stood in some marked relation to his predecessors and successors, and to the other poets of his age. But at the point of view which we occupy, these minor differences between writer and writer, much more between a writer and himself, are no longer perceptible. Distance has done much to confound them; mediæval oblivion has all but swept away their very data. To us the old tragic poets are themselves but a single critical stage in the poetical life of their nation, their productions, one and all, impregnated by the same flavour of harshness, which was to find its season of mellowing, not in the lifetime of any one of themselves, but in the ripe period of the Roman mind,—the Augustan era of Horace and Virgil.

But though we cannot compare the *Atreus* of Attius with its younger brothers and sisters, we have a few glimmering lights which show us something of what it was in itself. The savage nature of the hero is dwelt on again and again by Cicero, with whom he is a type of imperious cruelty,—the gloomy tyrant of the Roman stage. We are admitted to his confidence, and hear his plans of vengeance against his brother, who has once more roused the sleeping tiger within him :—

“ Iterum Thyestes Atreum adtractatum advenit,
Iterum jam aggreditur me et quietum exsuscitat :
Major mihi moles, majus miscendum est malum,
Qui illius acerbum cor contundam et comprimam.”

The same or a similar speech contained the words which, by frequent quotation, have passed into a proverb, “ *Oderint dum metuant* ”—a sentiment which, says Seneca, fathers itself at once on a contemporary of Sulla, but which may also remind a modern reader of times nearer to Seneca's own. But we are not left to think of Atreus as a mere monster of cruelty; we are bidden to recollect that he is a man who has been deeply wronged as a brother, a husband, and a king. He speaks of Thyestes as one who was not content with seducing his wife; he lays stress on the adultery itself, as a crime especially perilous in high places, and on the public evil to be apprehended from any tampering with the royal stock; and he shows that his throne was menaced by the adulterous pair, who stole from him the golden lamb, the heaven-sent Palladium of the kingdom. On the other side we have the thoughts of Thyestes, by his own showing, at least, even then a man more sinned against than sinning, who by a stroke of tragic irony is represented as warning his children of the many snares that are laid for the good, and of the danger to a private man of sitting at meat with a king. We catch a glimpse of the bloody prepara-

tions for the feast ; we hear the floor of heaven shaken with a sudden thunder-peal, "tonitru turbida torvo;" Atreus tells the wretched father that he is himself his children's grave, and retorts the charge of broken faith by saying that there is no faith with the faithless ; and then we listen to Thyestes as he recurs to the monstrous horror of the situation, a brother inducing a father to close his teeth on the flesh of his own sons, and asks what hope for the future there can be for one so steeped in pollution as himself :—

"Egone Argivum imperium attingam aut Pelopia digner domo ?
Quo me ostendam ? quod templum adeam ? quem ore funesto
alloquar ?"

Out of the remaining forty-four plays of Attius, we can afford only to pick an isolated fragment here and there.

Here is a specimen of that grammarian spirit which we have noted once or twice already in his predecessors, the spirit of men who feel themselves to be not only poets but writers, endeavouring to inform the heads of their countrymen as well as to move their hearts. Achilles is lecturing Antilochus on the difference between "pervicacia" and "pertinacia :"—

"Tu pertinaciam esse, Antiloche, hanc prædicas :
Ego pervicaciam aio, et ea me uti volo :
Nam pervicacem dici me esse et vincere (vincier ?)
Perfacile patior, pertinacem nil moror :
Hæc fortes sequitur, illam indocti possident.
Tu addis quod vitio est, demis quod laudi datur."

In a single line we are told how to distinguish "animus" and "anima :"—

"Sapimus animo, fruimur anima : sine animo anima est debilis."

Here is a picture of the Argo, the first ship, drawn by a shepherd who has seen it from a mountain :—

"Tanta moles labitur
Fremebunda ex alto, ingenti sonitu et spiritu.
Præ se undas volvit, vortices vi suscitât :
Ruit prolapsa, pelagus respergit, reflat.
Ita dum interruptum credas nimbum labier,
Dum quod sublime ventis expulsum rapi
Saxum, aut procellis, vel globosos turbines
Existere ictos undis concursantibus :
Nisi quas terrestris pontus strages conciet ;
Aut forte Triton fuscina evertens specus
Subter radices penitus undanti in freto
Molem ex profundo saxeam in cælum eruit."

The four following lines describe daybreak and its occupations with a circumstantial minuteness which in a modern poet would be tedious and ungraceful, but in Attius is merely characteristic of antique simplicity :—

“ Forte ante auroram, radiorum ardentum indicem,
Cum e somno in segetem agrestes cornutos cient,
Ut rorulentas terras ferro rufidas
Proscindant, glebas molli ex arvo exsuscitent.”

Lastly, here are some anapæsts from the *Philoctetes*, the first passage an address to Ulysses, the second part of a description of Lemnos, the island of Vulcan :—

“ Inclute, parva prodite patria,
Nomine celebri claroque potens
Pectore, Achivis classibus auctor,
Gravis Dardaniis gentibus ultor,
Laertiade !

Nemus expirante vapore vides,
Unde ignis cluet mortalibus clam
Divisus ; eum dictus Prometheus
Clepsisse dolo, pœnasque lovi
Fato expendisse supremo.”

In taking leave of these old tragedies, we will say a very few words on one point to which we have not yet adverted, the metre of the dialogue.

So far as we can follow Horace's not very intelligible account of the iambic trimeter, it would appear that he regarded it as having been gradually encroached upon by spondees, which, having been duly admitted into the first, third, and fifth of the six places in the verse, pushed their inroads further, so as to take possession of all but the last. Such a representation would not be true of the Greek iambic, which found no difficulty in keeping the spondees within bounds, though in the hands of the comic writers it was overrun by anapæsts ; but it may, perhaps, stand if we place together the experience of one language with the experience of another. Under the Romans, spondees seem to have asserted their title to the first five places of the trimeter from the very outset, and the result of the progress of tragic versification was not to extend (if indeed extension had been possible), but to contract their province, and to re-establish the Greek type substantially as it had existed in the days of Euripides. Perhaps it might be too much to say, that the iambic trimeter and trochaic tetrameter of early Roman tragedy are absolutely identical with those of Roman comedy ; yet they

bear a strong resemblance to each other, not only as regards the nature of the fact admitted, but in the licenses of pronunciation allowed. Some of the lines which we quoted a short time back, "Cedo tamen pedem tuum lymphis flavis, flavum ut pulverem," for instance, can only be received by an application of the Plautine and Terentian license, which makes "meus," "tuus," etc., monosyllables. The elision of the final "s," though, of course, not peculiar to early dramatic poetry, points to the same thing, the assimilation of poetical recitations in those times to the ordinary pronunciation. The early Roman writers had doubtless no wish to confound tragedy and comedy, though they themselves produced either indifferently; they were not likely to have dreamed of the approximation between the two, which we mentioned at the opening of our remarks as having gradually taken place in Greece; but the accidents of their age and position led them unconsciously in the same direction, and their own imperfection as workmen prevented them from perceiving critically where they did not feel intuitively. Euripides, the chief agent in what may be called the secularization of Greek tragedy, ventured on one occasion to break through the courtesies of scenic illusion, which ignore the spectators, and to make a tragic chorus address the audience in the name of the author of the play, after the manner of its comic counterpart. May we not recognise the same tendency in the custom which, as we learn from Horace and Quintilian, prevailed on the Roman stage, of closing tragedy and comedy alike with the emphatic *Plaudite*?

We must now return to Ennius, by far the greater part of our debt to whom still remains unpaid. As a tragedian he is only one among several, and not the greatest of the number: as an epic poet he filled a place in the minds of his countrymen somewhat analogous to, though of course not commensurate with, that occupied in Greece by Homer himself. However modern critics may adjust precedence among writers whose works they have not read, there can be no question that he was generally regarded by the Romans as the true founder of their national poetry, "the morning-star of song." Those who went before him he himself relegates to a period when poetry had not yet been conceived of as an art, "when no one had scaled the crags of the Muses, or was studious of speech;" and no attempt seems to have been seriously made to disturb his verdict. Cicero, perhaps the only ancient writer from whom a word can be quoted in favour of Nævius as against his rival, is the one whose voice is raised most consistently and emphatically to eulogize Ennius, our Ennius, the first of epic poets; the man who celebrated our great ancestors, and whom they in

turn delighted to honour. The title of the second Homer, instanced by Horace as a specimen of the criticism of his time upon Ennius, is a witness to the admiration entertained for him by Lucilius. Lucretius, standing on the threshold of his own great poem, speaks of Ennius as the first who brought from Helicon a garland of unfading leaf to be had in renown among the nations of Italy, and in questioning his doctrines declares the verses in which they are enshrined to be eternal. Propertius contrasts his own luxuriant ivy with the austere laurels of Ennius; but such language is no more than he bestows generally on writers whose subjects and mode of treatment were severer than his own: and he elsewhere tells of himself as having drunk at the same spring with the father of verse, who rose from that draught to sing of the Curii and Horatii, of the trophies of Æmilius and the delays of Fabius, of the blow received at Cannæ, and the bowing of the will of heaven by prayer, of the Lares that put Hannibal to flight, and the geese that saved Capitolian Jove. Ovid and Horace, while impelled by a spirit perhaps of rivalry, perhaps only of reasonable self-assertion, to contend that the old bard's poems had no right to be regarded as the consummation of Roman art, are nevertheless not unwilling to pay the homage demanded by so great a name, the one conceding to the man of genius what he denies to the artist, the other, in a passage whose apparent historical inaccuracy has been a standing difficulty to criticism, affirming that the fame of the African conqueror is due not more to the burning of Carthage than to the muses of Calabria. And though the sneer of Martial at those who would read Ennius when they could read Virgil, shows that the feud between the old and the new was not confined to the Augustan age, we find that even in the time of Gellius, an itinerant lecturer on Ennius, an "Ennianista," as he called himself, after the manner of the Homeristæ, could command an audience, and that a copy of the *Annals*, of accredited authority, was procured at great expense, for the purpose of verifying the reading of a single line. With such a chain of testimonials before him, a scholar may be excused if he takes up the language of Scaliger, and complains, like Priam, of the fortune of war which has destroyed the hero of the family, and left so many of his less noble brethren. We feel that for us the great year of Roman poetry has lost its spring; and some sense of our loss remains with us as we gaze on the meridian glow of its fervid summer, or the hectic tints of its decaying autumn.

Before we speak of the author and of the remains of his works, the history of those remains deserves a few words of notice. It is mortifying to think that a copy of the poems of

Ennius appears to have existed till within a comparatively recent period. We cannot indeed point to the precise part of the ocean where the vessel went down, but we know where she was last spoken with. A catalogue of the date of the thirteenth century, appended to a ms. of Statius in a library at Prague, mentions copies of Ennius and Nævius; and a poet of the same period, Alanus de Insula, a Scotchman, in his *Anti-Claudianus*, talks of Ennius in his ragged plebeian garb, thundering out the fortunes of Priam, as if his knowledge of the old bard rested on something better than hearsay. It was an age when classical taste, which had begun to show signs of life, again became nearly extinct, the thick darkness which set in before the dawn; and that it should willingly have let die an author whom of all others Cicero would have struggled to save, is only a single charge towards its condemnation. At the revival of learning we hear only of the fragments of Ennius; they began, however, to attract attention early in the sixteenth century; and Ludovicus Vives, the eminent Spaniard who taught Latin at Oxford, announced a purpose of collecting and editing them. The first who actually performed that task were Robert and Henry Stephens, in their collection of the *Fragments of the Ancient Latin Poets*, published at Paris in 1564. Thirty-six years later, a more elaborate edition was brought out by an Italian, Hieronymus Columna, whose industry as a collector of the fragments appears to have been sufficiently praiseworthy though unfortunately not equalled by his sagacity in restoring their text or assigning to them their probable places in the lost poems. The next adventure was at once more ambitious and less respectable. Advantage was taken of the name of Ennius to propagate a daring and ingenious forgery. In 1595, Paulus Merula, a Dutch jurisconsult, published at Leyden the fragments of Ennius's *Annals* in a corrected, rearranged, and enlarged form, the main feature of his edition consisting of some additional remains, recovered, as he professed, from a treatise by L. Calpurnius Piso, addressed to the Emperor Trajan, "On the Contents (continentia) of the Ancient Poets." This valuable repertory of quotations had been examined by him, according to his statement, in the library of St. Victor at Paris, where it had once formed part of the same volume with a ms. of Lucan, but had afterwards been separated from it; and now, he declared, it was in great danger of being stolen. On examination, it appeared that the probability had become a certainty; Piso's treatise had vanished, while the mutilated volume remained; and the latter part of the discovery at any rate has apparently been accepted, even by some recent critics, as an evidence of the general truth of the story, though, when rigorously examined,

it seems not to be worth much more than the attestation of the bricks in the chimney to Jack Cade's account of his parentage. Modern opinion appears to have decided that Merula's anticipation was a prediction after the fact, and that he was really both his own Piso and his own Ennius; at the same time that we must confess with Niebuhr that the forgery is executed with considerable plausibility, and that the verses, if not such as Ennius must have written, are such as he might have written. After Merula, we find no name of any great importance, real or fictitious, among the editors of Ennius, till we come to Vahlen, whose edition we have already commemorated, and are glad once more to recommend to our readers for carefulness in collecting the fragments, labour in ascertaining their text according to the best MSS. of the various authors who have preserved them, and general good judgment in arranging them in their places and establishing the main outlines of the lost work. Our own obligations to it have been very great, and the sketch which we are about to give of the probable form and contents of Ennius's poems will be made up, we may say, exclusively from its materials.

First, however, we must briefly sketch the chief particulars that are known about the poet himself. The authorities for his history are rather various than copious; the fullest and in every way the most satisfactory being Cicero, whose notices have to be supplemented by the more equivocal testimony of later compilers, grammatical or historical.

Q. Ennius was born in the year B.C. 239, in the consulship of C. Mamilius Turrinus and Q. Valerius Falto, the year after poetry, as Cicero expresses it, had been introduced into Rome by the representations of the first drama of Livius Andronicus. His place of birth was Rudia (not Rudia), a village in the Calabrian hills; a fact established by the more or less distinct witness of various authors, including his own, as against Eusebius, who makes him to have been born at Tarentum. Calabria was formerly known as Messapia; and Ennius used to assert his descent from the eponymous hero Messapus, the "Messapus equum domitor" of Virgil, who is said by Servius to have alluded to this claim in the passage of the Seventh Book of the *Æneid* (vv. 698 foll.), where he introduces the followers of Messapus singing of their king as they marched, like long-necked swans. Silius Italicus represents him as serving in Sardinia under Manlius Torquatus, against the combined army of Sardinians and Carthaginians, at a time when he must have been about four-and-twenty; and, though the circumstances of the description are doubtless wholly due to that frigid imitator of Virgil, that seems no reason why the

nucleus round which they cluster may not have been derived from a tradition of whatever value. Fifteen or twenty years later he appears to have been still in Sardinia, if we may trust the shadowy and somewhat conflicting authorities of Cornelius Nepos and Aurelius Victor, from which we gather that he then became connected with Cato, whether during Cato's African quæstorship or Sicilian prætorship is not clear, and was brought by him to Rome. In his fifty-first year we find him attached to another eminent man, Fulvius Nobilior, who took him with him on his Ætolian campaign, and afterwards marked his recollection of the companionship by making an offering to the Muses out of the spoils of the victory. At a later period he became a Roman citizen, through the instrumentality of the son of Nobilior, who had been appointed a triumvir for founding a colony, and availed himself of the opportunity to gratify his father's friend and his own. Meanwhile Ennius was living in a house on the Aventine, on very restricted means, with the attendance of a single female slave, reading with pupils Greek authors and his own Latin compositions, and enjoying the intimacy of his aristocratic friends, in particular of the family of the Scipios. There he seems to have died, at the age of seventy, of a complaint described as a disease of the joints, probably gout—the result, it would appear, of that habit of drunkenness, for which he is noted in the well-known passage of Horace. The great Africanus ordered his remains to be interred in his sepulchre, the famous tomb of the Scipios; and there in the time of Livy were to be seen three statues, those of the hero and of his brother and of the poet whom they loved, standing outside the gate of Capena.

Ennius used to say that he had three hearts, because he knew three languages, Greek, Latin, and Oscan. The expression is a fine one, though we must not interpret it by our modern associations, remembering that with the older Romans the heart was the seat of the intellect; and the boast which it symbolizes is one which, if uttered with truth, might well be regarded as marking him out to be the father of Roman poetry, the man in whose capacious mind the language of Rome could take hold at once of the past and of the future, reaching out on the one hand to its early Italian cognate, and on the other to the great depository of foreign thought and feeling. Yet there were not wanting in his day men who, if they had chosen to adopt his metaphor, might have said of him that the Roman heart beat too feebly, the Greek too strongly. He lived at a time when the enthusiasm for Greek culture was forcing its way step by step against the exclusive national spirit, and the student of foreign training was perhaps in danger of being

considered an enemy to his land's language. Cato, who, "if we have writ our annals true," had been Ennius's original patron, and who, according to a less probable part of the same story, condescended to learn Greek of him, afterwards attacked Fulvius Nobilior, with whose proceedings in Ætolia he had been in some way brought into contact, on the special ground that he had taken a poet with him into his province. The antagonism was not merely between the poetical Greek and the unpoetical Roman. There was an old school of poetry which had to yield to a new one; the Italian Camenæ were to give way to the Grecian Muses. Before Ennius appeared at Rome, Nævius the Campanian had been established there, and had obtained a name as a dramatic poet; but he had recently retired into banishment at Utica, if indeed he was not already dead. We know too little of his life or of his works to be justified in comparing him formally with his successor in poetical fame, though there are one or two faint traits which suggest the notion of a contrast. Both had seen service in the army, Nævius having fought in the first Punic War, as Ennius in the second; but there the resemblance ceases. Nævius was a plebeian, and stood by his order, impugning the virtue of the great Scipio, and telling the Metelli that they owed their repeated consulships not to merit, but to destiny; a license of tongue which led, first to an imprisonment of sufficient length to allow him to compose two of his dramas, and afterwards to the exile in which he ended his days. Ennius, as we have seen, was the friend of the great, not necessarily compromising his own independence, but willing to link his name to theirs, and to include their praises in the poems in which he celebrated the noble deeds of the worthies of other times; a type of the Roman author as he was to be, a member of that fraternity which Horace, many years later, could describe as absorbed in composition, and estranged from worldly cares, and Juvenal as dependent on patronage, and labouring on in obscurity, sustained by the hope of earning the ivy-wreath and the bust. As poets, they appear to have come into collision in the field, not of the drama, but of the epic. Their tragedies, as we have seen, belong to the same school. In the main, they are apparently translations or adaptations from the Greek; Greek in their metre no less than in their subject and treatment. But in his exile Nævius solaced his latest years by a composition of a different kind, recording the stirring scenes of which he had himself borne a part in a heroic poem on the first Punic War. The scope of the narrative is almost wholly unknown to us, though it would seem not to have been unmixed with Greek mythological legends; but the metre was at any rate national and

Italian, the Saturnian verse, "the large utterance of the elder gods" and demigods of rural Italy; in more historical times, the measure of its ballad poetry, if it had any, and of what was perhaps as yet its most elaborate composition in verse, the *Odyssey* of Livius Andronicus. But when Ennius entered the field with his national poem, which was to surpass the *Punic War*, both in the scope and magnitude of its subject and in the skill of its treatment, he chose a new metre, a long measure, as he calls it himself, the Hexameter of Homer and the Grecian Epic; and he is known to have stigmatized the verses of his predecessor, in a passage to which we have already alluded more than once, as effusions like those of the old forest gods, made by men who had never accomplished the ascent of the true Parnassus. He had not overrated the importance of a change, which, it may be said without exaggeration, was destined to revolutionize the whole structure of Roman poetry. Superficial observers are apt to treat the influence of metre with comparative indifference, as involving the mere outward form of poetry; but a more careful analysis will show that though the soul of verse is doubtless originally separable from its body, the latter is not a bare husk, to be assumed or thrown off at pleasure, but a part of an organized whole, modified and modifying in turn, and clinging to its partner with a tenacious vitality, which criticism, in attempting to disentangle, is apt to destroy. The language reacts on the thought, which, in taking shape, is obliged to part with something of its own, and accept something extraneous and accidental; and the metre exercises a similar constraint on the language, enforcing the substitution of one word for another, and thus producing a still further departure from the precise character of the conception originally formed by the mind. This second bondage makes itself felt much more in ancient than in modern metres, in proportion as the rule of quantity is more searchingly oppressive than the rule of accent. Probably the hexameter itself was a more rigorous master to the poet who accepted it than the Saturnian verse, which, though it may not have dispensed with quantity, yet seems to have admitted great varieties of structure; at any rate, it must have been found sufficiently exacting, even by those whom use or superior aptitude had taught best to comply with its humours, as perhaps the experience of some of our readers may enable them to understand. There is a work by a German scholar, Köne, "On the Language and Metre of the Roman Epic Writers," the object of which is to show that the introduction of the hexameter was an unfortunate innovation, alien from the genius of the language, which had already cast most of its words into moulds suited to other metres, iambic or trochaic,

and so tending of itself to produce an unreal and artificial style, where words are distorted into strange forms, or exchanged for inadequate synonyms, where the grammatical proprieties of declensions and tenses are sacrificed for metrical convenience, and rhythm itself has to be violated in order to avoid unlawful sounds. Without going to this length, or speculating whether the Saturnian metre could have been made to bear the weight which, at whatever cost of straining or even cracking, was borne by the hexameter, we may still believe that Ennius's innovation was, as we have said, little less than revolutionary, and that in persuading the poets of his country to submit to a new law, he was really exercising an influence, unmistakable, if not fully appreciable, on the language and thought of succeeding generations. The effect produced by the matter of his poetry, we must be content to take mainly on trust; what he accomplished by the form, we are able to estimate for ourselves. Those who are most inclined to feel aggrieved at the severity of the rule under which he laid his successors, may be consoled by thinking that he appears to have suffered from it himself, while the *naïve* directness of his efforts to get relief, so unlike the artificial expedients of a later day, may excite a smile, as when he makes a tmesis which, as Servius, the commentator, truly says, though tolerable in a compound word, is "*nimis asperum*"; in a simple, "*saxo cere-comminuit-brum*," or where, by a dangerous extension of the figure apocope, he reduces well-known substantives to monosyllabic crude forms, "*divum domus altisonum cæl*," "*replet te lætificum gau*." It is the same even-handed justice which overtook the Greek dithyrambic poet:—

Οἱ τ' αὐτῷ κακὰ τεύχει ἀνὴρ ἄλλ' κακὰ τεύχων.

Ἡ δὲ μακρὰ 'ναβολὴ τῷ ποιήσαντι κακίστη.

Niebuhr confesses that, much as he likes the "*numeri*" and "*sales*" of Plautus, he cannot be pleased with the hexameters of Ennius; and certainly it seems difficult to see how they could please any one whose ear has been accustomed to the cadence, we do not say of Virgil, but of Lucretius or Catullus. They are, indeed, very similar in structure, if not in their quantities, to a boy's first attempts at school; and, like some of the early poetry of our own country, may seem to suggest a theory that the progress of versifying in a nation is after all much the same as in an individual. Yet it is through such rudimentary stages that excellence is at last attained; and as a student working with a model before him cannot hope to attain perfection in a day, so the task of bringing that model to perfection is not to be completed in a single lifetime, but has to be elaborated by generations of successive artists.

But it is time that we should redeem our promise of giving

some account of the various works which Ennius is known to have left behind him, so far as it is possible to form an estimate of their character from the fragments or other notices which have been preserved to us. These works, according to Vahlen, fall under nine heads, though in the scantiness of our information even their number is not placed beyond the reach of controversy. First comes the *opus magnum*,—the *Annals*, which were in eighteen books; next his dramatic works, consisting of the tragedies which we have already discussed, and two or three comedies; six books of satires; some epigrams or inscriptions, three of which have come down to us; a poem called *Sota*, from the Sotadic verse in which it was composed; *Protrepticus*, apparently a collection of precepts in verse; *Hedypphagetica*, a poem on eatable fishes; *Epicharmus*, probably a poetical exposition of Pythagorean philosophy; and, lastly, *Euhemerus*, a translation of the sacred history of that well-known mythological rationalizer. Of these, the first, the fragments of which occupy about six hundred lines, out of an aggregate of twelve hundred, is the only one which need occupy our attention for any time; a very few words will suffice for the rest.

The exordium of the *Annals* appears to stand out before us with tolerable distinctness. Lucretius, at the opening of his philosophical poem, Propertius in his vision of Calliope, Virgil in the apparition of Hector to Æneas, Persius in his *Prologue*, and again in his celebration of the bay of Luna, have all either imitated or referred to it. After an invocation to the Muses by their two names, Greek and Roman, Ennius gives an account of his calling to the office of poet, possibly modelled after the poem to Hesiod's *Theogony*—how Homer appeared to him as he lay sleeping on Mount Parnassus, and, shedding tears of human saltiness, unfolded to him the mysteries of creation, and the divine origin of animal life. His own soul, said the father of poetry, was now animating the body of Ennius, having been transmitted from Euphorbus to himself, from himself to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to a peacock. Ennius wakes from his sleep, and proceeds to invite his countrymen to hear a description of the harbour of Luna, where it is conjectured that he may have dreamt this dream within a dream. Thence, by what steps we know not, he passed to the subject of his poem, the *Annals* of the Roman people. We catch brief glimpses of the story of Æneas, his voyage to Italy, and his interview with the King of Alba, "rex Albai Longai," who seems to have held the same position in Ennius's version as Latinus holds in Virgil's. The three hundred years of Alban sovereignty, so familiar to us from the *Æneid*, have no place in the legend

which Ennius followed; Æneas is himself the father of Ilia, the royal priestess who gives birth to the founder of Rome. A continuous fragment of seventeen lines is preserved by Cicero, in which the Vestal, in verses of considerable beauty, relates to her sister an alarming dream, how she was dragged by a strong and beautiful being along willowy banks that were strange to her, and, when left alone, sought in vain for her sister, but found no path to support her, and how her father appeared, and told her that she must first endure sorrow, and afterwards fortune would come to her from the river. A few scattered verses convey to us the sequel of the tale, the birth and exposure of the twins, their suckling by the wolf, their growth to manhood, and the discovery of their parentage by Amulius. Another fragment of twenty lines describes Romulus and Remus waiting for the augury which was to decide their claims, and the people looking on intently, as the spectators in the circus watch for the consul's signal which is to let the chariots go, when suddenly, after a night of expectation, twelve sacred birds appear with the sunrise, and Romulus knows that the throne is his. Again we have a few isolated lines or parts of lines, from which we may glean, as we best can, the story of the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the partition of the empire with Tatius, and the death of Romulus. We have a view, too, of the council of the twelve gods,

“Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars,
Mercurius, Jovis, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo,”

sitting in heaven's two-gated banqueting-hall, where Juno and Venus apparently plead against each other, as in the Tenth *Æneid*, and the latter receives a promise from Jove that Romulus shall be made one of themselves. The only other fragment of importance in the First Book we will venture to quote, as there is something in its melancholy monotone which accords well with the subject, the lament of the Romans over their first king:—

“Pectora [fida] tenet desiderium, simul inter
Sese sic memorant, O Romule, Romule die,
Qualem te patriæ custodem di genuerunt!
O pater, O genitor, O sanguen dis oriundum!
Tu produxisti nos intra luminis oras.”

These are sonorous lines; but how much finer is the lament of the Arcadians in Virgil over Pallas!

“O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti!
Hæc te prima dies bello dedit, hæc cadem aufert,
Cum tamen ingentes Rutulorum linquis acervos.”

Of the next four books, from the Second to the Fifth inclusive,

only stray lines have come down to us. As it were by flashes of lightning, we read of Numa's institutions—a sufficiently dry catalogue—and of the sweet voice of Egeria, “*suavis sonus Egeriai* ;” of the victory of Horatius, and the murder of his sister; of Mettus Fuffetius, the wretched man whose mangled limbs the vulture devoured among the thorns, and interred in a cruel sepulchre; of Ancus and his foundation of Ostia; of the arrival of the first Tarquin; of the night which was the crisis of the fate of Etruria, “*Hoc noctu filo pendebit Etruria tota* ;” of “the sixth king of four-cornered Rome” (such is the solitary mention of the reign of Servius Tullius); of the furious driving of Tullia's chariot; of the outrage on Lucretia, who is supposed to look up to the starry heaven and invoke the Lares; of Horatius Cœles leaping into the Tiber; of the scaling of the walls of Anxur; of the Samnite war, and the increased haughtiness of the Latins, which is expressed by a lively image, “*aqua est aspersa Latinis*.”

The Sixth Book, which treated of the war with Pyrrhus, or, as Ennius called him, Burrus, comes out in a somewhat clearer light. It opened with a line, of which the first part has been copied by Lucretius, the last by Virgil, “*Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?*” The important crisis seems to have been marked by another council of the gods; but no trace has been preserved of their deliberations. One line records the well-known equivocal oracle, “*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse* ;” another contains a reflection on the family of Æacus, perhaps by the discontented Tarentines,—

“*Stolidum genus Æacidarum :
Bellipotentes sunt magis quam sapientipotentes.*”

Then we have the preparations at Rome, the proletariat armed, sentries posted throughout the city, and the forest trees hewn everywhere for timber, the last a passage closely followed by Virgil in his accounts of the funerals of Misenus and Pallas,—

“*Incedunt arbusta per alta, securibus cædunt,
Percellunt magnas quercus, exciditur ilex,
Fraxinus frangitur, atque abies consternitur alta.
Pinus proceras pervortunt : omne sonabat
Arbustum fremitu silvæ frondosæ.*”

Next follow those lines, so familiar to every reader of Cicero's *Offices*, in which the King of Epirus restores the captives unransomed, declaring that he will not make a merchandise of war, but try out the question of sovereignty with the Romans by force of hand, and meanwhile respect the freedom of those whose lives the fortune of battle has respected. Cineas is sent to Rome, but Appius Claudius appeals to the better mind of his country

men, and the orator returns without the expected peace, and makes report to the king. Two lines on the supposed self-devotion of the third Decius,—a story which Cicero is thought to have derived from Ennius,—and one or two probably referring to the operations at Beneventum, complete our knowledge of the Sixth Book.

The Seventh was probably devoted to the First Punic War. It is there that we find the sarcasm on Nævius' poem, which, however, he admits to have preoccupied the field, so that he proposes himself only to touch on the period slightly. But he seems to have taken occasion to congratulate himself on his own happy daring, which led him to unlock the sacred portals, adding that the blissful vision of wisdom, "*Sophiam, sapientia quæ perhibetur*," is to be attained only by those who have begun to study. A number of detached lines follow, some of them describing the practice of rowing, in reference, doubtless, to the first naval armament of Rome, others seemingly from speeches of generals encouraging their men, and one or two giving a picturesque glimpse of external nature, the autumnal reddening of the leaves, and the appearance of the cypress and the box, "*Russescunt frundes, . . . longique cupressi Stant rectis foliis et amaro corpore buxum*." Among these there is one of much greater length, which claims especial notice. It is a description of a friend and counsellor of one of the generals, the sharer of his table and his conversation, and of the heap of his cares, "*rerum suarum congeriem*," with whom he used to confer when wearied by the day's fatigue in the broad forum and sacred senate, speaking boldly to him of things great and small, good and bad, and taking with him many a pleasure in public and in private; a man never led to commit a crime through levity or malice; learned, faithful, pleasing, eloquent, contented, knowing how to speak at the right moment, but sparing of his words; with a breast where many ancient things were buried, and a character which preserved both the old and the new.

"*Scitus . . . multa tenens antiqua sepulta, vetustas
Quem fecit mores veteresque novosque tenentem,
Multorum veterum leges divumque hominumque;
Prudenter qui dicta loquive tacereve possit:
Hunc inter pugnas Servilius sic compellat.*"

We know nothing of Servilius but the name, while his marvellous friend is nameless; but Gellius, the preserver of the fragment, says on the authority of Ælius Stilo, that the poet intended to draw his own picture, doubtless as he appeared in Ætolia at the side of Fulvius Nobilior. As a portrait, perhaps, it hardly falls within our criticism; but we may be allowed to give it some praise as a painting.

After the Seventh Book the fragments again diminish, both in magnitude and in interest. The Eighth and Ninth were on the Second Punic War, but very little remains to show the way in which the subject was treated. There are the lines about Discord bursting open the iron-bound gates of the war-god, which Horace quotes as a specimen of the epic style; the lines on war which Cicero uses in his *Pro Murena*, describing the triumph of violence,

“ Pellitur e medio sapientia, vi geritur res,
Spernitur orator bonus, horridus miles amator ;”

some single lines on a battle, probably Cannæ, dust flying and darts showering, and the Carthaginians ham-stringing the prisoners, a glimpse of yet another council of the gods, where Juno lays aside her enmity to Rome, and Jupiter promises that Carthage shall fall; and the well-known eulogies on Cethegus and Fabius Cunctator, “the choice flower of Rome, Persuasion’s very marrow,” and “the one man who saved the State by delay, caring more for men’s lives than for their tongues.”

In the Tenth Book, the Muse is invoked to sing of the exploits of the Roman generals in the war with King Philip of Macedon. Flaminius is troubled night and day, thinking how to penetrate into the enemy’s country, when an Epirote shepherd, poor and honest, “vir haud magna cum re sed plenus fidei,” accosts him in words applied by Cicero to another Titus, his friend Pomponius Atticus, and inquires what reward he may expect if he shall succeed in relieving him of his care. After this well-known fragment, the most noticeable is a simile of those lines about a hound giving tongue, applied, we may suppose, to the Romans tracking the foe :—

“ Sicut si quando vinclis venatica velox
Apta solet canis forte feram si nare sagaci
Sensit, voce sua nectit, ululatque ibi acute.”

The subjects of the two next books are not clearly ascertained. One fragment is supposed to refer to Flaminius in Greece, another to a possible invective of Cato against luxury in dress; but the only one of interest is a couplet, imitated by Virgil in his Seventh *Æneid*, on the inextinguishable vitality of the old Trojan stock,

“ Quæ neque Dardaniis campis potuere perire,
Nec cum capta capi, nec cum combusta cremari.”

The war with Antiochus is thought to have occupied the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Books. Antiochus himself is supposed to be speaking in one fragment, where he complains of having been misled by Hannibal; the rest are general enough—a reflection on the trustworthiness of soothsayers, a

few scattered lines about ships sailing, where the yellow sea is coupled with the green brine—a propriety of colouring vindicated by Gellius—a word of encouragement before a battle, and another of complaint after defeat. Fulvius Nobilior is thought to have been the hero of the next book, so that there at least the poet would have spoken as an eye-witness; but the fragments, though apparently pointing to the siege of Ambracia, present nothing very tangible.

The Sixteenth, as we are told by Pliny, was added in honour of T. Cæcilius Denter and his brother, personages who figure very slightly in the history as we read it, but whom Ennius seems to have extolled as models of valour. The fragments are rather various than remarkable; we may, however, specify three, which speak of the sloping mountains whence the night rises, of the night flying with a girdle of constellations round her, and of the torch of day setting and covering the ocean with a trail of crimson light. The few remains of the Seventeenth Book tell us vaguely of battle scenes; but there seems reason to believe that it contained a tribute to the magnanimity of a censor who, finding himself elected together with a personal enemy, sought a reconciliation on the spot, that they might perform their joint work with joint heart and soul.

The Eighteenth and last Book embraced the Histrian War. There is a picture, studied after Homer's Ajax, and itself reproduced in Virgil's Turnus, of a tribune defending himself against the Histrians, with darts raining on his shield and helmet, and falling harmless and shivered to the ground, with sweat streaming from every pore, yet not a moment to take breath. But the interest of the book, at least to us, must have centred in the discourse about himself, in which the old bard seems to have indulged in closing this his greatest poem. Even now we may read with sympathy his boastful allusion to his late enrolment among the citizens of the conquering city—"Nos sumus Romani, qui fuvimus ante Rudini;" we may be touched by the mention he appears to have made of the year of his age in which he wrote, bordering closely on the appointed term of man's life; and we may applaud as the curtain falls over his grand comparison of himself to a victorious racer, laden with Olympic honours, and now at last consigned to repose:—

"Sicut fortis equus, spatium qui sæpe supremo
Vicit Olimpia, nunc senio confectus quiescit."

A very few words, as we have stated already, will despatch what has to be said on the other works of Ennius, numerous and varied as these appear to have been. His strength was not supposed to lie in comedy; a poetical classification of the Roman comic writers, quoted by Gellius, gives him the last

place in a list of ten, and that only in deference to his antiquity; and, accordingly, the whole number of fragments that has come down to us, amounts only to eleven lines, or parts of lines, preserved simply as containing certain words, and throwing no light on the nature of the pieces from which they came. The three titles which we possess are *Ambracia*, which, as we have seen, may have been a *prætexta*, *Capuncula*, if the same is rightly restored, as we should say, the Maid of the Inn, and *Pancratiastæ*, the Prize-fighters. Of Ennius's historical position as a writer of satire we have no space to speak at length. He seems to have been the first who gave satire its form; its spirit of personal invective it did not receive till later. We hear of as many as six books of his satires; but the actual remains are very slender, though sufficient to show that he preserved that early characteristic of the *Satura*, a medley of metres. The most memorable of these books would seem to have been the third, if it is rightly identified with a poem which he wrote in honour of Scipio. The fragments which remain are partly personal, as where he thanks himself in the name of mankind for giving them to drink of the fiery wine of song drawn from his heart,

“ Enni poeta salve qui mortalibus
Versus propinas flammeos medullitus,”

or where he tells us (if the line has been restored to its right place) that he never writes poetry but when he has the gout; partly laudatory of his hero, who appeals for a witness of his deeds to the broad and cultivated plains of Africa, “*lati campi quos gerit Africa terra politos*,” and in one case simply picturesque, describing a universal hush in nature:—

“ Mundus cæli vastus constitit silentio ;
Et Neptunus sævus undis asperis pausam dedit :
Sol equis iter repressit ungulis volantibus :
Constitere amnes perennes, arbores vento vacant.”

A fragment about a slave, who annoys his prudent master by his reckless laugh and wolfish appetite; four jingling verses, telling a hoaxer that when the hoax does not succeed, the hoaxer is hoaxed; a version, which, however, exists only in Gellius's prose, of Æsop's fable about the lark and her young ones, and the well-known line about the resemblance of the ape to man, “*Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis*,” comprise all that need be noted in the rest of the satires. The three *Epigrams* or *Inscriptions*, ten lines in all, we will quote entire. The first is the famous epitaph on himself:—

“ Aspice, O cives, senis Enni imaginis formam !
Hic vestrum panxit fortia facta patrum.

Nemo me lacrimis decoret nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito vivus per ora virum."

The second is on Africanus, the man to whom never friend or foe could repay what he gave:—

"Hic est ille situs cui nemo civis neque hostis
Quivit pro factis reddere opis pretium."

The third is also on Africanus, into whose mouth it is put:—

"A sole exoriente supra Mæotis paludes
Nemo est qui factis me æquiparare queat.
Si fas endo plagas cœlestium ascendere cuiquam est,
Mi soli cœli maxima porta patet."

The three extant verses of the *Sota* are not worth dwelling on. All that is known of the *Protrepticus*, or Collection of Precepts, consists of a single word "pannibus," a variety for "pannis," the dative of "pannus," and two lines and a half about a husbandman separating tares from his wheat. Of the *Hedyphegetica*, an imitation or translation of a once popular poem by Archestratus of Gela, Appuleius has preserved us eleven lines, describing various kinds of fish, and the places where they are to be caught or bought, in language which Horace may have had in his mind when he wrote the dialogue between himself and Catius. The title of the *Epicharmus* is more promising; but the fragments come to but little. It was written in trochaic tetrameters, and the philosopher himself seems to have been a speaker in it, if not the speaker of the whole. Its chief utterances tell us that the body is earth and the mind fire taken from the sun, and that Jupiter is the air, comprising wind and clouds, rain and cold, all which are rightly called Jupiter, "quoniam mortales atque urbes beluasque omnes juvat." The extant remains of the *Euhemerus* have descended to us in prose; there is, however, reason to believe that it was originally a poem, but that some later hand modernized and transposed it; and it has been shown that a number of trochaic tetrameters can be extracted from it without much difficulty. The prose fragments, which, though not numerous, are of considerable length, owe their preservation to Lactantius. Whatever may have been the case in their original state, in their present form they do not possess much of the colour of poetry; in fact, the language may be said to reflect the character of that jejune mythology which it was intended to expound.

Here at last we bring our antiquarian survey to an end. Perhaps our readers will reproach us for not having availed

ourselves more frequently of the services of the two accomplished *cicerones* whom at starting we recommended to them. We can only plead that our own pilgrimage through these catacombs of literature was made independently, at a time when, though Ribbeck and Vahlen had cleared the way, the lights of æsthetic criticism had to be provided by every traveller for himself. This solitary experience has given us the means of appreciating the high qualifications of our two instructors: possibly it may have enabled us, in some slight degree, to supplement their labours.

ART. V.—*Wildbad und Seine Umgebungen.* Stuttgart, 1860.

READER, did you ever break the middle fibre of the triceps muscle just above the knee? You are not likely to have done so, for it is a rare chance; and the force that would snap it would sooner break the thigh-bone itself, or split the kneecap. But we broke ours, and though it is a very lame story, we mean to tell you all about it, and how we tried to cure it. How it happened was this: we had been abroad in Greece, away from wife and child, and after roving among the Ionian Islands and in the Morea, found ourselves, on the 19th of December, on the Acropolis at Athens. Then and there came on us the love of home. We thundered along the dusty road from Athens to the Piræus, caught the French steamer, and turned our face west, bent on eating our Christmas dinner at home. There was not an hour too much for the feat; but the sea was smooth, the wind fair, the boat as swift as a French boat can be. We reached Marseilles on the Thursday morning, in time to catch the mid-day mail for Paris. From the Station de Lyon we tore on the early dawn of Christmas-day to the Station du Nord, caught the tidal train, crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone, and reached London at six P.M. This was pretty quick work, for it was late on the Saturday before that we left the Piræus; we had stayed half a day at Messina on the voyage, and here we were home on the Friday at seven o'clock to dinner. These were our thoughts as we drove from London Bridge to the Broad Phylactery; but, so far as dinner was concerned, they were doomed to disappointment. We rushed up-stairs to see our babes and sucklings, and ran down again to dinner, which was there smoking on the board. Alas! of that dinner we never tasted one bit. As we came down, four steps at a time, we forgot to count them, as every one instinctively and unconsciously counts the steps of a well-known staircase; we hurled ourselves on a landing, thinking there were four more steps to come. There was a stunning baulk; something snapped in our thigh; we fell forward flat on our face, were picked up, and borne off to bed. At first we thought our thigh was broken. By the time the doctor came, torn reluctantly from his Christmas dinner, the limb was a huge swollen mass, without a sign of knee in it. The learned man shook his head, and pinched us tenderly. "No *bone* broken," he said, "but what else may be broken is hard to say." Then philosophizing, "How could you have done it? A very strange accident; I would not have believed it." Ice, lotion, leech; lotion, leech, ice; leech, ice, lotion; so ran the round of life from day to day. In a few days we got the swelling down

somewhat, and there appeared above the kneecap a sort of trough where the fibres were torn away. "Much better have broken the bone," was the wise man's remark; "it would have been the shortest in the end; three months on your back, six on crutches, and three more to get the strength again into the muscles of your leg. Just a year." "Well, but will this be a year?" "Yes, and perhaps two," was the reply from this Job's comforter. "You see, you will begin to get about, and then you will trip up and fall, and some more of the fibres will go. Besides, muscles never really unite; they fly away like an India-rubber band when it is snapped, and though something like a membrane forms, and fills up the gap, that muscle will never do a stroke of work again. What you have to do is to coax the others to take some of its work on themselves. But it takes a long time to coax a muscle into doing what Providence never meant it to do; and while you are coaxing it, you will have another accident, and all the cure will have to begin over again." Here was a cheerful family surgeon. Do you wonder that we soon paid him his fee, and got rid of him for that day? But he spoke the truth, though, young as we were in accidents, we did not believe him. "How many times did we repeat our accident?" Well, seven times in ten months! First, we just made a little false step as we were crawling up to bed. Though the leg only slipped back one step, something went "crick" again, and in half-an-hour the knee was nearly as swollen as before. That little step threw us back more than a month. But that was nothing; it was a mere baby accident to the next. This was in the month of March, when we stepped upon a bit of orange-peel at night in the street, and instinctively steadying ourselves on the lame leg, it shut up very like a telescope, and falling on it, we crushed it up utterly. "Was it any pain?" Only try it. The feeling is as if all the flesh were stripped off the bones from below the knee to half-way up the thigh. When we see the lion munching the thigh-bone of a horse at the Zoological Gardens, we think of our own thigh-bone, only that, while he gnaws horse, we think of ourselves as a less noble animal. That was fall number two. It took two months to recover from that, with this difference, that besides leech, lotion, ice, iodine was asked to assist in the after cure, and scorched and withered our unhappy joint with his burning breath. Now came fall the third, for fall follows fall in this story as Amurath used to succeed Amurath in Turkish history. We were sitting over a fire—we are sorry, for the honour of this genial climate, to add it was in the month of June— and stretching up to reach a book which lay on the mantel-shelf above our heads, we again rested ever so little on

this perfidious limb. Like Egypt, that bruised reed, the thankless joint seemed to shrivel up; down we fell, and one of our hands went into the fire. So there we were; one knee as though a savage beast were rending it with his greedy teeth, and one hand well thrust forward into the fire. Talk of Daniel in the lions' den, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace! Here were we at once in the den and furnace. Now, having tried both at the same time, we say, without a spark of doubt, that we would sooner fall into the lions' jaws than into the flaming fire. Our first care, therefore, was to pluck our hand out of the fire, and put out our wrist-band, which had caught fire. After that we laid ourselves out at full length on our back on the rug, and—fainted. When we came to ourselves there we still lay. We could neither stir hand nor foot, and there we should have lain still, had not one of those curious creatures, the British housemaid, looked in, as she said afterwards, just to see why we were so quiet. The wretch was well frightened for her pains! Away she flew and told the rest that master had gone mad, and tried to put an end to his existence by climbing up the chimney. This she said, because in our pain we had besmirched our forehead and face with the hand which had been in the fire, and was black with coal. It took us some weeks to recover from this twofold woe, and then came the unkindest stroke of all. At the end of July there was a dramatic fête at the Crystal Palace, where all the old actors and actresses assemble, all the stale jokes are let off anew, and all that is idle and stupid in London goes down to see what is called the fun. Though certainly not idle, we were among the stupid on that occasion, as the end will show. But we had the excuse which all who do a silly thing either have or make,—we were led astray. Whether this excuse does not as often mean leading, as being led, is a question we do not deign to answer. We say we were led astray. Astray in supposing we could find any amusement in such a gathering of dullness and doddiness. But our sin was speedily punished, and readily do we acknowledge the truth of Butler's statement, that if it were so ordained that every sin as soon as committed brought with it certain death, there would speedily be no sin: an argument very like that used by those industrious Chinese, who gain their living by being substitutes for offenders sentenced to death. If every Chinaman embarked in this profession there would soon be few of them left. However that may be, our sin in being such a fool as to go to such a place was soon punished, and in a very fitting way. Vengeance overtook us in the skirts of a lady's crinoline. Awful woman, we fancy we see her now. Nearly six feet high, and

stout in proportion. We are sure she was that masculine creature whose husband recently appealed to Sir James Wilde, to protect him against her cruelty. She used to thrash him by day, and tie him to the bedpost by night. The hen-pecked wretch did not dare to call his life his own. Down she bore on us with our lame leg. She was clad in an apple-green dress, over which was thrown a skyblue shawl. On her head was a yellow bonnet, with cherry-coloured ribbons. In her grasp was a tricoloured parasol, with the Italian mixture. From this we infer that she had sympathized with Garibaldi, kissed his hand, and subscribed to the various things which have been proposed for him, none of which, strange to say, he will condescend to take. Well, down on us she bore. We were in a crowd, and between us and her were many human beings, who we vainly hoped would break the fury of her onslaught. Still she bore on, cleaving the waves of life as though they had been foam. We felt fascinated by the gorgeousness of her apparel, becalmed before her as a tiny smack just before it is run down by a three-decker. Escape was out of our power; on and on she came; frantically we moved on one side to let her pass. It was in vain, we were swept up by the rush of petticoats in her train, her iron cage caught our maimed knee, we were hurled to earth, and this monster in woman's garb passed by on her terrible way without a word of sympathy for the muscles she had torn asunder in her brutal strength. In a future state may she be a Flanders mare, and may we be the Fleming who has the driving of her! This is no doubt a very wicked wish, but it is strictly true, and in our opinion quite justifiable under the circumstances. So there we lay groaning till we were gathered up by our friends, and packed off to London to go to bed.

By the time we could get about again London was beginning to grow lazy. Tired of eating and tired of dancing; tired of Greenwich and tired of Richmond; tired of Denmark and the Duchies; especially tired of Prussia and Austria; tired of giving advice to foreign nations which they would not take; tired in short of everything. All that every one wished was to rush out of town. But where were we to go with a lame leg? To darling Scotland? to Skye perhaps, to row from Torrin round the point into Loch Scavaig to Camasunary, and then having seen the Coolins, to walk with plenty of food, but without a dirk, and if need be without a guide, across the hill down into the glen, and so along it to Sligachan. Alas! we had done that walk with ease more than once, but to do it with a lame leg was out of the question. No! no man with a lame leg should dare to insult Scotland by going to see her in his sufferings. She at least has the free use of her limbs as well as of her tongue, and bids

Southern cripples stay at home where crutches are cheaper than they ever can be or ought to be on the hill. Job had his comforters and so had we. We have already said that we found one in our doctor; but we had many more. "You must take great care." "If you don't mind, you'll be a cripple for life." "Bless me, how could you be so imprudent?" "When I was young, I should never have thought of such a thing." "If I were you, I would never stir out of the house." "I once knew a man who met with an accident like yours, and it turned into a white swelling, and he had to lose his leg." "It will be a bad thing for you if this accident becomes complicated. I mean if you have gout or rheumatism in your constitution,—and really I believe every one has them,—for then your leg would get contracted and twisted, or lengthen and drag. In either case it will look very like paralysis, though of course I don't mean to say that you ever had it." Pleasant people all, immensely wise after the fact, blind leaders of the lame, ready to trip him up. All this while the summer was passing away, and still we knew not what to do. At last some one said, Why not go to Wildbad? Now if I have ever hated anything and looked on it as a profound humbug, it is a German bath. When a man has nothing to do it is good for him to go to a German bath; also when he has nothing the matter with him it is good for him to go to a German bath, except that going with nothing the matter with him he may be brought home in his coffin;—that is what he may get by going to a German bath. Sometimes doctors, who are, as is well known, the humanest of men, send patients who are at the last gasp to a German bath, lest they should be shocked at seeing them die before their eyes; but though that speaks well for the doctors' hearts, it says very little for the virtue of the waters. Such wicked thoughts as these we had always cherished till some one whispered, "Why not go to Wildbad?" Now being a profound geographer—have we not passed the Civil Service Examination and got honours for drawing a map of the unknown parts of Timbuctoo?—being a geographer and wishing to catch our advisers we answered sharply, "which Wildbad?" "I only know of one Wildbad in Würtemberg in the Black Forest," was the reply. "Ignorant wretch, how can you know anything of lameness and what is good for it, when you do not know that there are three Wildbads? Suppose we go to the wrong one; suppose we get treated for scrofula or ovarian dropsy; suppose we go beguiled by you to a place where the waters may only be good for a disease which we have not got, or for a woman's disease which no man can have. Do you not know that if wrongly taken, these waters which are asserted to be homœopathic, produce the very

disease in the patient which they are calculated to cure when rightly imbibed? What will you say if we come back 'a leper as white as snow,' or with our man's nature turned as far as may be into woman's nature;—in that case what revenge would be too great if wreaked on your guilty head?" Thus saying, without waiting for the reply, we turned, like Naaman the Syrian, and "went away in a rage." Yet advice is like water, drop by drop it pierces and eats its way into the heart. Next a woman said, "Why not go to Wildbad—that will cure you." At first the voice sounded like a cuckoo set up to mock us; but we listened at last; we were ready to hear what Wildbad could do. If we were to believe all we heard, its waters could do everything, or next to everything. That was pretty well, but as we had not everything the matter with us, we wished to know whether it would knit together broken muscle. If it could do that, it was welcome to fail in every other case. So selfish does sickness make us. "Heal my knee, but let all the world be lame." "Well, it could do everything in the way of healing joints, and so it could do that. Has it ever cured any one you know?" "I can hardly answer that question, because no one is said to know himself. It has cured me, but as I do not know myself, I can't say I know any one whom Wildbad has cured." This was a delightful fallacy and thorough bit of woman's logic, quite as good in its way as man's, and so we went on. "But how does it cure them? Has the water been analysed?" Yes, but like the surgeons who dissected the corpse to look for the soul and could not find it, so the water of Wildbad refuses to give up its secret in retorts and blowpipes. It calls itself pure imponderable water, and so it remains. Like a noble heart it will not answer to "the question." You may torture it, and boil it to death till it flies off in a rage, that is, in steam, but it keeps its character to the last, and with its last breath screams, "I am pure water, my character is above suspicion." This was all very poetical, but poetry sets no broken bones, and we revenged ourselves on our informant by muttering that it was fortunate the gender of water in German was neuter and not feminine. So much for the poetry of its character. But somehow or other a word dropped by a woman you respect is like a grain of wheat, it lies forgotten in your mind a while, but at last it begins to germinate, and as all growth is painful, it frets and worries you. Why should we believe, it is only a woman, and so the growth is stifled as a budding grain may be hidden for a while under a heap of earth. But if this be the case with one grain of advice, what is it when there is a conspiracy among your friends to sow your mind with grains of advice, and when you wake up one morn-

ing and find the chambers of your soul ringing with the words, "Why not go to Wildbad?" In that case your mind is like a field covered with sprouting ears of wheat. That crop has fairly got possession of the soil; up it must come; it is too late to sow anything else. Well for you that friends sowed wheat and not an enemy tares. So it was with us. At last everyone said, man, woman, and child, "Why not go to Wildbad?" and as the chorus grew louder and louder, at last they changed their mode of utterance, and instead of asking, "Why don't you go to Wildbad?" they said outright, "You must go to Wildbad." To Wildbad then we resolved to go, but we must say, sorely against our will, and only out of respect to public opinion as proclaimed by the vote of our friends.

But how to go to Wildbad; for here as everywhere else in life, answering one question only begets another. To Wildbad there are two great ways, one for the wise and one for the fool. The positive fool goes to Wildbad *via* Ostend, and if he is a comparative fool, a very great fool, he will go from London to Antwerp, or if he is a superlative fool, the greatest fool of all, he goes from London to Rotterdam, and so up the Rhine by steamer till he comes to some port comparatively near Wildbad, and then strikes across for it. So logically certain is this connexion of folly the Rhine and Wildbad, that it may be syllogistically stated,

All who go to Wildbad by the Rhine are fools,
Tom Noddy went to Wildbad by the Rhine,
Therefore Tom Noddy is a fool.

But if the Rhine is the highway of fools to Wildbad, what is the narrow path of the wise men to the Würtemberg Bath? How silly to ask! By way of Paris of course. It is the shortest in time, cheapest in money, and pleasantest in practice. Wise men leave London from the Victoria or the Charing Cross Station, take the boat to Calais and register their baggage all the way to Paris. Leaving London at 7.30 A.M. they reach Paris at 6 P.M., and at half-past eight the mail train leaves Paris for Strasburg. You can register your baggage all the way to Wildbad, and take your fare to that place. You have no trouble either for yourself or your goods, and you will arrive at Wildbad at 3 P.M. of the second day, having left London at 7.30 A.M. of the day before. Being wise therefore we chose to go to Wildbad by Paris.

Now we have started. We got across the Channel well enough, attended by about two hundred fellow-passengers. The sea was smooth, but half-way across we came upon a little swell which exacted the customary tribute from the faint-hearted. At Calais

was the usual fussing and fuming of the French officials, who bully unhappy passengers whose luggage is not registered, by forcing them to stay behind for a slow train. But our luggage is registered; for us the station-master has no terrors; in half an hour we are off by the fast train. We have the old quarrel with the waiter at the Amiens Buffet as to the extra centimes for potatoes and bread which he insists on making Englishmen pay; we fly past Creil, and reach Paris at six P.M. As we issue from the station we are hailed by shouts of "*Ohé Lambert*;" "*Es-tu là, Lambert*," which we cannot understand, till we are told that this is the new watchword of the *gamins*, invented for the August fêtes, meaning probably nothing but idle chaff, but which the police had twisted into the rallying cry of a wide-spread conspiracy. We are sick of fêtes and rejoicings since that fatal one at the Crystal Palace; nothing would induce us to assist at another till we are quite sound on our legs, so we drive at once to the Strasburg station, and there deposit our luggage and take our places all the way to Wildbad; the whole cost of the journey from London to Paris, first-class, food and everything included, being under six pound. But the train does not start till 8.35, and it is now barely half-past six. Would Monsieur not like to drive along the Boulevards, and so to the *Place de la Concorde*, and up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe and see the preparations for the fêtes? Not a bad notion, though the only result was a good dinner, which we got at a café near the Arch. All the rest was the merest tawdry tinsel, only serving to disfigure the Luxor obelisk and to spoil the natural beauty of the *Place*. At eight o'clock we were back at the Strasburg station, where we were penned up with about a hundred first-class passengers in a waiting-room. This is another of those absurd French regulations by which every care is taken to cause a crush and insure, if possible, injury to the lame and weak. When the door was opened we were swept along with the tide, and thought ourselves very lucky that we reached our carriage without another fall. We were too late to get a seat with our back to the engine, but we got a middle one facing it, and so avoided the risk of losing our eye-sight by cinders. Over against us was a young Frenchman from Alsace, and along with him on his left, in the corner of the carriage, was his young and very pretty wife. On the husband's right was another Frenchman, who was chiefly remarkable for his love of pears. On our right was a man whose nationality was not at first apparent in the dusk. The seat in the corner on our left was empty, and up to the last moment it seemed likely that our party was to consist of five. Not so. Just as the train was

about to move, the guard shouted, "*Par ici, Monsieur!*" and then the door was opened, a man was bundled in, the door slammed-to on his heels, and away we went. When we say that the new-comer was a man, we mean he was a man and something more; he was a black man! Yes, a real jet-black nigger; none of your bronzed imitations of the children of Ham; no Moor, Malay, Hindoo, or Arabian. Not at all; none of these; but a real downright negro. The train went off with a jerk, for the engine was impatient at having been kept waiting for a negro, and gave a snort and a jump as it started. It was revenged, for the poor black, who had not well seated himself, was thrown into the lap of the pear-eating Frenchman, the pear was dashed against his sable visage, and the Frenchman's teeth no doubt indented his forehead. This called our attention still more to the stranger. All eyes were turned on him, and then we saw that he was attired in a sort of flowing gabardine, and that his head was protected from concussion by an enormous white turban. The Frenchman *sacréé* and *crinon-ed* a little, and looked for an apology from Othello, but never a word of apology came. With great presence of mind, the black now took off his turban, unrolled it, and hung it up in the netting over his head. There was a short pause, while we still looked on. He then stooped down and took off his shoes. During this operation one of his feet was lifted up, and we saw that he had no stockings. The married couple were in despair. They could not tell to what extent the disrobing process might go on. His *Beinkleider*, supposing him to speak German, might be the next article of clothing to go. It was an anxious moment of suspense, during which my doubtful neighbour on my right groaned audibly. Husband and wife looked on aghast, and the frugivorous Frenchman took out another pear. All this time his sable majesty had not condescended to speak. No one uttered a word; like six beasts of prey fallen into a pit, there we sat, cowed at each other's presence. Suddenly the negro threw himself back into the carriage, pulled up the window, which threw a bitter draught upon his ebon face, and coiled himself up to go to sleep. In a minute or two he was in the arms of Morpheus. "I'm not going to be asphyxiated for a negro," said the pear-eater, as he pushed down the glass, as soon as his *vis-à-vis* was safe.

Thus we journeyed on till we stopped at Epernay, where there was a buffet. "*Dix minutes d'arrêt,*" shouted the guard and porters, and every one woke up and rushed out. The black woke with the rest, thrust his head and neck out of the window, and bellowed, "Hi! you sir, water, water!" So he spoke English, but it was English with a very bad accent, and bad as

it was he had a very small stock of it. Of French he was altogether guiltless, but as he continued bawling, the porters gathered round the carriage, and laughed at him with true French politeness. Now my friend on my right looked up, and in an instant his nationality was plain: "Tell you what, sirree, in my great country that darned nigger would be located in the nigger van."

Well, we all, the Black Prince, pear-eater, new-married couple, Yankee, and ourselves, got out and went to the buffet. By this time the first-named had donned his turban and shoes, and created great sensation among the womankind. "*Tenez Toinette, voilà le chef d'Etat Major d'Abd-el-Kader! qui demande à boire.*" All this time the nigger stood before the young women behind the buffet, and shouted "Water!" "Water!" at the top of his voice. Then we took pity on him, though we have both *a priori* and *a posteriori* a dislike to niggers. We got him some water and some wine, and made him eat half a fowl, and changed his money for him, and saw that he was not cheated, and took him back to the carriage. So the time wore away in these disturbed fits of slumber and starts of wakefulness which make up a night on a railway. In the grey dawn we came to Nancy, and as the lovely summer sun shone out, we were traversing the undulating fields of Alsace. Now that we were not far off Strasburg, every one began to make up for lost time and feel it his duty to talk to his neighbour. The pear-eater laid aside his pears and talked to the husband, the wife talked to the Yankee, and we to the nigger. But we could make little of him. "Water," "Sir," and "Vienna," were pretty nearly all the English he knew. By his ignorance he might have been an emissary from Abyssinia, Madagascar, or Muscat; and if diplomacy consists in the art of concealing one's meaning, he was quite successful. All he could say was that he came from England and was going to Vienna, which, he thought, was a town an hour or two from Strasburg. He had a notion, too, that he would certainly be left behind, and made us often ask the guard where the trains branched off for Vienna. At last the guard, good-humoured above the average of Frenchmen, quite lost patience. "*Il prétend qu'il est nègre, mais il ressemble beaucoup plus à un singe, J'en ai vu au Jardin des Plantes qui sont plus instruits que cet homme là,*" and with that he slammed the carriage-door in disgust.

Meanwhile the Yankee and the wife of the husband got on pretty well. "I observe that you grow corn in this country. Do you give it to your niggers?"

"No; ve gives it to our geeses," was the lady's reply in broken English, uttered in the most winning way.

"Have you heard of our great Ginerall Grant, marm? I dubitate if there's air another ginerall in Europe can black his shoes. He is an obstinate old child, marm, and cares nothing for human life, I expect."

No; she had heard of no American general but Butler, who "*wiped* the ladies." "That's a darned rebel lie, marm, begging your pardon. General Butler is the very height and acme of chivalry. He is a child in tenderness, and would never flog a woman, except it were a rebel."

"Then he did '*wipe*' them."

"Yes, marm, he did. Women are arretating critters in every land; but rebel and 'secesh' women whip all creation in arretation."

Just then Strasburg spire came in sight, and we all admired it, though to our eye it is not nearly so fine as Salisbury. The Yankee thought it "some tall," but asked us all if we had ever seen the Capitól at Washington, or the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo. No; none of us had seen them. "Then, let me say, that the architectúre in our great country is as far superior to your architectúre in Európe, as Európe is inferior to our great continent."

A little more of this stuff would have bored us to death. The Yankee was going to Mannheim, and turned off a little on this side of Strasburg. So we were rid of him and his dialect. The rest of us went on to Kehl. In the morning light old Father Rhine looked kindly up at us as we crossed the railway bridge, and found ourselves on German soil.

To red-breeched French soldiers now succeeded Badish *Zollbeamter*: "Have you anything to declare; any mixed fabrics of silk and wool?" "How can I tell; I am a traveller, not a trader." The fat official thrust his hand into our portmanteau, and brought out the last number of the *North British Review*. "What's this? Oh, I see! a book in the Scotch dialect. That is not liable to duty." Our baggage past, we got into the train for Carlsruhe and Pforzheim. Here we parted with the Black Prince, who made salaams and genuflexions, and implored our good offices with the German guard. We did all we could for him, and went our way. In the train we admire the excellence of the first-class carriages, and the particularity of the regulations, which prescribe how some carriages are for smoking, some for not smoking; how it is expressly forbidden in cold weather to have both windows open at once, and how the windward pane is always to be closed on such occasions. We had only one fellow-traveller as we glided along over the alluvial country between Kehl and Rastadt, an old French sea-dog, who had been crippled in his leg at St. Jean d'Ulloa, where the Prince de Joinville performed his great exploit of reducing the Mexicans

to submission. Now he had left the service and turned tile-maker, and he was going to "*Carlsruhe*," as he insisted on calling it, on business. I tried in vain to persuade him to come on to Wildbad for his leg's sake, but he spurned our advances. He had been too long lame; he had got used to it; his trusty stick was a second self; it was respectable to be lame, and to be able to say, I got this hurt fighting for France. No, he would not hear of Wildbad; but after "*Carlsruhe*" he was going to England, to "Jork," to attend an agricultural show, and to get customers for his tiles. From him, too, we parted at Carlsruhe, and went on alone, as one almost always is in a first-class carriage in Southern Germany. Next time we shall be wiser, and take a mixed ticket, first from Paris to Strasburg, and second, from Strasburg to Pforzheim; so shall we save money, and escape any English Müller who may lurk about German railway stations hoping to murder first-class English travellers.

At Pforzheim, at the mouth of the Enzthal, we arrived at half-past eleven A.M., and found a real old, lumbering, German *Eilwagen*, a thing so completely of the past, that it looked like an extinct saurian, a megatherium of diligences. There the monster stood with its four horses waiting for us; we were transferred to it bag and baggage, and off the relic of bygone days began to crawl.

All our life long we have hated creeping things. We are no serpent worshippers. As a shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians so are snakes to us. Tortoises, too, we cannot away with; sluggish wretches that stick for months on the very same spot. Lizards, even the green sort, have to us something uncanny. Well do we remember, when young, the baleful race of woodslave and slippery-back, those hideous brown and yellow lizards of the West Indies, which crawl along the ceiling, and then drop suddenly down on the dinner-table or on your head. Horrible, slimy, leprous-looking things, covered all over, like an ice-plant, with a yellow kind of animal hoar-frost; combining at once every feature that can inspire loathing and disgust. For this reason we should not like to live in Virginia, which is said, on the strength of a Yankee proverb, to abound in snakes. Nor, not for a good deal, would we stand in the shoes of that German naturalist who is to take ten years in cataloguing the undescribed snakes and serpents and reptiles kept in casks of spirits in the vaults of the British Museum. Fancy being sentenced for life to perpetual snake-servitude, and to be pointed at by the finger of scorn as the man who could so forget the awful warning of the Garden of Eden, as to consent to classify twenty thousand new kinds of serpents!

But to return from this outburst against snakes to that moral

snake, the crawling *Eilwagen*. On and on it crept up the excellent road which leads to Wildbad, along the banks of the Enz. If there are still sermons in stones as well as in sticks, the macadam of the road to Wildbad ought to cry out against that *Eilwagen*. At the day when all diligences shall be judged, these stones will bear witness against the daily slowness and laziness of the wheels that so often passed over them. We are naturally impatient to reach Wildbad, which is to work such wonders on our knee, and have scarce time to remark how soon the alluvial meadows of the lower Enz pass into the wooded spurs of the Black Forest. Here, again, we have but one companion in the coupé with us,—a German professor going to Wildbad, because his doctor told him he thought it possible he might have rheumatism next year, and who had determined to take time by the forelock, and rout the enemy even before he showed himself in the field. “But you are bent,” we said; “you look rheumatic already.” “Ah,” answered the Professor, “that is not from disease. It comes from stooping over books during the last ten years.” “Indeed, and may I ask what books, Herr Professor?” Parenthetically, we may remark that you had better call a man a fool at once in Germany as leave out the *Herr*. They are all *Herrs*: *Herr Badinspector*, *Herr Zahnarzt*, *Herr Schumacher*, *Herr Schornsteinsfeger*,—Herr Bathinspector, Herr Dentist, Herr Shoemaker, Herr Chimney-sweeper. “What books, Herr Professor; in what branch of science?” “By profession,” answered the Professor, ironing himself out by a sudden effort, and overcoming his bowbackedness,—“by profession I am a lawyer, and for the last ten years and more I have devoted myself to the question of the Schleswig-Holstein succession, and the actual and reversionary rights of the House of Glücksburg-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and its agnates. I have also considered at large the question of morganatic marriages, and the consequent *ebenbürtigkrit* or *unebenbürtigkeit* of the descendants of such alliances and their collaterals. In order to do this, it was necessary first to study the whole *Corpus Juris Civilis* from a new point of view, and that one not contemplated by Ulpian, Caius, Tribonian, Isidore, Pancirollus, or any of the great Roman legislators and their commentators. Besides this, as there was clearly a conflict of laws between the Roman code and the codes of the Barbarians with whom morganatic marriages, or ‘*connubia de sinistra manu*’ arose, it was indispensable to peruse the codes of the Franks, Goths, Allemans, and Saxons *de novo*, and to consider them with reference to the Roman law; a study the more laborious, because neither the Romans nor the Barbarians had ever the least conception or desire that their several systems of legislation

should be compared and reconciled. But I flatter myself that I have not only compared but reconciled them, and at this moment I am prepared to prove and justify either from the Pandects or from the Salic Law, the perfect right of the Duke of Augustenburg to succeed and displace the lawful and rightful heir, not only in Schleswig-Holstein, but in every other state of Germany. In conclusion, I may add, that it is these labours,—which I have embodied in a treatise which if printed would fill four folio volumes, but which I have in vain offered to an ungrateful Prussian government, and an equally ungrateful and even more unenlightened body of German publishers,—it is these literary labours, I assert, and not at all the rheumatism, as you suppose, which have bent the sinews of my back, and sent me, another victim of Bismark's baseness, to seek relief at Wildbad." Here was a fellow-traveller worse than nigger, Yankee pear-eater, all put together. Fancy a man flying as fast as crutches could carry him from Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish question, to meet it incarnate in the person of a German professor, and that too in a diligence, and *tête-à-tête* in a coupé.

What was to be done? We could not open the door, jump out, and escape, as we would have done in a trice had we not been lame. We have no hesitation in saying that sooner than have a *tête-à-tête* for two hours with a German professor who had written a treatise on the Duchies, we would jump out of a first-floor window, even at the risk of breaking our leg or neck. But being already lame we could do no such thing. At first we tried to say nothing, but the *sauer-kraut* was in fermentation, and the professor went on fiercely demanding what we thought of his wrongs. We began to get alarmed, not so much for our life as for our minds, for even with a game leg we are quite a match for any German professor. What if he should produce one of his folio volumes from under the seat, where we had seen him thrust a heavy parcel, and read it to us? That would have been certain death. In England the medical certificate, before the coroner, would have been "apoplexy, stertorous breathing, coma, death." So we looked at him sympathetically, and asked, "Are you a good musician; can you sing?" "Yes, I have studied that too." "Well, then, so can I." Heaven forgive us for the story! for we had never sung before, nor have we sung since. "Suppose we sing '*Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen*,' which, permit me to add, has been excellently translated into English, beginning thus, '*Schleswig-Holstein ocean-girdled*.' So we began; terror lent me voice, and my ear helped me. The German professor really could sing, and for a mile or two we beguiled the way and relieved our feelings by singing that famous song.

For our own part, we would much sooner have sung the Danish camp song, "*Den tappre Landsoldat*," but that would have been like holding up red cloth to a bull, and as my sole wish was to pacify the professor and get rid of him, I did nothing of the kind.

At last, after baiting our sluggish horses at *Neuenburg*, we passed the village of *Calmbach*, and were within three miles of Wildbad. In another half-hour, our pace having been about five miles an hour, we reached Wildbad. The *Schwager* cracked his whip like a succession of pistol shots; the cumbrous *Eilwagen* groaned and quaked as it rattled along the single street. We reached the square round which the Baths and chief hotels stand. Here was our hostelry, the Bear, better known as Klumpp's Hotel. We were safe at our journey's end.

There is a great comfort in being like all the rest of the world. The French say, "*Au Royaume des Aveugles le borgne est roi*." So he might be, and yet have a very troublesome time of it. Fancy a whole kingdom of blind buzzards, how jealous they would be of their one-eyed sovereign! How they would rise against him, as blind people have often risen, not only against one-eyed, but also against foresighted kings, and roll him and his crown in the dust! Far better is the story of the straight-legged man who came to a country where all the inhabitants had bandy legs. "Why!" he said, "you are all bow-legged." "Bow-legged!" exclaimed public opinion; "why, it is you that are bow-legged. We are straight-legged, for what you call 'bandy,' we call 'straight.'" Now that man was a wise man, and a brave man too. He went and got one of his legs broken, and had it set by one of the best surgeons in the land, who, of course, set it all askew after the fashion of their surgery. When he next appeared in public, he had a beautiful *bandy-leg*. All the ladies looked at him as he passed by, and cried out, "Here comes the man with such straight legs." He married an heiress with the bandiest legs, and the biggest fortune in all that land. He had the loveliest bandy-legged children; and when he died, his effigy was carved on a slab over his tomb with a turnspit crouched between the bow-legs of his master. Yes! the worst thing that can befall a man is to be before his time and nation.

Every one sees, therefore, what a comfort it is to be like other people, and this is the reason why all cripples should go to Wildbad. Even if the waters do not heal you, you are like the rest of the world. At Wildbad no one ever thinks of saying, "Who is that very lame man?" or "How lame you are!" because there is nothing remarkable in lameness at Wildbad. Every one is expected to be lame, and crutches are not the exception, but the rule. On the contrary, you often

hear, "Who is that young man who walks without a limp?" "As for that young lady, I have never once seen her on crutches." "Does she never go about in a bath-chair?" "I met a man and his wife to-day walking uphill with the greatest ease." Such sentences, and many more like them, are in every one's mouth, and show how consoling it is for a cripple to have every one a cripple like himself; like that Eastern despot who lost his leg in battle, and then had all his slaves' legs cut off, that he might not be remarkable. No lame man, from Byron downwards, has ever liked to be pointed at for his infirmity, and that is why Wildbad is so comforting. You have abundance of fellow-sufferers. No one says, "Look, yonder goes a lame man."

We were met at the door of the Bear by the smiling face of Mr. Klumpp, the least like a bear of any hotel-keeper we have ever seen; and behind him was the comely form and face of Mrs. Klumpp, his mother, and those of her well-grown daughters. Here we parted from the professor, who went off with his learned treatise and a small carpet-bag to a private lodging. As for ourselves, we ascended to our room on the first floor. Our first question showed a right frame of mind, and proved that we were in charity with all men. "When was the *table d'hôte*?" "At five." It was then three. "We will dine then. Meantime, please to send us the doctor." In due time the doctor came. When we told him what ailed us, he would at first scarcely believe the muscle was broken. "*Das ist eine sehr seltene Krankheit.*" But, rare or not, there it was, and he confessed our story was true. "Yes, the muscle is gone, but I think Wildbad water will set you right, or at least, make you much better; I have only had, I think, six such cases out of many thousands. When will you begin the baths?" There are a set of people who never do anything in a hurry, though there are many things in life which are not only better done, but which can only be done in a hurry. Beefsteaks, woodcocks, and omelettes, are all cases in point, and getting well and being cured is another. As we came to Wildbad to get well, and as we could not get well without taking the baths, we answered the doctor's question with great boldness: "At once." "Some persons have thought," he went on, "that a period of rest and repose after a long journey like yours, is a necessary preparatory step before taking our baths. Our water is not to be trifled with, and if a man steps into these healing springs without deliberation, and with his blood in a state of fermentation, they often revenge themselves on the rash adventurer by apoplexy, delirium, and even death. But you can begin to-morrow if you like."

"We will begin to-morrow morning," we said. "What is the best hour?" "The earlier the better; you can bathe from six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M." Now, we are not early risers when at home in England. "From six to seven, or from eight to nine A.M.," conveys no distinct idea to our minds; with us in our native land those hours are wrapped in Cimmerian mist; when at home we are always abed and asleep at those hours;—far away in Dreamland and the Realm of Nod; riding on camels in Arabia; dropping down the Tigris in a boat rowed by the good Haroun Al Raschid, and steered by the Poet-Laureate; standing by at Aleppo while Othello caught the uncircumcised dog by the throat, and ready to bail him out of the clutches of the Moslem police; frozen up with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, waiting for the Great Day when all secrets shall see the light; sometimes even with Mr. Briggs in the railway-carriage, and ready to identify Müller as the murderer. We are anywhere and everywhere in the universe, past, present, and to come, between those hours, but awake and fit for bathing we are not.

It seemed a bold undertaking, but we said, "We will begin to-morrow, and bathe from eight to nine." After that we took leave of the doctor with many bows and compliments, and began to think it was time for dinner. Ah! there goes the bell; welcome sound! As for diet both the doctor and the Guide say all who bathe must live generously, and only take care they don't overeat themselves. We have never overeaten ourselves since we were babes, and we don't mean to begin such piggish tricks now; but for all that we are ready for our dinner, for we have not had a morsel since we had our coffee at Kehl about eight A.M.

Down we went to the *salle à manger* at the proper time, and found it filled with a great company of cripples of all ages and countries. There were English marquesses and privy-councillors; Russian princes, generals, and financiers; French counts, barons, and wine-merchants; Polish traitors and exiles; and German ministers, bureaucrats, and professors. There was a Babel of tongues, and consequent confusion of speech. Jews, Russians, Poles, English, French, Germans, and Professors, all speaking at once, and praising or blaming their food in the particular tongue in which they were born. There was no grace said, save silently. Some *hors-d'œuvre* like a herring salad was served instead of it. Curious it was to see how nationalities herded together over their food, just as we have remarked at the Zoological Gardens that the red-faced monkeys are huddled together over their carrots, and how the little monkeys consort in bands, while some great dog-headed baboon, or white-bearded ape sits alone in his glory, as though he were the Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canter-

bury at the very least. So here the lesser English, Russians, French, and Germans clung together and conversed over their food, chattering and jabbering in a way to put the monkeys aforesaid out of countenance. But the greater lights, the "awful swells," as our rising generation would call them, sat apart in their glory, scarcely deigning to utter anything save "yes" or "no" when addressed by any one, except the everlasting waiter. The greatest swell, and most lonely of all, was of course a Russian Prince. He had got so much in the habit of being alone, his nearest neighbour in what is playfully called Little Russia being four hundred miles off, that he had few opportunities of conversation, and had almost forgotten how to speak in society. Of course, there were many "souls" on his enormous estates, but they were not souls with whom he could converse. Besides, it was whispered that he had the "ring-worm;" that was why he came to Wildbad. So there he sat, with his dignity and his disease, giving a wide berth to all the world, a compliment which it was not slow to return. But he had his match in a Prussian Princess, who was too proud even to be seen at the *table d'hôte*, who used to beat her maid, and who would not allow her servants to speak to her children lest they should be spoiled by the accents of menials. Wretched woman; a pretty life she led herself and all around her. Then there was an English Lord who never would speak to any one to whom he had not been introduced in England. His first inquiry about any one was, "Has he been presented at Court?" Poor man; as many of the best people in Wildbad had not been presented, and as nobody cared to be introduced to him who was worth knowing, either in England or elsewhere, he lost some very good company, and, on the whole, led rather a dull, stiff life. He was always starched with the Queen's own starch; he had never been rough-dried in his life, but had lived in purple and fine linen. For ourselves, we have been presented at home and abroad; been good friends with kings when kings have been good fellows as well as kings; and having no fear, we would even have changed hats with Prince Ringwormowski, if he would have let us, but he would not. So, too, we would have shaken hands with the English Lord if he could have made up his mind to be introduced to us, and been on the best terms with that Prussian Princess, who was always ringing for her maid in order to beat her, if she would have ceased her cruelty and been open to conviction; but as they would not, what could be done, except to leave Prince Ringwormowski, Lord Antechambers, and Princess Ohr-Feige to their own hearts' desire, and, so far as we were concerned, to find comfort elsewhere?

But our style is all digression ; it is a trunk line with junctions at every mile ; or again, it is like the drover who, coming home from Falkirk Tryst, where he had been benighted drinking the health of Robbie Burns, walked over one sheepfold after the other all across the muir, and when asked what he thought of the way, answered "The way is a guid way eneugh, but there are unco mony yetts on't." Besides these "swells," and others too heavy to name, there were many very pleasant people at the *table d'hôte* ; and besides, we were next to dear friends of our own, without whose company and countenance we should have fared badly at Wildbad. We spare our readers the bill of fare ; let it be enough to say that it contained soup, fish, flesh, and fowl of all kinds and shapes, excellently served and very cheap for England, though somewhat dearer than is usual in Germany. But this is quite fair, for almost everything worth eating has to be brought from far to Wildbad at great cost, and therefore all cripples who sit at Mr. Klumpp's table ought to pay their bills cheerfully, and thank him for giving them good food and excellent lodging, at such small increase of prices on the ordinary German tariff. What one may fairly complain of in an inn-keeper's bill, is when bad things are charged dear. For good fare and good service, especially in an out-of-the-way valley in the Black Forest, where the season lasts only three or four months, no one need grumble at the demands of "the Bear."

When dinner was over, our friends took us off for a walk. One of them was lame and had to go in a chair pushed from behind, a sort of adult perambulator, only the third wheel is behind instead of before. The other was sound. We limped along by the help of a stick. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge at the back of the hotel, and walked up along the bank of the Enz to the public walks, which are thickly planted with a grove of trees, and afford most welcome shade. Every now and then one comes to rustic seats and resting-places, and further on among the shade is a wooden theatre and a coffee-house, whither about mid-day all the rank and fashion of Wildbad flock to escape the stifling heat, for the valley, beautiful as it is, is rather close in July and August. The grove stretches along the river for about half an English mile. Then the plantings cease ; the river runs through sloping meadows as the hills open out and recede on either side. At this point you have passed out of the sweltering valley of despair and are able to breathe again. A little further up, beyond the meadows, the hills hem the valley in again at a farm called the *Windhof*, which is the *Ultima Thule* of Wildbad pedestrians. Most cripples only try their crutches as far as the end of the grove. Some more adventurous have been known to limp as far as the

Windhof, but in general the journey thither is performed in *rollsessels* or roll-chairs, the kind of perambulator we have mentioned, which is pushed from behind. It must strike any visitor as strange that there are no mules or donkeys in Wildbad, and therefore no mule or donkey carriages. The people say forage is scarce, and that mules and donkeys would eat the hay which the cows should have ; but the fact is, the *rollsessel* interest is very strong in Wildbad. What would become of all the able-bodied men who now push perambulators, if mules and asses were to supply their place ? So there are plenty of men to push behind, and no asses to drag before, though the less noble animal would be a great boon to invalids. When the man who pushes you is stupid, he is no better than an ass, and when he is clever, he listens to all you have to say, and is worse than an ass. Anyway an ass would be better, for though asses are like little pitchers and have long ears, they tell no tales, and any one may converse before them without inconvenience. It may be said that an ass might run away with you and kill you, and so might the man who pushes behind push you into the river and kill you. He may be a Schwartzwald Müller with an ungovernable desire to rid the world of a wretched cripple like you. He may feel it his duty to throttle you like a Thug from behind. Again, if you are angry with him, you cannot ease your mind by patting him as every right-minded person would behave by a donkey who aggravated him. If these remarks are not strong enough to crush the *rollsessel* interest in Wildbad, we give it up. We have no time for further argument on this point.

By the time we had limped in the cool of the evening to the end of the grove, and taken a sniff or two of fresh air in the open fields toward the *Windhof*, night began to fall, as it always does very soon in these hill-locked valleys. From the damp soil, saturated with the thousand artificial rills led down the hill-sides and slopes to irrigate the meadows, a dense mist rose ; it was time to turn back unless rheumatism was to be added to our other ills.

Nor were we sorry to get back to the hotel, for what with the Black Prince and the Yankee, we had little rest the night before, and we felt that Willy Winkie was waiting for us. To bed then we went betimes, and slept the slumber of the weary till the dawn. As we lay awake in bed wondering what the baths would be like, the clock struck seven, and a peal of music burst on our ear. This was the band which, led by a most able Capelmeister, Herr Kuhn, plays twice a day for an hour on the *Kurplatz*, close to the baths, and in front of the hotels. To those who hate music and dislike to be awakened early, this

morning serenade may be a bore ; for ourselves, the music was so good, and we had to get up so early, that we liked the band immensely, and certainly we should often have been too late for our bath had the band ceased to play. The doctor had got us a ticket to start with, so we dressed ourselves lightly, and stepped across the street to the Baths, where we were received most heartily by an attendant in buff linen, a very good fellow, who waited on us faithfully all our bathing time. The first question he asks is, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" We forgot to say that on this point we had a battle with our doctor. We knew that the ordinary Englishman is supposed to be able to stay in the bath an hour, or about twice as long as an ordinary Frenchman, or any other man. What had been our astonishment therefore to find that our doctor was bent on allowing us to stay in only a quarter of an hour! "Why, only a quarter of an hour; when Mr. A. and Mrs. B., our friends, stay in an hour or more!" "Because they are strong and you are weak," was the reply of the doctor. "*Sie sind fein und zart gebaut wie ein Deutscher.*" That was past bearing. We are finely and slightly made it is true; but we have endured toils under which many another man would have sunk; been out in all weathers, at all seasons, without feeling it; in a word, never sick nor sorry till we broke this muscle, and then to come to Wildbad and to be told one was weak and unable to bear a bath of ninety-two degrees for more than a quarter of an hour! We were getting in a rage, we suppose, for the good doctor compromised the matter by saying, "Well! stay in five-and-twenty minutes, and then tell me how you like it. Perhaps you are as strong as the rest of your countrymen, though I doubt it. Remember, too, that though our waters are pure and bright, they must not be trifled with. They have healed many who treated them with respect, but others who were rash and silly, who played tricks with themselves in short, have rued it to their bitter cost." It was quite impossible to be angry with a man who spoke so sensibly and so feelingly, so we met him half-way, promised to tell him how we liked the baths, and parted the best of friends.

But to come back to the attendant in buff linen, who stands there expecting an answer to his question, "How long is it your pleasure to stay in the bath?" "Five-and-twenty minutes." "In five-and-twenty minutes I shall come to help you out, meantime farewell, and may you have a pleasant bath." We ought to have said that there are Princes' baths, in which the "awful swells" bathe in great state, for which they have the privilege of paying about three times as much as the baser herd. Sometimes two of these transparencies bathe together, and then it

comes easier to them. Besides these, there are separate baths in which you bathe alone, like this of ours ; and there are baths where several persons bathe in common. In some cases the private baths are close to these common baths, and you may hear every word that is spoken. Once when we sneezed in our private bath, half-a-dozen voices from the public bath cried out in chorus, " God bless you !"

So here we are in the act of stripping off our things, sitting on the floor of the dressing-closet, and wondering what the bath will be like. In a minute or two we are ready ; we throw open the door and crawl down the steps that lead into the water, like a frozen fly stretching its legs in November. As we gaze down into the water we see it bubbling up with countless beads of gas out of the red sand at the bottom of the bath. Now one foot, now both are in ; now we stoop down in a sitting posture, and throw our heads back and our feet forward. The water is about two and a half feet deep, and very buoyant. The great art of bathing is to be as still as possible, and to keep as much of your body as you can under water. The Cassmajors, those friends of the lamented Mrs. Nickleby, who used to hold their heads under boiling water for ten minutes at a time, would have been quite in their element here. Before going to Wildbad, a cripple ought to take a few lessons from the hippopotamus, and learn how to lie with only his nose out of the water. But behold us immersed fairly up to the eyes and nose in hot water, resting on our haunches, and buoyed up in our upper regions just below the surface of the water. What was the sensation ? One of perfect rest and comfort ; and then the water is so soft, and it makes the skin so sleek and glossy. There you lie and dream your time away. Before we could have thought it possible, a gentle tap came to the door of the bath. " Be so good as to step out," murmured the man in buff linen. " Your twenty-five minutes are up." The clock above our heads told us he was right, though we could scarcely believe that minutes could fly so fast. Up we raised ourselves, and crawled up the steps again. The attendant closed the door behind us, and at the same moment threw over us, from head to foot, a huge towel, which he brought with him warm from a steam-closet, and gently rubbed us down. After that he wrapped us tenderly up in it, gave us two other smaller towels, equally warm, and withdrew in a benignant manner, again hoping that our bath would do us good. We finished our rubbing, put on our clothes, and went away feeling all the better.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was shining brightly, so we thought we would just take a turn before breakfast, and made for the walks, where we limped about among the trees for

half-an-hour as fast as we could. Then we thought it time for breakfast, and turned towards our hotel. As we came near it, we met the doctor. "Good morning." "Good morning." "You have been too late to take your bath to-day, after all," he said. "Not at all; we took it half-an-hour ago." "And where have you been since?" "Out for a walk." "Out for a walk! my dear sir, if you walk in this way, we shall soon have to walk after you in gloomy file. Do you not know that exercise after the bath is strictly forbidden—not indeed by the law, though I wish it were, but both by the Faculty and common sense?" "By the Faculty, I daresay, but why by common sense? and why did you not tell me not to walk after the bath?" "I suppose I have said it so often to others that I forgot to say it to you. The reason is, that the action of the bath on the system is to promote rapid circulation of the blood over all the body, but especially in the part affected. It is necessary that this circulation should be kept up as long as possible, and this is best done by going to bed for an hour after the bath, during which time we recommend our patients to do nothing. Thus we neither allow them to walk, nor to read, nor to write, nor to eat, nor to drink. They are not to excite or to disturb themselves in any way. Still less do we suffer them to go to sleep. What we wish them to do is simply to do nothing, to throw themselves into that dull, listless state which the Turks call *Kief*, which consists almost entirely in negation, and has neither active nor passive in its nature. But I have got to see my other patients. Go on with your baths, but pray go to bed for an hour after them, and mind and do what I say."

So there I was, left like the alligator described by the showman, who died on land, and couldn't live in the water; or like the Megarians in Aristophanes, when the Athenians decreed that they should exist neither on sea nor on land, neither on continent nor on island, neither upon the earth nor beneath it. How was I ever to go to bed, and neither sleep, eat, drink, talk, read, or think? At any rate, it occurred to me that it was too late to begin a course of *Kief* that morning, so I went into the coffee-room and called for my breakfast.

At a round table near me were a lot of French wine-merchants from Rheims, men and women together. They ate and chattered, and chattered and ate, till the room rung with the sound of their voices and the champing of their teeth. In one corner sat a lady of a certain age, with a magnificent head of brown hair. It looked like ivy on a ruin; one forgave the ruin for the sake of the parasite. In another corner, far apart from vulgar men, sat Prince Ringwormowski. He was so both by name and nature. The first Ringwormowski made his way by night into

the Tartar tents, when the Golden Horde held the Russians in subjection. He slew the Khan with a golden rolling-pin, and carried off his cap of Astrakhan sheepskin in triumph, and as a token that the deed was done. In his pride he put the cap on his own head, which he ought to have given to the Czar, the descendant of Rurik, his lord and master. That pride soon met with a fall. In that furry cap lurked the ringworm of a thousand years. He caught the inveterate disease, which clung to him and his children for ever. In vain the Czar presented him with the golden rolling-pin and the fatal cap, with his imperial leave to use them as an augmentation to his family arms; in vain did he change his name from Wormowski to Ringwormowski; in vain did he make him a prince, and give him hundreds of square miles and thousands of souls in Little Russia. It was all no use. No titles and no coats-of-arms, no lands and no serfs could extirpate that rooted Tartar tetter. There he sat, Prince Ringwormowski of that ilk; the only original, hereditary Ringworm, whose supporters are two Tartars, both wearing Astrakhan caps proper. His motto runs thus—"ORIGO PORRIGO."

After doing all homage to the prince and his misfortunes, my eyes fell on the German Professor, who was making a frugal meal of coffee and rusks, and eagerly devouring the *Schleswiger-Lüge*, which contained ten columns of the insults and oppressions still offered by the Danes all over the Duchies to their German conquerors. "Pray," we asked him, "have you begun your baths?" "Yes, I began them this morning. In my excited state of mind the Faculty would only allow me to stay in five minutes, and even then the irritation of the water was so great that I was forced to go to bed for an hour." "And may I ask what you did to soothe your mind?" "Certainly; I read the first chapter of my immortal Treatise on the Law of Marriage before the Flood. It always has a soothing effect on me, and in five minutes I was fast asleep." "Here is one, at least, as utterly unable to keep the commandment as we shall be," we said to ourselves, as we finished our breakfast and went out of doors.

Our first crawl was to the Bureau, where tickets must be got for the baths. This, as most other things in Germany, is a State affair. The Baths and the Bath Hotel were built by the State at a cost of more than £100,000. If we spent the same sum to as good purpose in England it would be well, for the style, arrangement, and fitness of all those buildings are excellent, and reflect the utmost credit on the architect, Thouret, by whom they were built about twenty years ago. On presenting ourselves at the Bureau, in which the telegraph also abides, the Herr OberbadCassier mistook us for a German, and asked somewhat gruffly, "*Mein Herr, haben sie das sogenannte Abwasch-*

bad genommen, welches jeder Badgast ehe er sein kur beginnt, zu nehmen hat?" "Have you, sir, taken the so-called 'cleansing bath' which every bather is bound to take before he begins his course?" No! we had not, we had never heard of such a thing; and then our face grew red as we thought of our big sponge and our towels and our tub at home, and how cleanliness is now before godliness, not merely next to it, in a Briton's heart. "Then, I'm very sorry, but you cannot have your tickets till you produce your certificate of cleanliness, *reinigungs-schein*." We were turning to go away and demand an explanation from our doctor, when the Herr OberbadCassier called out to us, "*Aber sie sind vielleicht ein Engländer*." "But perhaps you are an Englishman, in that case no certificate of cleanliness is required. All Englishmen, male and female, young and old, are for the purposes of this establishment considered clean. All your countrymen, unless they come here with manifest and open wounds about them, have a clean bill of health. Here are your tickets, the price is forty-eight kreutzers each." We took up our tickets and departed, reflecting much on the proud position which Britons hold at Wildbad, where even police regulations yield before them, and more and more convinced what a grand institution "tubbing" is, and how surely, like the French Revolution, it will make the round of the world. A year or two ago we found it in Norway, and here it was recognised in Würtemberg. We took our leave of the Herr OberbadCassier with great respect and politeness, but this cleansing bath, "*Abwaschbad*," or "*Bain de propreté*," sometimes makes him pass an unhappy quarter of an hour with enraged English, who have been told it is necessary. Even during our course at Wildbad, the awful Herr OberbadCassier was bearded in his official den by an enraged British lioness, who went thither to have it out with him, and to ease her mind by an outbreak on the iniquity of regulations so insulting to the notions of a British woman.

Having got our tickets, we crossed the bridge and walked along the promenade in front of the Bellevue Hotel, passed a row of booths like those at most German baths, where wood and ivory work and Black Forest clocks, and walking-sticks, and onyx chains, and imitation amber, and Tyrolese gloves are exposed for sale. We soon reached the welcome shade of the grove, and sat down on a bench, glad to escape the mid-day August sun. The Enz ran brawling by over its sandstone bed, a lovely stream, in which lie trout and grayling enough to gladden the Laureate's heart, and make him write a new song in praise of the noisy river and its pure water. We thought the stream was fuller than it had looked the night before, but there had been no rain. Minute after minute it grew louder and louder.

At last it got muddy and was covered with chips. Something was the matter with the stream. It had got a surfeit and was swollen all over. The chips, we thought, looked like a rash or eruption on its bright face. "What can have got into the river?" we asked ourselves; "can it have had a sun-stroke?" Presently we saw people running through the grove above us, and then knots of cripples rested on their crutches, or bade their push-behinds cease their efforts. It was clear that something was coming down the stream, but what it was we could not make out. "What is the matter?" we asked of a tall "Black Forester" in long boots, who was rushing by, axe in hand: *Was giebt's? Gott in Himmel wissen sie dos nit. Das wasser ist seit gestern oben gespannt, heute morgen ist es losgelassen, und eben kummt der Flöss.*" Here was the key to all this excitement. A raft of timber was coming down the stream, which is dammed up to secure a sufficient rush of water to float the spars over the rocks and shallows of the Enz. Here were the first beginnings of one of these enormous Rhine rafts which one meets all the way from Rotterdam to Mannheim. From the great Enz and the little Enz, from the Neckar till it reaches the Rhine, so grows the raft bigger and bigger till it comes to woodless Holland. As we thought, the water grew gurlier and gurlier, the chips whirled in eddies on its surface, and were now mixed with broken logs of wood. At last the nose of the raft turned a corner of the winding stream guided by a trusty lumberer, as he would be called in Canada, with a long pole, and wearing long boots. Behind him were others clad and armed in the same way. Their duty was to fend the leading raft, to which many others were attached, off from the rocks with which the upper Enz abounds; to turn its nose round corners, and coax it through swirls and eddies. It is hard work and sometimes dangerous. The spars in each section of the raft are from sixty to one hundred feet long, bound about twenty together. After these come another section of twenty, and another and another, till the whole moving mass is several hundred feet long. A good raft may well have twenty or thirty sections. Each spar is bound to its neighbours, and each section is bound to the one that follows it with twisted willow-bands which answer the purpose for which they are designed remarkably well. The great danger to a raft is one of the same kind as that which happens when ice breaks up on a river. The foremost raft hitches and sticks, the rest are borne down on it and packed on it; in this case the lumberers might be swept off or crushed, but such a mishap very seldom occurs. Danger or no, some of our countrymen and women thought there could be none on this occasion, for towards the end of the

long line of spars which came surging down the shallow stream, creaking and groaning as they went, were a chosen band of British visitors to the baths, driven by the dulness of the place to try a new excitement by coming down as *radoteurs*,—a part which we are willing to admit they performed quite as well on land as on water. They needed to give us no fresh proof of their powers in that line.

So the day wore away; but the visitor who expects to see a raft every day at Wildbad will reckon without his host. He must have other resources in himself, or he will find it rather dull. This, be it remembered, is strictly a bath for curing cripples. Other places may boast their hells and gaming-tables, which eke out the virtues of their waters by pandering to the vices of their visitors. Wildbad has but one leg to stand on; but she stands better on that than Baden or Homburg on two. She cures cripples, and has no after-thoughts on their pockets; they pretend to cure livers, but in reality cut purses. Let the cured cripple and the ruined gamester decide which bath best fulfils the promises it holds out.

At last came the time for the *table-d'hôte*. At a little after five we were all in our places. There was Ringwormowski in his solitude at the top of the table; there the rest of the Russians, many of them very pleasant; there the French wine-merchants as noisy as ever, men and women alike. Here the English; there the Germans. On the whole, after the food—which at Wildbad calls for no other remark except that passed on the days of creation in Genesis, for it is all “very good,”—after the food, what strikes us most is the dexterity with which almost all the guests, except the English, who are very behind-hand in this respect, perform the sword-exercise. We have done our soup, and are hard at our fish,—trouts done “blue,” after a well-known fashion, and served with Dutch sauce. You have been spited by the Kellner, whom you have perhaps not saluted that day, taking off your hat and calling him “*Herr Ober-Kellner*.” You have been spited, and only had a little piece. Your plate has been snatched away, and you turn to look about you. Now “eyes right,” “eyes left,” look where you will along the file of fish-eaters at either side of the table. Do they eat their fish like Christians, with a fork? Not at all. Do they eat it with two forks? Still less. Their mode of eating is puzzling. They eat their sauce with their forks, and their fish with their knives; bit after bit, with awful dexterity they raise on their sharp knives and thrust into their mouth, often sucking the steel with greedy daring. As the ignorant islanders looked to see St. Paul fall dead after shaking off the serpent, so we look on to see at least one tongue fall into the plate of some of these

knife-suckers. But it is not to be. A man went every night to see Van Amburgh perform, hoping night by night to see him eaten up by the lions. It cost him hundreds of pounds, and yet after all he was disappointed. So we at Wildbad sat day by day expecting to see some of our neighbours do themselves grievous harm in the region of the mouth by this daily sword exercise ; but we went away more and more convinced, not only that practice makes perfect, but that at a German *table-d'hôte* you will find the best knife-jugglers in all the world.

Over against us sat for some time a German couple, a *Herr Oberrath* and a *Frau Oberräthinn* from Pomerania. We do not know what this most respectable pair called themselves at home, but here we called them the Wolf and the Vulture. The Oberrath was a long gaunt man with a cunning look, and when he opened his mouth and showed his tusks, he had a greedy, cruel, wolfish look. He was a good trencherman, and in that respect a wolf too. His wife was a majestic beetle-browed woman, with a face like that of the condor, and a very long neck ; her head was slightly bald, which added to the illusion. We may say at once that we are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. Whether we got it from studying Sanscrit we know not, but nothing will either shake our faith in this doctrine in the abstract, nor overthrow our experience in the concrete ; we believe in it both by the inductive and deductive process, and all analysis, theory, and doctrine, whether of averages or anything else, only strengthens our conviction. No one will ever convince us that the Oberrath sitting face to face to us, and performing the sword-exercise with a dexterity that made all the English tremble, had not been a wolf in a former state of existence. His great-great-grandmother, ever so many generations back, may have suckled Romulus and Remus, and his tenth cousin twenty times removed may have been the very wolf that Gellert's dog slew. These things may or may not be, but this man had wolf on every line of his face, and for all we know, he may still turn into a wolf at night, and roam through the Black Forest from midnight to dawn in quest of prey. It is true that he would find very little prey in the Schwarzwald ; a more gameless forest does not exist. But that fact would only make him worse. Though there is no game, there are many foresters who are supposed to take care of it. Who can tell how many of these foresters, believed to have made away with themselves in the wild wood for very idleness, may not have been worried unbeknown to any one by *Herr Oberrath Wolff* ? His wife, too, feeling herself lonely at his absence in her night-watches, probably follows his lead, and becomes a vulture, or hen-harrier, *hühnerwischer*. When the

gudewives of the Schwartzwald wake up at early dawn, and weep for their chickens, they little know that *Frau Ober-räthinn Condor* has been hovering over their hen-roosts while they were warm asleep, and has carried them off for her breakfast. It is no answer to this theory, that the bodies of the night-ranging pair might be seen by the Boots or Marie, seemingly locked in each other's arms, when they went into their room by mistake before the sun was up. It is well known, that while the soul flits away on these unholy errands, its body, packing-case, cabin, coffin, call it what you will, remains behind, with a slight spark of life in it just to keep the fuel of existence alight till it is stirred by the return of the soul. There it lies and simmers while the soul is away in hot pursuit; but the water will boil, and even boil over when the soul comes back to it with the sun. How can all this be tested? Very easily, except for the consequences, which might be looked on as unpleasant. All you have to do is to rush into the bedroom of the Wolf and Vulture, drag them out of bed, never heeding their groans, then hurry them down stairs, and throw them into a huge fire in the court-yard, which the cook in the interests of science will have ready for you, keep them there till it burn the lifeless trunks and hulls of the absent souls to white ashes. When the souls return, which they will do, whisking into the room in the shape of wolf and vulture, they will not be able to retake their human shapes, and will the one fly, and the other jump out of the window with a deep wail. Thus you will both get rid of Wolf and Vulture at the *table d'hôte*, and also have performed a philosophical experiment of the deepest interest. You will have your reward. "But," you say, "I should be hanged for it, or be decapitated with a sword." "Very probably. You would be another martyr to science, unless you could bring the judge and jury round to our theory. But as for ourselves, we have both uttered our opinion and shown you how to test it; the rest is in your own hands. Besides, now-a-days, you can make a judge and jury and the Home Secretary believe anything. Look at Madeline Smith and Jessie McLachlan, not to mention Townley, and the German Legal Protection Society, which might be called the Society for Hanging Müller. Take courage, then, and apply the test of fire to this German pair; but don't make us accessories before the fact."

Setting aside the sword-exercise, there was little worth noting at the dinner. As soon as it was over, we went with our friends to the daily parade of the halt, the lame, and the blind; to the review of the Wildbad's Own Regiment of Cripples, which takes place after dinner on the Kurplatz. It is the band that draws us all thither, and there we go as lame as a tree, limping and

leaning on a stick. But our case is nothing. All along we felt ourselves rather an impostor among so many worse cases. Here they are in rows and ranks. First come the soldiers, men of all nations, who have fought in all lands for all causes. Ghastly trophies of what war can make of a man. Here is an Englishman, torn with shot, which has touched his spine, paralysed his frame, and twisted his legs; he can just creep along between two men. He got his hurt in the trenches before Sebastopol, fighting for the Sick Man. Next comes one on the other side. Behold him blind and tottering, walking along like Elymas the Sorcerer feeling his way in Raphael's Cartoon. He was at first God's creature, a tall and proper man. We English made him what he is, fighting for the Turk. How do we like our handiwork, and how well we know how to shape ourselves and others. His story is soon told. A Russian officer of artillery, he was standing on the works before Sebastopol, when a 9-inch shell from an English battery burst close to him. He was hurled down, and buried for a while in sand and earth. When they dug him out he was blind and palsied. Here he hirlples about with his wife and babes, a woful example of the practical working of war. There are other soldiers—Poles and Russians, and Frenchmen and English—with bullets in various parts of them; balls in the knee-joints, balls in the ankle, balls in the chest, balls lodged near the spine, all agonizing and hard to heal; but we have had enough of soldiery. Here in a *rollsessel* comes a lovely young woman, paralysed from the waist down. Poor thing, a house fell on her and crushed her, and this is what she has come to. Next comes the king of Wildbad; king because he is perhaps the worst cripple here. But this, like all free communities, is an elective, not an hereditary monarchy, and he that is king to-day may be deposed and forced to abdicate by a greater cripple to-morrow. Meantime he is our king. Poor potentate; if agonies can make him our chief he is *facile princeps*. No one is more neuralgic. All round his brow sharp pangs have eaten into him with their bitter teeth. He has gout in the hands, and in the feet, and in the knees. His joints are stiff, his feet doubled up on the ankle. He is gout within and neuralgia without. Sometimes he disappears for days, and holds his court in bed; but when he is very well, he crawls out here into the sunshine after dinner. This is one of his bright days. All hail, therefore, great King of the Cripples!

Is there no queen? Yes, there is; for Wildbad is like Japan, there are two rulers, one temporal and one spiritual. Our temporal ruler is our king. There is nothing very attractive about him but his sufferings, for which his meanest subject must pity him. From him no one looks for pity.

He growls at us and passes by. But with our queen it is quite another thing. She is our spiritual ruler, and though she suffers much, she is never so suffering that she cannot sympathize with every one else. I need not say that, chosen by election, she is not married to the king. In fact, they have nothing in common except lameness. As to society, the king might die, and we might elect another; or we might choose to be a republic. There might be no one cripple of such commanding cripplehood as to carry all votes with him by a show of legs, each man holding up his crutch or his wooden leg in token of assent. Then we should all be equals, and should limp on without a king till a greater cripple than the rest came among us, as the French did after 1848, till Louis Napoleon came. But society would fare badly without our queen. She would be a real loss. We English at least could not get on a day without her. She it is that scolds the doctors and makes them talk common sense; she it is who persuaded the authorities to relax these regulations as to the cleansing-bath in favour of her countrymen and women; she it is who supports the booths for the sale of trinkets, who not only buys largely herself, but by the force of her example makes others buy. To her the whole country round bring bouquets. For her the children lie in wait with fruit; all love and respect her. She can paint, fish, shoot, not in a masculine, but in a most feminine way. The very trout and grayling in the river rise to her flies at the first cast. In fact, every one rises to her fly, thrown with such grace and dexterity that you must take it. She is a tyrant, fond of having her way, overbearing, as all women naturally are; but what of that, her way is better than all other ways. No, she shall never be deposed from her queendom.

Of course, besides the really lame and sick, there are those who imagine themselves ill, or who fancy that a life of folly and consequent disease may be washed out by five weeks at Wildbad. For the fanciful and the incurable these waters do little good. Nothing can cure an imaginary evil; as it came with the mind it must go with the mind, and if it will not by that way, it will hardly go at all. As for those who suffer from inveterate complaints, there is little to do them good here, except the consolation always afforded to the wicked, and sometimes even to the good, by the sight of another's suffering.

After the review, we hobbled off in good company towards the walks and the Windhof, but it was too much for us. Our friends, more fortunate, went on, but we returned as night fell, and called for our candle, limping up to bed. On the stairs we met Marie. We have mentioned Marie before, and now, as we have her face to face on the stairs, we must describe her as she

trips along. Marie, then, is the housemaid of our floor. She is rather below the middle height, a brunette, with brown hair and eyes, strongly marked eyebrows, and the merriest mouth. She is not good-looking, but she is better. She is the most helpful, hard-working little woman in the world. She knows and does everybody's business, and her own as well. If the boots neglects to call you, Marie does it instead, then runs and pulls him out of bed, and makes him black your shoes, and so saves your bath. If you want the washer-woman, Marie has her ready; she counts the clothes, and writes down the list, and scolds the little wash-maiden beforehand lest the work should be badly done. If you want the shoemaker, or the saddler, or the turner, or the postman, Marie has them all at her fingers' ends, and they are with you in a minute. She does her work like lightning, and she does it well; it is not at all scamped. True, some sour British females have said that when Marie sweeps the room, all the dust goes under the bed, but I believe this to be an invention of the enemy, or if it be true, that under the bed is the right place for dust in Wildbad. Marie lives on the stairs and in the passages. All day long, from the first thing in the morning till late at night, she is running up and down stairs, darting in and out of rooms like a swallow or a swift. Where or when she sleeps we have not the least notion, but we rather think when every one else has gone to bed she perches like a bird on the top landing, and so takes her rest. We only saw her once sitting down. That was one Sunday evening when we found her on the stairs, and heard her say, "*Ach du lieber Gott was ist diess für ein Leben,*" "Heaven help us, what a life is this!" And well she might say so, for the waiters, knowing what a willing horse they had by their side, used to put as much of their work as they could upon her; and many a wight, had it not been for Marie, would have gone without his early coffee when the hotel was so crowded that every one except Marie was ready to sink under it. But she went bravely through it all, singing and laughing. If the awful Princess Ohr-Feige beat her maid and made her cry, Marie was there on the landing to meet her and comfort her when she came out. "*Es ist höchst natürlich dass die Herrschaft böse sind, weil die Fürstinn witwe ist.*" She thought widowhood covered a multitude of sins, and that a widow had a right to ease her feelings by beating her dependants. That was Marie's philosophy of mistress and servant. If the Ober-rath Wolff scolded his servant till he was ready to throw up his situation, Marie was ready with good advice. "Ah! but I daresay he is a good master after all, and you have not such a hard place." She had time for every one and every thing,

and between her fits of work would stand outside the door on our landing when there was any music, and listen to and catch and hum the latest tunes. She was in her way a perfect woman, and when next we go to Wildbad, may we find Marie as helpful and playful as ever. But it is late ; both we and the reader are tired. Our first day in Wildbad is over. Let us go to bed.

One day at Wildbad is as like another day as pea is to pea. Bath, bed, breakfast, walk, letter-writing, *table-d'hôte*, daily parade of cripples, another walk, bed. There is little amusement in such a routine, unless one provides the materials one's-self, or has friends to find it for one. It is ever dull to be ailing, but it is the bounden duty of every one who ails to make his sickness as little dull as possible both to himself and others by patience and good-humour. The best receipt we can give for arriving at this happy state is to make as light as one can of one's own case, and to sympathize as much as possible with those of others. Listen, ye cripples, to what the Guide says : " Whoever begins his cure at Wildbad, let him banish impatience and be of good cheer, for many who bathe feel at first seriously affected. All their aches and pains return, all old injuries make themselves felt, and new ones are added to them, till the bather feels that there is much more the matter with him than he thought. But this in reality, rightly looked at, should be a comfort and consolation to him. He should rejoice in his aches as a sign that Wildbad begins to work within him, and that a reaction is developing itself in him in which the springs will be victorious over his infirmity. Hear also what the learned Fricker says, " Things sometimes happen to bathers at which they are often sorely troubled, but which, if not absolutely necessary to a complete cure, are certainly not a hindrance to it. It happens in most cases, after the few first baths, that the circulation is quicker, that the patient is irritable and excited, that he feels a feebleness in his limbs, and a weakness in his frame, and has a great desire to sleep. Some have headaches, giddiness, and oppression on the chest, symptoms which are often aggravated by those who stay longer in the bath than their physician prescribes. When such symptoms arise many a man is eager to rush home again, declaring that Wildbad does not suit his constitution, and that the baths do him no good ; but let this impatient person persevere ; these distressing symptoms generally disappear after six or eight baths, and the patient feels the joyful sensation of returning strength." So far the guide and the learned Fricker, whom we take to be a doctor, and who certainly talks common sense. What man in his senses could suppose that even at any age, especially if suffering from an infirmity, he could change his whole course of life, go to

bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark, recline for half an hour or an hour in a warm bath of water of great though inexplicable power, sit sometimes under a douche of the same water for ten or twenty minutes, receiving every instant a blow like that of a cricket-ball, then be rubbed dry with hot towels, and sent back to bed for an hour, during which he is neither to eat, drink, sleep, talk, read; in short, neither to exercise mind nor body in any way, and, mind, to do all this fasting without bite or sup—who, we say, could fancy that he could do all this, and yet feel no effects from it? If there be any such man, he must have the constitution of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus combined, and ought instantly to be made Governor of Sierra Leone, a colony so trying to British constitutions, that it is well known its governors and bishops are always made in batches of three: One acting, the second going out to relieve him, and the third coming home in his coffin.

For our own part, as we can best speak of our own case. After the first four baths we felt a slight palpitation of the heart, but unfortunately for science, the day of our fourth bath was the very day that we were first presented to the queen, and allowed to form part of her court. Whether this slight flutter arose from the bath or the honour we cannot say, but the fact is our heart was in a flutter that day. Then, again, after our seventh bath, we were in a very bad humour all day, and raved of flinging up our cure and rushing back to Britain. This, no doubt, arose from the irritating working of the water on a temper otherwise serene as a sunset at Corfu; but here again the observations of science are confused by the fact that we had expected that day a letter from our bankers in London, and it never came. We persevered, however, and went on with our baths and took a full course of them, twenty-eight in all. After the first six, we had our way with our good doctor, who became convinced that we were strong and hardy, and allowed us to stay in the water an hour. We must say, the longer we bathed the more we liked the bath. Our knee, that erring member, grew stronger and stronger; each day we limped further and further, and stood more stoutly on our limb. Most remarkable was the absorbing force of the water, which reduces effusions over which iodine seems to have no power. Without calling ourselves one of the miraculous cures, without pretending to rival that Englishman who went out for a walk before breakfast, despairing of his son's recovery, and who found him, on his return, walking out to meet him—a case parallel to and quite as wonderful as that well-known one of Mother Hubbard's dog—we feel bound to declare that Wildbad did us great good; that we never had any bad symptoms; and

that we saw many other cases in which it seemed to be equally efficacious. For neuralgia, for all gouty and rheumatic affections, recent or chronic, for paralysis and strokes of all sorts, for wounds new and old, for contractions, adhesions, effusions, and luxations of the joints, for each and all of these, Wildbad, with its pure, imponderable water, is said to be, and certainly seemed in many cases to us to be sovereign. In some cases the patient is past cure, the evil is too inveterate for perfect restoration to health; but even in such obstinate cases, great alleviation is afforded; and though the feeble knees are not made stout and strong, the neuralgia which so often follows such affections flies from Wildbad, as a certain personage is said to shun holy water.

How did we amuse ourselves during these five weeks? Very well indeed. We had friends when we went there, and we soon made many more. As for the king, he sometimes was crusty, and gave us the cold shoulder; but we cared little for that. When he was cross we left him to himself, and when he was civil we saluted him. Every one knows that kings always originate a conversation. They question, and you reply. We were too well bred, even in the case of this elective monarchy, to break so good a rule; but as the king said little to us, we answered little to him. We looked at him from a distance, like a cat, and sunned ourselves in his beams whenever he was beaming; but, like the sun in England, he was often in a fog or under a cloud, and, on the whole, we saw as little of him as an Italian sees of the sun in London on a December day.

The queen we saw every day. She was always kind and good to us even when inclined to be tyrannical. She had ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour, who followed her to Wildbad; this one because she was too thin, and thought the waters would have an anti-Bantingian tendency; the other because she was too fat, and thought the result would be just opposite. With these ladies we became great friends. In fact, in a short time we were quite happy and quite consoled in being a cripple in such good company. The class really to be pitied at Wildbad are the non-cripples. It is not the lame, the halt, and the blind, that are worthy of sympathy, but the able-bodied, who come thither with suffering friends or kinsfolk, who don't bathe, and have nothing to do but lend the sufferers their arms, or push them behind up hill and down dale in the interest of the great *rollsessel* clique. What are they to do? If they bathe in full health they may chance to get apoplexy; if they overeat themselves at the *table-d'hôte*, which they are almost sure to do, their livers will swell like those of Strasburg geese; if they take long walks they must leave those to whom their help is

needful; if they take short ones they can't digest their food. Unhappy wretches, their only resources are, first, a cold bath in the Enz every morning; secondly, flirtation, if they are base enough to resort to such an unphilosophic amusement, and are of an age to enjoy it; thirdly, every now and then an outbreak—a twenty-mile walk through the tall pine forest, through the Scotch fir, and spruce and silver firs that clothe the spurs of the Schwarzwald. This, too, has its inconveniences, for a twenty mile walk is scarcely compatible with a five o'clock, and still less with a one o'clock *table-d'hôte*; and the pedestrian returns red, sunburnt, and jaded, unfit for anything the rest of the day. Fourthly, you can fish. All men, we know, are not fishers, though it has been spitefully said that all women are—of men. But if you are a fisher, and a fly-fisher, you may have excellent sport all along the banks of the Enz, which abounds in pools full of trout and grayling, some of them running to a great size. Yes, very pleasant is it to throw a fly on the pools between Wildbad and Calmbach, where a good hand may catch a goodly dish of trout in the afternoon; lower down the river the sport is better still, but the distance is too great for any but the able-bodied. Between Wildbad and Calmbach, even a cripple may stump over the meadows along the stream; and if he does nothing else he will not fail to feast his eyes on its wooded banks and hangers, its smooth green leas, bright with autumn crocuses and huge forget-me-nots, and return full of the stillness and repose with which evening falls on the lovely valley of the Enz. At Wildbad a fisherman enjoys nature, improves his temper, and fulfils his duty, for he may carry his cripple with him for the most part, supposing the said cripple is willing to go, and does something useful besides, as all will confess when seated at supper over a famous dish of trout, which the fisherman has coaxed out of the pools of the river, and laid, as they often were laid, at the queen's feet.

But very few cripples are fishermen; how then do they amuse themselves when they have had their dinner and done their walk? When the king cuts them, and the queen cannot receive them. For our part we went to the play. Out in the walks is a rustic theatre, just run up out of deal boards like a barn, and decorated inside with fir branches. In it, we do not scruple to say, we have seen better performances, and more evenly sustained, that it is ever our lot to see in London. In London, where the starring system prevails to a stifling extent, we have sometimes one good actor, supported, like a sweet-pea, by sticks. The actor may be tragic or comic, and very good in his way, but he is a substantive amidst adjectives. Those around him are shamefully deficient, utter the most fearful nonsense, and utter it in

such an unnatural voice, and with such ridiculous action and gestures, that when we see a tragedy we fancy we are listening to a comedy, and *vice versâ*. At Wildbad, where one or two of the actors and actresses were very good, the starring system did not prevail; though good they were well and naturally supported; the pieces were well chosen, well put on the stage, and well acted. We always went into that barn with pleasure, and never left it in disgust. There was a choice of time too, for there was one performance at half-past two, and another at seven P.M. Fräulein Zeidler and Herr Hirsch, to you especially, but to all the rest of your company in their several callings and parts, we feel grateful for many a pleasant hour at Wildbad.

Sometimes, though, and more particularly when September came, and the company took its farewell benefits and its leave, we own we did feel a little at a loss to kill that worst enemy idle-time. But even then the stars were kind to us, and sent a fair to help us out. The fair itself was no great thing, not half so good as the permanent fair of the place,—the standing booths on the promenade before the Bellevue. Unless we had invested largely in pots and pans, or in Zollverein woollens or linens, the fair would have been foul to us. But with the fair came other things. Peep-shows, proving how the Schleswig-Holsteiners beat the Danes at the battle of Idstedt; Kagosima burnt by the ferocious British; and the throats of the Japanese cut by our savage sailors, under whose cutlasses the red gore streamed down till it purpled the Yellow Sea; *Der Deutsche Michel* standing on the Rhine bank, and daring the French to come on. Then there were cheap Johns, as voluble, but not nearly so witty as our own. Troops there were, too, of Schwartzwalders, with their wives and daughters; the men in queer sort of cocked hats and leather breeches; the women with a curious cap with an erection on it like two vanes of a windmill flapping in the air. Thorough “hempen homespuns,” but good, honest folk, who thought it an outing to come down from their upland dales to Wildbad, and to see life at the fair. With them came the faithful *Dachs*, the badger-hound of those parts, first cousin to our turnspit, black and tan, or black and grey-spotted, or pure tan. Little bow-legged fellows, who can draw a badger or track a wounded deer with unerring pluck and nose. These were all sights in their way, but the greatest sight of all was a cow with six legs. That really was a sight. The *Juno Lucina* of kine had meant that there should be two of them, but somehow or other accidents will happen even at the best regulated births, and instead of two, the calves were huddled together and became one. The monster, for such it really was, as well deserved

drawing as Albert Dürer's monstrous hog. It looked like a cow with a calf thrown across its crest. Down on one side hung two legs like a sack, and on the other side of the neck might be felt the bones beneath the skin which belonged to the rest of the body. When first born, another head stuck out there, the showman said, "but unluckily it rotted off." In other respects, the beast was a well-behaved, decent heifer enough, and was not at all proud at being turned into a show.

That cow was not like other visitors to Wildbad, who made themselves a show and were proud of it. How these little puppets used to strut up and down the parade among the cripples, pretending to be ill. They were summer-birds, whom the first September frost chased away. "*Maintenant restent les vrais malades*," said the wife of a Russian general to us as a batch of these nobodies, who thought they were somebodies, drove off in the *Eilwagen*, that monster who was so worked during the summer that it got the gout, and had to be washed every morning with Wildbad water before it could begin its journey. But before they went, these sham cripples afforded us great fun as they sat at the *table-d'hôte*, stalked up and down the parade among the real patients, or flaunted through the walks. Such were the Baroness Spruce and General Zündschwamm, the Marquise Blowsabella, and Fräulein Feineck. Zündschwamm had served all over the world, according to his own account, with immense distinction. In Abyssinia, he had saved the Emperor's life by climbing up into a tree and making faces at an infuriated ox, which was just going to gore that potentate. "As soon as he saw my face sternly gazing at him through the branches, the bullox turned and fled." Bullox being the General's reading of bullock, out of which he made a regular plural, "bulloxen" or "bulloxes." At another time the Chief of the Abipones in South America had been scalped and left for dead. The General, who was casually passing through the country in quest of beetles, came upon the wounded chief. He spoke to him in the Abipone tongue, and asked him what he wanted. "My scalp," said the copper-coloured captain. "Where is it?" asked the General. "In yonder cloud of dust. There rides the scalper and his spoil." To catch a prairie-horse was the work of a moment. In an hour the General himself, riding in a cloud of his own raising, was on the heels of the hostile band. He spurred his wild steed through their ranks, and as he pierced them, clutched the gory scalp from the saddle-bow of the scalper, turned with a demivolte, and with a graceful salute, rode back to the Abipone warrior. The Indians chased him, but he blew such a cloud from his *meerschau*m, that they could not find him in the smoke. The scalp, still gory and almost warm, was

pressed close on the skull whence it had been torn. It was then covered with a mixture of clay and beetles, and in a week the Abipone chief was at the head of his warriors. His scalp grew nicely, and the only inconvenience he felt was that he could never frown with comfort; in adhering to the skull, the scalp had shrunk a little, as was not unlikely, and never quite recovered its original elasticity. In return for his help, the Abipones called him "the pale-faced scalp-healer," "the great hair-doctor," and they wished to tattoo him with a new "*totem*," "a full head of hair." Another time he was in Persia, where for ten years he drilled the army of the Schah, and led them on to victory whenever they gained one. How often this was, his modesty did not permit him to say. "Let others tell of my military deeds, dear Baroness; I am not my own trumpeter; but I must tell you a story which, if you read it in a book, you would scarcely believe. I saw it with my own eyes so plainly that I seem to see it now. You are aware that His Majesty the Schah has jewels of priceless value. Diamonds and rubies with the name of Solomon engraved on them; an emerald which Aaron brought with him out of Goshen, when his countrymen spoiled the Egyptians. Time would fail me to tell of all these treasures. One day when the Schah was in a very good humour he sneezed in my face, which is a sure sign of royal favour in Persia, and said, 'Zündschwamm, would you like to see my opal?' That opal few had ever seen. Alexander the Great found it among the spoils of Darius after the battle of Marathon; Roxana was trying to escape with it in an open boat. The king's galley ran the boat down. Both the queen and the opal were saved. The one the king gave to Clitus, the other he wore on his arm day and night till his dying day. You have heard how with his last breath he sent his ring to Perdiccas. It was no ring at all, but this very opal. Perdiccas got into difficulties; by all accounts he was a sad spendthrift. Antigonus, who was a real Greek, coaxed him out of it for a good round sum. After a time things went wrong with Antigonus, and the opal came to Ptolemy, surnamed "Soter," or the "Saver," because he was a close-fisted fellow. In his family, at Alexandria, it remained till the days of Antony and Cleopatra. What that loving pair really quarrelled about was this stone. Antony wanted to raise money on it to pay his debts. The queen wouldn't hear of it. It would have been like pawning the Koh-i-noor in England to pay the Duke of York's creditors. In a fit of sulks about the opal, and not at all through dread of Augustus, Antony ripped himself up and Cleopatra sent for the asp. She first tried to swallow this opal, in order that it might be buried with her, but it was too

big. Augustus found it among Cleopatra's baggage, carried it to Rome, and wore it in his Triumph. It was valued by the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Head of the *Mont de Piété* in Rome, at twenty billions of sesterces. After Augustus, each of the Twelve Cæsars had it in turn. In Caracalla's time Geta persuaded the *Pontifex Maximus* to let him look at it, and then ran away with it. Caracalla sent the Salaminian and the Paralus, the two Roman guardships in the dockyard at Ostia, to fetch his brother back. His first care was to get the opal, his next to cut Geta's head off. It was then he made use of his famous jingle-jangle. When the *Pontifex Maximus*, out of respect for the family, asked whether Geta might be reckoned among the gods: '*Inter Divos?*' '*Sit Divus*,' playfully answered Caracalla, '*dummodo non sit vivus*,' 'Let him be a god, but don't let him live.' Well, to make this very long story short, my dear Baroness, Constantine carried the opal to his new city on the Bosphorus, and there it remained in the custody of the Patriarch, who had ousted the *Pontifex Maximus*, as head of the *Monte de Piété*, when Christianity came in. The Patriarch kept it in the strong-room of the Church of St. Sophia till the time of Alexander Comnenus, who allowed Anna Comnena to carry it with her to the Persian wars, where it was captured by the enemy, and has remained in Persia ever since.

"That was the history of the opal which the Schah asked me to see; and you may believe I was glad to have the chance. The Schah told the Vizier, the Vizier told the Master of the Jewels: 'Bring forth the Schah's opal.' The opal was brought. We all saw at once how Alexander the Great could never have worn it as a ring, how Cleopatra could never have swallowed it, and how right Caracalla was to cut his brother's head off for trying to steal it. It was as big as the egg of the Apteryx." "Of the what?" asked Baroness Spruce, who is a little hard of hearing. "Of the Apteryx," answered the General; "of the wingless Australian bird; the last descendant of a race that will soon be extinct, but which I have often hunted by night in the fern brakes of New Zealand." "I have heard of fish out of water," muttered the Baroness, "but I never heard of birds without wings." The General was rather ruffled, but he went on: "Whether you have heard of it or no, it is a fact. The apteryx is a wingless bird; and now for its egg, which you may see in the Zoological Gardens of the Prince Regent in London, though you will not see the bird itself, unless you pay the keeper a shilling. This egg is bigger than that of a swan, though the apteryx is less than a goose, and this opal of the Schah was just the size of the wingless bird's egg. Then said the Schah, 'Zündschwamm, do you wish to see my opal to perfection?' 'Yes,

your Majesty,' I replied, wallowing before him in the dust, and rubbing my nose against his slipper. 'Well, then, look out;' or rather, to translate the Persian literally, 'Mind your eye; here goes.' As he said this, the Schah snatched up the opal, dashed it, hand and all, into a bowl of water, and then held it up in the fierce rays of the mid-day sun. That was to make it flash more brightly. Alas! to think of the ruin that followed! The opal is a porous stone; it will absorb its own weight of water. That opal had absorbed its own weight. Suddenly exposed to a blazing sun, the water in its pores passed swiftly into steam. We heard a sharp crack as we gazed, and lo! the famous stone split, as the Schah held it, into a thousand pieces, and one of the wonders of the world was lost for ever. That I saw with my own eyes, and I should like to know who will gainsay my story." "No one, dear General," said the Baroness. "I believe every word you say about the opal, and a very interesting, truthful narrative it is; but you must forgive me for saying that I cannot believe there are birds in New Zealand without wings."

Thus the General went on, who, though we were too polite to say so to his face, we have no hesitation in telling it behind his back, was about the biggest liar we ever met, and whose name ought to have been changed from *Zündschwamm* or Tinder, to Cracker or Crammer. How strange that the dear Baroness should have refused to believe the only true part of his story! As for the Apteryx we have seen it and its enormous egg; nor do we think that the race is so scarce as the General seemed to suppose. We remember at the refreshment rooms of the Manchester Exhibition almost every chicken was an Apteryx; and over and over again in Paris, when we have ordered a *Mayonnaise de Volaille*, we have remarked that the wing is never forthcoming; from which we infer that there is a race of wingless chickens both in Manchester and Paris. But to return to the General. How delightful it was to draw him out as he sat between the Baroness and the Fräulein, either at the *table-d'hôte* or on a bench in the shade, and hear how he grew bolder and bolder in his stories. When in this mood he would say anything. There was nothing that he had not either done or could do. The Decimal Notation, the Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, and the Discovery of the North Pole; he had a hand in all of them. "So you were with Sir John Ross, General, when he discovered the North Pole?" "*Ja gewiss!*" "Yes, of course, I was returning to Labrador from Kamschatka, and had got well across Behrings Straits, when a great fall of snow came on and we could no longer walk. One by one we ate the dogs that carried our baggage, till at last they were all gone. Then we began to eat the Indians who were our guides. They did not like it at first;

but though a stolid race they are open to conviction, and besides we had got their priest or "medicine" on our side, who persuaded them that as they must die, they might as well be eaten. Luckily, before we had eaten many, a frost came, and the crust on the snow got so hard that we could use our snow-shoes and hunt. One day we turned aside into Boothia Felix in pursuit of game, and there, to our surprise, we met the gallant Ross. He offered me a passage to England next spring, which I gladly accepted, paying off my guides, and rubbing noses with them before parting. That winter I devoted myself to science with the intrepid mariner. With him and with no other companions we walked to the North Pole." "*Merkwürdig*," said Fräulein Feineck, "*Sehr interessant*, and pray, what was the North Pole like?" "The North Pole," the General went on, "is a truncated cone which projects for about four hundred feet from the level of the plateau which you come to at the World's end. Besides, it is about a mile round, so that it is short and thick. In fact, it is a sort of axle-tree on which the globe turns. Geologically speaking, it is formed of hypersthene, one of the primitive rocks, and I believe it is now settled that a shaft of this rock runs right through the earth from Pole to Pole. At least I know when I was with Sir James Ross, when we discovered the South Pole, we both remarked that the formation of the projection where the South Pole juts out was precisely similar to that at the North Pole, of which we are now talking." "All very well, I daresay," said the Baroness, "but what do the ends of this shaft rest on?" "Space," boldly answered the General; "Infinite Space; and let me tell you that Space near the Poles, where the air is compressed by the intense friction of the earth's motion, is a very solid thing. You may build castles out of it far better and grander than those in Spain; and one day when it was denser than usual, and had a very fine grain, we got a block of it cut, and brought it home, and you may see it if you like in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. I remember the fact well, for it was the same day that our fire froze, and we cut off one of the tongues of flame, and kept it in our ice-safe till we got to England, and you may see that too at the Museum if they will show it you; but they always keep it in ice for fear it should melt. But to return to the Pole. We often talk wildly, and speculate about how the world was created. I believe firmly in Genesis; but if you will trust me, this is what happened. At first there was nothing but a huge amorphous meteoric mass shot off into space by the sun in one of his freaks. Well, this mass kept spinning round and round in Space, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, and as it spun round it got longer and longer; its molecules became granulated into the ferruginous crystals which you may see in any other block of hypersthene,

and thus the shaft was ready ; resting, as I have told you, at each end on compressed Space, and so whirling round like a spindle." "Very true, no doubt," said the Baroness, "but pray, how did this round world with all its ups and downs grow out of that spindle?" "That," went on the General, "was in obedience to other laws, as slow and sure as those of time, space, and gravitation. Bear in mind, then, that in Nature like turns to like as man to woman. Now between the crystals of the hypersthene and the oxygen of the atmosphere there is a natural affinity. The shaft attracted this gas to it, decomposed it, and thus a slow deposit was formed all along the shaft. For how many millions of years this process of attraction and deposition has been going on, Moses and the Prophets, and Dr. Colenso only know, but out of it it is certain that the globe has sprung. Its rounded shape is all owing to the circular motion imparted to the new matter by the original twist or spin which the sun gave to the mass when it was projected into space. The world spins round, first, because it was twisted like a *tee-totum*, and because before the original motion could wear out, it got so accustomed to spinning, and had made the Space at each of the Poles so hard and dense by continual friction, that it has continued to spin ever since."

"Wonderful, most wonderful!" cried the Fräulein. "But how do you know the North Pole is only a mile round?" "Because," said the unblushing General, "I started a musk ox who was rubbing himself against it, and blessing the Duke of Argyll, and he ran right round the pole, and I at his heels. When he got back to the spot whence he started, I shot him with an air-gun which I had just loaded with a bit of Space, and when he fell I pulled out this pedometer, and found the distance was exactly a mile English." "How did we get back? The same way we got there—on our legs. But before we went, we made a hearty meal on the raw marrow of the musk ox, and cut our names '*John Ross Commander R.N.*' '*Albrecht Zündschwamm, General,*' deep into the face of the rock."

That was how the General used to go on at Wildbad. For a while he was amusing enough ; but at last he went, and the Baroness, and the Fräulein. Still there was the Professor left. With him we took many a walk, for all this time our knee was getting stronger and stronger. The Professor was amusing also in his way. He was never tired of expatiating on the beauties of what he called this "subterranean valley," "*unterirdische Thal.*" He felt himself drawn to Wildbad "like a child to its mother's breast." Once, almost with tears in his eyes, he broke out, "*Eine tiefe Wehmuth schwebt über diesen Ort.*" A deep melancholy hovers over this place. There is something sooth-

ing, and at the same time refreshing, to the troubled heart to rest awhile, as it were, upon the great lap of nature, and listen to the pulsations of her mighty heart. Yes! I prefer Wildbad to Gastein. There nature is more exciting and irritating. Lucky for me that I turned my footsteps to this hallowed spot." The meaning of all which, in plain English, was that the baths had done him good, though he expressed it like a "Philistine." That they had done him good was plain, for he was no longer bent and bowed. We never saw a man so wholly given up to books. He had learned these platitudes about nature's heart out of Herder or Jacobi, and knew really nothing of her secrets. We tried in vain to make him take an interest in, or even to see the speckled trout, as they lay on the yellow sand of the clear Enz, just above a rapid, with their noses turned upstream. For him the pair of king-fishers flashing and darting about the rocks through the green shade were as nothing. On such a book-worm, the water-ousels, in their livery of black and white, as they skimmed over the water or walked along at the bottom in search of prey, were quite thrown away. Once we enticed him near a wasps' nest, in the hope that he might be stung, and so brought to reason, but it was all in vain. Fish and birds were best in their proper places, and that was the dinner-table; as for the wasps, why Heaven sent them he did not know or care. So he ran away and left us to admire those wonderful masons by ourselves.

At last the fatal day came when we were to leave Wildbad ourselves. The day before, we took respectful leave of the queen, who gave us gracious leave to revisit her court next year. The king we could not see. Poor monarch, he was in bed with the gout. We were sorry for it, for as kings go, he was a good king. Almost all our friends had already gone, and even Marie had intervals of rest. The waiters, those birds of passage, had long been departing in bands, each man with his *trinkgelder* in his pocket. To all parts they went, to Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Nice. In Germany they are a good, willing sort of men, and deserve all they can get. At last the rheumatic old *Eilwagen* rattled up to the door; we take a friendly leave of Mr. Klumpp, have a sweet smile and a bouquet from Mrs. Klumpp. Marie wishes us a *glückliche Reise* with a merry ringing laugh, the *Schwager* cracks his whip, and away we crawl down the street. Our visit to Wildbad is over, and well over too. It has done us a world of good, and if we are not the unluckiest fellow in the world, and meet with fresh accidents, we shall soon walk with the best. As a change, we return by Frankfort and the Rhine, but having returned that way, we need only repeat our warning, that only fools either go or return to Wildbad from London by the Rhine.

ART. VI.—1. *The Tuscan Poet, Giuseppe Giusti and his Times.*

By SUSAN HORNER. Macmillan & Co., 1864.

2. *Poesie Complete di Giuseppe Giusti.* 1850.

OF the poets and poetry of modern Italy, but little can be said to be as yet familiarly known to the general run of British readers. That Italian classics came to an end with Alfieri, is still, we venture to think, the belief of a large majority of our compatriots, who consider themselves creditably "posted" in the literature of the South. If examined as to the poets of the Revolution period, and of the period since the Peace of 1815, many, we apprehend, would be puzzled to say more than that Ugo Foscolo was an eccentric refugee, and wrote a romance after the model of the *Sorrows of Werter*; that Manzoni was the author of a pretty historical tale called *I Promessi Sposi*; and that Silvio Pellico underwent a harsh imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon, of which he framed a touching recital in singularly pure and graceful diction. Nevertheless, to say nothing of *La Basvilliana*, *I Sepolcri*, and other noble productions of the last generation, the poetical masterpieces of the triad who stand foremost in the ranks of our own contemporaries, as representing the imaginative genius of their country, are sufficient evidence that the national fountain of inspiration is not yet dry; that the vigour of the satirist, the scorn of the moralist, the fire of the patriot, and the tenderness of the lover, can still find expressive utterance in the language of that gifted southern nation which an evil destiny had long robbed of so much that is most precious.

Of Giusti, the popular bard of Florence, perhaps even less has been heard in England than of Manzoni or of Leopardi, the other two members of the triad aforesaid. His works, indeed, from their peculiar character, can scarcely be thoroughly relished or appreciated by any but Italians, born or trained. He was essentially a national poet; and it requires an intimate knowledge of the habits and associations of the Italian mind, to appreciate justly in all cases the point of his satire and the subtlety of his humour. Yet, for originality of conception and force of language, Giusti deserves at least as much notice as any master of verse in the present century; and his brief personal history, as connected with contemporary political events, is of considerable significance, if of no exciting variety. Miss Horner has done us a welcome service in drawing up a sketch of *Giusti's Life and Times*, with translations of many of his letters, and occasional notices of his poems, as they grew out of the circumstances of the day. Her narrative is singularly fair and impartial; and as she has enjoyed considerable opportunities of converse

with the leading spirits of modern Italy, of divers shades of political opinion, is, we have reason to believe, also very accurate in its details. With strong sympathies for the national cause, she observes a moderation and forbearance in speaking even of its adversaries, which in English partisans, especially female partisans, is somewhat rare. We might perhaps desiderate a little more plan and proportion in the construction of the book. For instance, the long letters on excursions into the mountains, and a country ball, though pleasingly descriptive of Tuscan rural life, should have been treated as more distinctly episodical, instead of being placed in somewhat crude juxtaposition with those which bear on political and social opinions, and with the narrative of public events. A collection of Giusti's miscellaneous letters is one thing; a narrative of his life and times, illustrated by a selection from his correspondence, is another thing. When the relation of the poet to the public events in which he took so much part is, as may be said, the *motif* of the work, episodes of playful description, if introduced at all, should be shortened, and the bearings of the general subject not left out of sight. The consequence of this want of due organization in the composition of the book, is a certain desultory effect, which unfortunately derogates from its attractiveness, if not from its intrinsic value. The letters are exceedingly well translated, with the exception of a few grammatical oversights, which may be easily rectified in a second edition. As compositions these letters have great merit. They are full of meaning, eloquence, and good sense; and so much of the man's heart is revealed in them as to impress us very highly with the simplicity, integrity, and earnestness of Giusti's character.

It is, we take it, the Italian character in one of its most noteworthy aspects; exhibiting a combination of daring and temperance, of uncompromising mockery in attack, and practical self-restraint in action, not often to be met with in the revolutionary agents of other countries:—"Washington Wilkes," we fear, is too propitious an avatar to be ever realized amongst ourselves in more than name. As a writer of verse, Giusti runs a tilt at kings and institutions, flings about nicknames, ridicules, reviles, points the finger of scorn, buffoons, and all in that familiar language of the lower orders which seems in itself a challenge to prescriptive decorum. Turn to his letters to his friends, and we find this same democratic lampooner thoughtful, melancholy, moderate; devising schemes for bettering the condition of his fellow-men under existing circumstances, deprecating the zeal of hasty revolutionists, keen in detecting the errors and follies of those with whose general views he sympathizes. Nay, in his verses also this true moderation shows

itself; for he is not less ready to deride the fancies of headstrong innovators, and the failings of the common people themselves, than to satirize a King Log, "who wavers, and floats, and never fishes to the bottom of State affairs;"¹ or a "Tuscan Morpheus, who drains pockets and marshes, and comes garlanded with poppies" to attend the coronation of the "sovereign shearer."²

Giuseppe Giusti was born at Monte Summano, near Pescia, in the Val di Nievole, on the 13th of May 1809. His family belonged to the class of the upper gentry, and he received an education in accordance with the habits of his class, being sent to Pisa in his eighteenth year to study jurisprudence in the university of that city. His student years were mostly years of extravagance and dissipation; his susceptible temperament, and frank, sociable disposition exposing him to many temptations by which youth is liable to be assailed; but from selfish and hypocritical vices he always recoiled with loathing. In after years, when in his characteristic way he framed a rhyming record of the memories of that student time, he could smile and sigh over the jovial nights and days he had spent, the jokes, the good fellowship, the hairbreadth follies of a careless but generous youth; while he could claim as his own the satisfaction with which he describes the honest man as pointing again to the old tower which had hung over him in his early days, and exclaiming, "*I have not wavered, neither have I bent!*"

"Quanta letizia	Molt' anni appresso,
Ravviva in mente	Puoi compiacendoti
Quella marmorea	Dire a te stesso,
Torre pendente,	Non ho piegato
Se, rivedendola	Nè pencolato!"

Having finally passed his law examination at the age of twenty-five, he took up his residence in Florence, ostensibly to practise his profession, but in reality to study life and human nature, to converse with the select spirits of the past, and with brave and thoughtful minds of present times, to watch

¹ *Il Re Travicello* (a satire on Charles-Albert of Sardinia) :—

"Tentenna, galleggia,
E mai dello stato
Non pesca nel fondo;
Che senza di mondo!
Che Re di cervello
E un Re Travicello!"

² *Il Toscano Morfeo* (i.e., Leopold II.) :—

"Vien lemme lemme
Di papaveri cinto e di lattuga,
Che per la smania d'eternarsi asciuga
Tasche e maremme."

public events, to scheme and write for the social and moral improvement of the generation under his eyes; and last, not least, to indite verses, satirical, pointed, burlesque, on the inconsistencies of governors and governed; and in the fresh idiomatic dialect, still rife among the peasantry of his native Pescian valleys, to utter the judgment of that broad common-sense which lies at the foundation of all sound political philosophy. Giusti has been compared to the French poet Béranger; in his popular themes and instincts, in his command of irony, and in the rough and ready wording of his rhymes, justly so. One main difference between them, as has also been pointed out, is that Béranger wrote as really and actually one of the people himself; Giusti, as a gentleman of refinement, adapting himself to popular feelings, and writing *to* the people.¹ Thus, while a more sustained philosophy pervades the verses of Giusti—a reference to ideas which are outside the sphere of Béranger—we feel that within the compass of common life Béranger is undoubtedly the most dramatic, the most picturesque poet of the two. The needs of his country, the political degradation of his fellow-countrymen, are the topics ever uppermost in Giusti's mind. He does not care to dally with popular facts or fancies, as such; he does not often deal with varieties of life and character, with those sympathetic conceptions of sentiment in special classes of society, which constitute the charm of such poems as *Les Bohémiens*, *Les Contrebandiers*, *Le Vieux Drapeau*, etc. Perhaps the most Béranger-like of his poems is the *Sant Ambrogio*, where he describes his feelings at beholding the Croatian regiment on duty within the old Milanese church; feelings, not of bitterness against them, but of profound compassion for them, as aliens torn from their native hearths to serve as automatons in an unnatural system of political repression. He here gives himself wholly to sympathize with a social class placed in exceptional circumstances; realizes their position, describes their feelings, and has no ironical meaning beyond the obvious application of the particular case. The touches of pathos are suggested so simply by the circumstances, the homely phraseology is so justly suited to the picture brought before the mind, that here we are indeed reminded of some of the most fascinating effusions of the French *chansonnier*. But if Giusti's muse had, generally speaking, a more restricted range of fancy than that of Béranger, his moral sense was far keener; his melancholy was uninfluenced by scepticism; his scorn was based on reverence for all that is noble and virtuous, not simply on contempt of the follies and weaknesses of mankind. His satire is meant to shame men out of their vices, not to treat them as irremediable subjects for derision. Perhaps some cause of the

¹ See *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* Par Marc Monnier, 1860.

difference between the tone of the French and Italian political satirists may be found in the fact that the one wrote chiefly in the times of disillusion succeeding a period of great national excitement, the other in the preliminary stage of revolution; one shrugs his shoulders over glories hopelessly departed; the other chafes under evils it may yet be possible to help in removing.

The first of Giusti's satires which attracted public attention was the *Dies Ira*, written in 1835, on occasion of the death of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, an event in which the poet rejoices as affording hope for the future of mankind, and causing fear and perplexity to monarchs. The audacious gibes to which he here gave utterance, were something quite new to the public ear; and his lines were eagerly passed from hand to hand, and enjoyed with all the zest of dangerous pleasure. Within the next ten years he had put forth between twenty and thirty pieces not less daring and effective. It is hopeless to attempt to render in an English version the lavish abuse, the *double entendres*, the bold personalities, which are heaped together in the rattling jingle of his verse, in such poems as the *Vestizione*, the *Incoronazione*, the *Brindisi di Girella*, etc.; but we offer the following as a tolerably literal representation, at all events, of the closing stanzas of *L'Incoronazione*, a poem on the coronation, as king of Italy, of the Emperor Ferdinand, successor to Francis I., where the poet, addressing the Pope, subsides into a hortatory style, reminding us, in its concise severity, of the denunciations of Dante himself:—

“ O thou elected to maintain in strength
The sacred stem of Christ's all-hallowed tree,
Resume the gospel poverty at length,
Rich poverty !

“ Let others lash the body : crush not thou
Men's living souls thy twofold yoke beneath :
If once that hope shall die which calmly now
Looks beyond death,

“ Then shalt thou see wild ruin and dismay
O'erwhelm the soul that faith hath dared deny ;
Shalt see, alas ! the wandering world astray
New creeds to try.

“ In modest garb receive the trembling, fearing,
Shelter and soothe the hearts by doubt perplexed,
First from thyself the guileful mask off-tearing,
From tyrants next.

“ But if the vain Anathema to sell
And sip the despots' cup, be still thy choice,
The people roused shall listen to a knell
From other voice :—

"Not this the Crown which Holy Nails compose,
As superstitious legend oft repeats;¹
Christ ne'er bestowed those pledges of His throes
To sanction cheats.

"Nor is it of the ancient Ploughshare made,²
Which raised our ancestors' historic fame;
'Tis but the Northern robbers' twisted blade
In regal frame.

"O Latin race! to whom thus lowly kneel?
He is of those old robber chiefs the heir,
And round your feet, of that same clanking steel,
A chain ye wear.

"Forward in thick battalions: thrust and slash;
Swift on his mercenary band alight!
Another sword of other metal flash
Full in his sight!

"Wrought from the mine that gave those weapons dire
Which mowed the barbarous hordes like wheat, that day
When at Legnano, filled with patriot ire,
Ye fought the fray!"

How he dealt with the theories of visionary philanthropists, we see again in such lines as those on the humanitarian or cosmopolitan fancy which some were in the habit of preaching in the years of liberal reaction succeeding the Revolution of Paris in 1830. No more boundaries of countries, he says,—

"I deserti, i monti, i mari,
Son confini da Lunari
Sogni di geografi:"

with the aid of steam power and balloons we shall find short cuts up among the clouds. All political differences will disappear. Blacks and whites will unite to form a race of mulattoes. Cannon will be useless; we shall die of indigestion and of having nothing to do. There shall be one government, one church, one language:—

"Io non so se il regno umano
Deve aver Papa e Sovrano;
Ma se ci hanno a essere,

"Il Monarca sarà probo
E discreto: un re del globo
Saprà star ne' limiti.

¹ Alluding to the popular belief that the iron crown of the Lombards, which the Emperor received at Milan, was made from the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross.

² Alluding to Cincinnatus and the primitive simplicity of Roman manners.

- “ Ed il capo della Fede
Consoliamoci, si crede ?
Che sarà Cattlico.
- “ Finirà se Dio vuole
Questa guerra di parole,
Guerra da pettegoli.
- “ Finirà : sarà parlata
Una lingua mescolata
Tutta frasi aeree ;
- “ E già già da certi tali
Nei poemi e nei giornali
Si comincia a scrivere.
- “ Il puntiglio discortese
Di tener dal suo paese
Sparirà tra gli uomini.”

And so he continues to descant ironically on the advantages of this cosmopolitan enlargement of mind and country ; how before long he may hope to embrace Barbarians, and finally the ape species itself, in the universal brotherhood.

We offer a translation of part of this poem in such doggrel verse as we can command :—

- “ Whether, when the world is one,
King and Pope must still live on,
This is more than I can tell :
- “ But the King will plainly see
Limits to his monarchy,
And observe those limits well.
- “ And the Pope will sure be chief
Of the Catholic belief,
And so far infallible.
- “ Then will end, if Heaven so please,
All this war of languages,
War of chattering and grimaces.
- “ 'Twill be over ; and make oom
For a mingled idiom,
Woven of light, ethereal phrases.
- “ And even now, though scarce they know it,
Many a journalist and poet
Prattles in the speech to come.
- “ Then each old, unpolished word
Shall, thank God, no more be heard,
Country, nation, kindred home.

"Of the world I now am free,
And to write for Italy
Seems to me a loss of time.

"Then the Alps and Adriac wave
We no more for bounds will have,
Pressing close on every quarter.

"To be native here or there
Is a phrase as light as air :
I believe I am a Tartar !"

To estimate the spirit of these poems justly, even in the original, is a difficult matter for any one not conversant with a marked feature of the Florentine mind. From the earliest dawn of poetical literature in Italy, we find, among the Tuscans especially, a turn for humour of a grotesque, extravagant sort. It ran riot in the poems of Berni and Pulci ; while adapting itself to a classical form and colouring : it abounded, though in a modified degree, in the great work of Ariosto. It may be recognised in many later extravaganzas of Tuscan literature ; and not less in the manners and expressions of the lively, intelligent *contadini* of Central Italy, whose mental gesticulation, so to speak, corresponding to the bodily gesticulation for which Italians have always been noted, is one of their most amusing and attractive attributes in the eyes of the stranger who comes to reside among them.¹ The specialty of this humour seems to consist in a kind of harlequin versatility and tricksiness, harmonized, almost imperceptibly, by a presiding law of good sense, and frequently combined with considerable force of irony. But over and above this turn for the characteristic humour and satire of his fellow-countrymen, Giusti possessed a deep vein of pathos and moral earnestness ; and it is the interpenetration of these three elements—his playful humour, his irony, and his moral pathos—which gives to his writings a tone differing, as we think, from that of any other writer of Italian verse. For though fun and good sense, fun and satire, fun and what may almost be called philosophy, are not unfrequently found together in the

¹ In the very interesting letters of Miss Cornwallis (*Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis*, etc., London, 1864), lately published, we find some characteristic sketches of the *contadini* in the neighbourhood of Pescia, Giusti's own country. "Take," she writes, "as a sample of Tuscan *repartée*, the reply of my old woman, when I asked her the other day what the lizards ate. 'Chi sa ?' I said I had stood looking at them for an hour the day before to find out if I could. She shouted with laughter, 'Ah, star a vedere mangiare le lucertole ! ma non fu l'ora del pranzo forse : bisogna darle un invito ed allora si saprà.' . . . "I asked A— just now the name of a wild flower that I had picked up. He looked at it with rather a melancholy air for an instant, and said : 'Non so, veramente ;' but this was out of character, and he looked at me with a smile, adding, 'perchè non son stato al battesimo.'—Pp. 67, 71.

literature of his country, we doubt whether any other instance is to be adduced of the co-existence of these qualities with those which express the deeper sensibilities of the heart. Dante, Petrarch, Alfieri, Monti, Manzoni, Leopardi, were, in their several degrees, masters of tenderness or of moral earnestness; but they had positively no humour. In the humorous writers, on the other hand, we should look in vain for any strain of earnest sentiment. In the French poet Béranger, as we have said, a parallel has been found for Giusti, and in many respects a just one. We doubt, however, whether, in the particular aspect we are now considering, a comparison more true, though at first sight less obvious, may not be discovered for him in a poet of our own land, but of another time, and far different circumstances and training. We allude to Burns. Though Béranger and Giusti lived and wrote under conditions in a great measure similar, and Burns was historically, as it were, the denizen of another hemisphere, yet between the Scotchman and the Italian there was, in the matter of moral sensibility, more approximation than between either of these and the French poet. Burns was not, like Giusti, a "gentleman" by birth or position. He was not by the circumstances of his life a politician, like the Tuscan poet. His sphere of moral observation was homely. The greater concerns of the world were beyond his habitual ken; nor would their echoes have been exciting enough, in his time and country, to titillate strongly the popular fibre.¹ Then, again, Burns was a man of irregular impulses, and of a dissatisfied self-consciousness, which threw a morbid shade over his muse. In Giusti, the melancholy vein was strong; but it was a melancholy based on the struggle of moral susceptibility with physical weakness: it was neither that of self-accusation, nor that of vague, poetical *ennui*—the two curses of the intellectual Sybarite. It is therefore only partially, and with distinct reservations, that we compare the popular bards of Italy and Scotland. Their remaining points of resemblance are these: the easy, familiar handling of an unpolished, vernacular dialect; the expressive use of the homeliest terms and images; the quick-sighted discernment of human pretensions and inconsistencies; the wit which could place them in new and unexpected relations; the daring license of utterance, still keeping within the line of recklessness; the ready satire, keenly severe, yet not morose,—more subtle and fantastic, more *Italian*, in short, in Giusti—more blunt and impetuous in Burns; the equally ready, but in Giusti, at all events, more sparingly expressed, sympathy with generous and true emotion; the natural attraction to the jovialities of good fel-

¹ At least not during the best part of his poetical life. Burns died three years after the decapitation of Louis XVI. Some of his later poems contain allusions to the progress of the French Revolution.

lowship; we might add, the quaint observation of external nature; but the instances of this in Giusti are rare, though striking.

Burns was bred under a rigidly precise system of church-government, and his satire was directed against pharisaical pretensions, or what he considered as such. Giusti was a liberal and a patriot, living under a "paternal" despotism, and his satire was accordingly directed against autocratic rule and the evils it engendered. Thus the objects of their castigation were different; the resemblance lies in the style in which each administered the lash. Place Burns's several effusions on the controversy between the Old and New Lights,—such as "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Holy Fair," "The Twa Herds," the "Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math," and that to Goudie of Kilmarnock—side by side with Giusti's *L'Incoronazione*, *Gingilino*, *Gli Umanitari*, *GI'Immobili ed i Semoventi*, *La Vestizione*, and numerous other social or political squibs, and the force of our comparison will we think be admitted. These verses have to our thinking the very ring of Giusti:—

" Oh, Goudie ! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

" Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 ' Nigh unto death ;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath.

" Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a gallopin' consumption;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her."

Here we have terse colloquial freedom, and fearless derision of things held by conventional superstition sacred. In the lines which we next cite, we see how the poet's moral fervour for what is intrinsically worthy of veneration in principle and feeling forces itself through the bristling outworks of his banter. He writes to M'Math:—

“ But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers and hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

“ They take religion in their mouth,
They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
And hunt him down, o'er right and ruth
 To ruin straight.

“ All hail, Religion ! ” etc.

But we are addressing *North British* readers, and what Scotchman has not the glorious strains of his national bard too firmly fixed in his memory to need more than such slight quotation as may be sufficient for the purpose of reference in the comparison we are here pursuing? Could we hope to find one who had not a “ Burns,” great or small, on every bookcase in his house, we should be sorely tempted to enrich our pages with that Epistle to James Smith of Mauchline, which pourtrays so very exquisitely the hopes and pleasures of youth, the blessings and the banes of a light and careless spirit, the unenviable success of the cautious and crafty, which, with doubtful philosophy, but a most attractive geniality, points the contrast between the

“ douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,”

and

“ The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin' squad,”

of whom the misguided poet himself was one.

“ Oh, Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning
 We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.”

But though we must not quote more of these well-known lines, we must beg our readers to review them in their own memory, and then to see how much of a similar spirit is reflected in the poem on the recollections of his student days at Pisa, which Giusti composed in the thoughtful leisure of his after life, and of which we have attempted a version :—

"Sempre nell' anima
Mi sta quel giorno
Che con un nuvolo
D'amici intorno,
D'Eccellentissimo

Comprai divisa
E malinconico
Lasciai di Pisa
La baraonda
Tanta gioconda," etc.

The rhythm and cadences of the original are quite unattainable in English; and rhythm and cadence, as every lover of verse knows, are to a poem what the general air and manner are to an individual. How many fascinating members of society can we recall, of whom the mere dry notes of their conversation would convey but a very inadequate idea. Nor will our metre represent the extreme conciseness which is a remarkable attribute of the original. Still, we may hope to give some idea of the tone and character of Giusti's poem; and this will suffice, we think, to prove the justness of our analogy. We omit some stanzas for the sake of brevity:—

I.

Ah! well I remember
That long-ago day,
When, with comrades around me
In goodly array,
I took my diploma
In Pisa's old halls,
And heavy at heart,
Bid adieu to its walls,
And those friends leal and true,
A gay, dare-devil crew.

II.

I entered the café
Heart-weary and sore,
Discharged a last reck'ning
For self and a score;
Then out with three *paoli*,
An old debt to pay,
And mounting my car
I was off and away,
With my head swimming round,
And my eyes on the ground.

III.

Four years quickly sped
In companionship free,
With the wit Nature gives
To the harebrained in fee:

All our text-books laid by
In a corner aside,
How the great Book of Life
At a glance opens wide,
And entices the eye
Its first lessons to try!

IV.

You may con tome by tome
All that learning can span,
And be dubbed LL.D.,
Yet be never a man.
If within your four walls
You learn action alone,
You will stumble, be sure,
On the first outer stone.
From doing to talking
'Tis pretty wide walking.

V.

Excuse me! I honour
All schools of advice:
A lecture-room teaches,
And so do the dice:
If wandering shows us
The world's devious ways,
Then a vagabond life
Of all lives I will praise.
Ah! what wisdom may couch
In a negligent slouch.

VI.

Once threadbare our jacket,
 And hearty our greeting:
 "Hail fellow! well met,"
 At the very first meeting.
 Virgin-lips in those years
 That may ne'er come again;
 Virgin-lips, which life's cunning
 Too early must stain:
 Till we lie like the best,
 In politeness confest.

VII.

In this epoch of banking,
 Per-cents, scrip, and par,
 When 'tis all *what we seem*,
 And 'tis nought *what we are*,
 Who cares any more
 For those cynics of old
 Who loved to go fasting,
 Could live without gold,
 Counted starving no blame,
 Nor held penury shame?

VIII.

O days bright and happy!
 O evenings serene!
 How we joked it and quaffed it,
 And smoked it between!
 Ah, that is the life
 For contentment alone,
 Which is true to itself
 As Time's changes speed on,
 When the hair and the brain
 Of like aspect remain.

IX.

That old marble tower
 Which bent over us then,
 How we kindle and smile
 On beholding again,

If, years having past,
 We can say to our heart,
 "No change hast thou known,
 What thou wert, still thou art;
Thy form hath not curved,
Thy line hath not swerved!"

X.

The wise ones who scouted
 Our jocund carouse,
 And listened all eager
 As cats watch a mouse,
 When of Rescripts and Rights
 We made jokes without end,
 And let all our voices
 Uproariously blend
 In some Tricolor chorus,
 Not looking before us.

XI.

They now pine and sicken
 And perish away,
 All jaundiced and swollen
 In early decay;
 While we madcap fellows,
Sans prudence or thought,
 Are here out of service,
 And just good for nought,
 But jocund co-mates
 With gay, whimsical pates.

XII.

The rabble who fear *them*
 And shrink from their bite,
 Make room and speak softly
 When they come in sight,—
 To us jovial fellows,
 Republic apart,
 Throw wide to the utmost
 Their arms and their heart:
 When all's said and done,
 'Tis the fools have the fun!

Once again, both our poets had a turn for playful moralizing on the phenomena of nature, though the habit is undoubtedly less conspicuous in Giusti the lawyer than in Burns the ploughman. Compare the lines of the former on the *chiocciola*, or snail, with Burns's exquisite addresses, "To a Mouse," "To a

Mountain Daisy," and suchlike topics, in which his soul delighted. Giusti thus relates the occasion of his own composition:—

"Unhappy those who have no home! His native place is the longed-for haven of him who has crossed the tempestuous sea of life, and has escaped shipwreck. I have met with cosmopolitans who, from a foolish desire to make themselves citizens of the world, cannot rest at home in their own country. I like to think that as plants vegetate better in one soil than in another, so we live and flourish better in the place in which we were born. Whilst making this and similar reflections during a walk in the country, I happened to stop by the way to watch a snail. By an association of ideas, I thought this little animal might become the living image of the thoughts which were crowding into my mind; and reflecting on the vain arrogance of man, and his undisciplined passion, on anger, and on pride, I was ready to exclaim, *Viva la chiocciola!*"

We will not here quote the lines themselves. The reader who has not a copy of Giusti's poems at hand, will find them at p. 135 of Miss Horner's book. But the circumstances of their composition, as here related by the poet himself, will not fail to remind lovers of the Scottish bard how, with similarly suggestive impulse, Burns was wont to pause when his coulter was on the point of cutting down some rural flower or reptile, and would string analogies, and moralizings on the theme:

"O what a panic's in thy breastie!" etc.

We may be excused for transcribing, as the seal of our comparison, a few sentences of Thomas Carlyle's, descriptive of some of the characteristic merits of Burns; change the name, and they might be used, word for word, in an estimate of Giusti:—

"He has a consonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad and the ludicrous, the mournful and the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his all-conceiving spirit. And then with what a prompt and eager force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye, full and clear in every lineament, and catches the real type and essence of it, among a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! If there is aught of reason or truth to be discovered, there is no sophistry, no mere surface logic detains him. Quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces into the marrow of the question, and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description,—some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic. . . . The characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance. Three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness; and in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness, that

it seems like a master-limner working with a burnt stick ; and yet the burin of a Retsch is not more expressive or exact."

How enthusiastically his fellow-countrymen appreciated Giusti's verses on their first appearance is thus reported by one of his Italian biographers (Carducci). While still in manuscript, he says—

" They were read along the smiling valley of the Arno, amidst the forests of the mountains of Pistoia, and on the plains of the Pisan coast. Friends passed them jealously from one to another ; fathers pretended not to see them in the hands of their sons ; they were read in the watches of the winter evenings, and under the shade of the chestnut trees in the lovely days of spring. The author of these pages can remember, when little more than a boy, being dragged into tailors' and carpenters' workshops in a remote village, to write down and comment on Giusti's poetry."

The poet's personal liberty was not seldom in peril from the popularity of his rhymes. They were circulated in manuscript only—

" But," says Miss Horner, " as every fresh poem appeared it was greedily seized upon, copied and read, till it was known throughout the whole country. Lawyers' and bankers' clerks, students at the school or university, laid aside every other occupation to make copies of Giusti's poetry."

A dark celebrity began to attach to the " anonymous Tuscan," as he was called, and the existing authorities came to look on him as a foe not the less to be dreaded because of the exciting mystery which hung about his existence.

Government was right in reading the effect of his sneers ; for its title to the affectionate adhesion of its subjects was hardly such as to stand investigation. The aim and object of the Tuscan rulers since 1815 had been to separate Tuscany as much as possible from the rest of Italy, to give it political compactness and material well-being ; but by discouraging education for the lower orders, cramping that of the higher orders, and limiting the freedom of the press, to stultify and restrain all sense of eager, earnest life among its inhabitants. The successive ministers, Fossombroni and Corsini, pursued these objects indeed in a certain spirit of benevolence and indulgence. They were Italians, and did not wish to Germanize their country ; and though aware that Austrian power was the ultimate support of the Grand Ducal dynasty, and must needs form a paramount element in all political considerations, they would fain have kept the show of Austrian influence in the background. Toleration was accorded to political refugees from other parts of Italy ; for they were not insensible to the glory which science and litera-

ture might confer on the Tuscan capital, nor to the advantage of being lauded by famous men. Thus, for some years after the dispersion of the national party in Lombardy, in 1820, Florence became the centre of literary activity and patriotic feeling; and a superficial impression was produced that in happy Tuscany men might say and do what they pleased, till the suppression of the *Antologia* in 1833, in consequence of some offence taken by the Russian minister, showed that the human mind there also was only tethered, not set free.

Giusti early saw what these shows of mild government were worth. He felt that for the real well-being of the nation nothing was so much wanted as a well-grounded liberal education for youth; and with a generous earnestness, which constituted the special charm of his character, he set himself to do what he could towards obtaining the boon. The quiet business-like tone of his letters on this subject forms a noteworthy contrast to the unscrupulous irony of his verse. Thus about 1838, he writes to a friend on the prospects and the means of establishing schools, infant-schools, and savings-banks at Pescia, and adds:—"I am impatient to put my hand to this work, to which I am moved by the sad experience of the evil of a bad education, by the desire to serve my country, and the wish to do something which will be as satisfactory to our community as to my own heart." "One of our many mistakes," he says in another letter about the same time, "is to educate a man as if he were made in separate pieces. The head is separated from the heart, the heart from the head, and now one is neglected, now the other; whereas these two faculties ought to act in perfect harmony, and to advance by equal steps towards perfection. Hence arises that perpetual struggle between the reason and the affections, between the real and the ideal,—a struggle which accompanies us through life, and often follows us to the grave."

Translated into his rhyming jargon, we have his views on education in the poems on the "Preterpluperfect of the Verb to Think," and on "The Motionless and the Automata." "The world grows worse and worse, is the cry of many," so he begins in the first of these satires; "our forefathers, of respectable and golden memory, *they* indeed were men, God keep them in glory! True it is, their descendants, too arrogant all along of this zeal for going a-head, have broken the slumber of the human race, and profaned the ideas of their grand-parents. . . . Oh, peaceful, happy times! when we were not pestered with books and gazettes, and when it was the concern of the *Index* (*Expurgatorius*) to think for us!" And in the latter satire, he derides the attempts made by the reverend fathers of the colleges to keep pace in some measure with the requirements of

the times, by advancing their pupils from the state of absolute inertia to the dignity at least of *automata*, or machines capable of self-movement, though only by means of regulated clock-work.¹

“ Il moderno educatore
 Oramai visto l'errore
 De' Reverendissimi,
 “ E che l'uomo tra i viventi
 Messo qui co' semoventi
 Par che debba muoversi,
 “ Ha pescato nel gran vuoto
 La teorica del moto
 Applicata agli uomini.
 “ Il fanciullo deve andare,
 Deve ridere e pensare
 Appoggiato al calcolo.
 “ D'ora innanzi, ni consolo;
 Questo bipede oriole
 Anderà col pendolo.”

While on this subject of education, which occupied so much of Giusti's thoughts, we are tempted here to cite a letter of advice written by him in 1840 to a boy entering school, which, says Miss Horner, is still made a text for admonition to the youth of Italy. We will give at length one or two passages, which convey some noble maxims, and furnish interesting glimpses into Giusti's personal feelings and experience :—

“ Most people,” he says, “ would begin by recommending to you application in study ; but I begin by recommending to you the practice of virtue. Learning is often a vain ornament, of little use in the business of life, and generally reserved for show on gala-days, like tapestry and silver plate ; but virtue is of the first necessity, required every day, every moment. Believe me, the world would go on very well without learned men ; but without good men everything would be in confusion. . . .

“ I must ask your full attention,” he continues, “ to what I have next to say. Any one devoting himself to a life of study, must determine on pursuing one of three aims : gain, honour, or the satisfaction of his own mind. You do not require to study for *gain* ; and you may thank God, who has preserved you from the danger of thus soiling your mind and soul. This aim, low in itself, generally ends by debasing the heart and head of the man who makes it his ulterior object,

¹ We must here notice an oversight of Miss Horner's, singular in so able an Italian scholar. She confuses the word *semoventi* with *semiviventi*, and imagines Giusti's poem to relate to “ The stationary and those who are only half alive ; ” a rendering which would deprive the poem of half its point and meaning.

and converts the wholesome food of science into poison. I hope you will not allow yourself to be too much allured by *honour*; you are yet a child, and cannot have learnt the bitter side of certain things which outwardly bear a fair and pleasant aspect. Honour is a dream, which has a powerful attraction for all, but especially for the young; but it is uncertain and fallacious, like everything which depends on ourselves, erring and miserable creatures as we are. You have not yet had the opportunity of seeing, as I have, honour refused to merit which did not know how to stoop, and lavished on cowardly asses, who were willing to drag themselves in the mire before the few in authority, whom they fear and bribe, or before the many, who are always volatile and blind. I do not propose that you should fly to the other extreme, and despise honour because you see it grasped at by the mean and unworthy, or to fly from it as from darkness. Keep your eye fixed on that which is good, and take delight only in that; all else is dirt, street-mire. I can never find sufficient words to warn you against seeking after that which is not true honour, but its false image: I mean the applause of every passing stranger or insignificant person, at the cost of your dignity and of your conscience. . . .

"Study, then, rather for your own improvement, to train your character in the love of all that is refined and elevating, and to form for yourself a noble and delightful occupation, which may one day be of great service to yourself and to others. As you grow up to manhood and enter into the world, you will know that life is not all as pleasant as you think it now. I am sorry to disturb your simple, confiding, affectionate nature; but I cannot help telling you that you will not always find men as amiable and as disposed to help you. You will feel the need of advice, of consolation, of aid, and perhaps you will not be able to obtain them from your fellow-men. If you are not early accustomed to be sufficient for yourself, and to seek a refuge in your books, good and ingenuous as you are, you will live to be unhappy. I tell you this, because I have experienced it myself; and young as I still am, and independent, I should often despond if I had not this solace, that I can shut myself up in my room and forget present annoyances, whilst meditating on books and on the recollections of men of the past. I do not mean by this to offer myself as an example, but as I know the affection and confidence you have in me, I think that by telling you my experience you may the more easily be persuaded to follow my advice. The path now before you is all pleasantness, and strewn with flowers. Many dream that it is encumbered with thorns; but this is mere imagination; and if you become fond of study, you will see I am in the right."

In this, and many other letters to his friends on public and private matters, Giusti's true nature is exhibited: tender, melancholy, sympathetic. How these attributes at times crossed and saddened the scornful license of his rhyming vein,—how, while denouncing with bitter derision the vices and meannesses of mankind, he pined for power to expand his soul in the higher

harmonies of poetry,—he has himself most touchingly described in two poems, the one written towards the beginning, and the other towards the end of his poetical career. “O Gino mio,” he says in 1848 to the noble and faithful friend under whose roof two years later he expired :—

“ My Gino, if from thee I never veiled
 This secret conflict of my troubled breast,—
 When thou shalt hear my tuneful style assailed,
 For gloom or mirth in fitful change expressed,
 O tell them—thou hast known and canst attest—
 How throbs his heart in restless palpitation,
 Whom Truth’s all-beauteous vision once hath blest,
 Fired with one ray his tranced imagination,
 Then left him, panting, to a bootless quest.”

These lines are but a recurrence of the same sentiment which prompted his earlier ones to Girolamo Tommasi, when apologizing for the style of versifying he had adopted, on the score of the vices and follies he witnessed around him, and which he knew not how to deal with in any other way :—

“ Then rage and grief and wonder all at once
 In laughter melted :
 Laughter that only on the surface flits !
 For ah ! the wretched mountebank thus smiles
 Who, with strained effort of his starving wits,
 The crowd beguiles.
 Happy, thrice happy ! could my soul above
 Repose, on objects more serene, more fair,
 And scatter flowers, and sweet congenial love
 Contented share.”

In 1842, his health, which had for some time been delicate, began seriously to fail. He suffered from great languor and nervous depression, and from incapacity of sustained mental exertion. The political events of 1846-48 roused and animated him ; but ardently as he participated in the hopes and triumphs of the epoch, the struggle of life was a painful one, and it was only by great self-denial that he was able to accomplish the tasks which patriotism imposed upon him. His letters on public events show the triumph of moral strength over physical and nervous weakness. No stilted generalities or whining lamentations are to be found in them ; nor do they exhibit any of that bitter cynicism in which disappointment so often takes refuge.

“ This mania for woe,” he writes to a too sentimental friend in 1839, “ prevails too much in our country. The echoes of Italy, as a Frenchman would say, only repeat one long wearisome *Jeremiad*, from

the Alps to the Lilybæan Sea. The habit of believing ourselves unhappy leads us to accuse the order of nature of injustice, makes us think ourselves solitary upon the earth, and ends by throwing us into a state of apathy disgraceful to a man. It poisons his sweetest affections, his noblest faculties, and, in short, makes a sceptic of him."

To another friend he writes:—

"Few of us Italians (I am sorry to say) know the meaning of political passions. Many of us, either from a desire to follow the fashion, or from ambition, or idleness, or to court popularity, talk of country; but who knows what kind of an idea they attach to the word? The variety of interpretations it has received prove that few or none comprehend its true meaning. To me it is as a god; it is felt, and not understood. . . . I may be wrong, but it appears to me that we, in these days, must make up our treasure out of family affections: first educate, then instruct; become good fathers before we become good citizens. Let us not put the cart before the horse, or, whilst we are composing more or less beautiful sonnets about Italy, Italy herself will for ever remain patched, like a harlequin's dress."

A recapitulation of the course of history at this time, and up to the event of his death, will serve to illustrate the position and the fate of parties, and to show the relation in which Giusti stood to them. The personal commentary of his verses and his letters we can only partially cite; but we would recommend the careful study of them, in their chronological order, to readers who wish to form a just estimate of the man and his times.

Up to 1845 there were no outward indications that the smoothness of the political torrent in Tuscany was about to change into the roughness of the cataract. Paternal benevolence was still the motto of government; timidity and corruption were still the engines at work. But the death of the minister Corsini, in 1845, was succeeded by the appointment of a Cabinet with more decidedly Austrian tendencies; while at the same time indications were perceptible, in many parts of Italy, of certain stirrings in the national mind, which found vent the following year in a partial demonstration in memory of the expulsion of the Germans from Genoa a hundred years before. Suspicion and discontent were aroused in Tuscany by an attempt of the Government to introduce into Pisa the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur*, a society notoriously under the guidance of the Jesuits; and also by the delivery to the Papal Government of Renzi, an agitator who had taken refuge at Florence, after attempting a disturbance in the dominions of the Holy See. Shelter to political refugees had been rather the point of honour in the administrations of Fossombroni and Corsini; it had stood them in good stead as conciliating the

affections of the liberals; hostility to the Jesuits had also been one of their most useful safeguards on the liberal side. To see these principles threatened with overthrow caused disquiet in men's hearts. Professor Montanelli's petition against the intrusion of the nuns may be signalized, in the words of Miss Horner, as "the first legal, organized, and open resistance offered to the acts of the Italian Governments subject to Austria." Giusti was among the first to rejoice in this symptom that life was stirring among his fellow-countrymen.

The hopes of the liberals received a new and memorable impulse when, in 1846, Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair, and commenced that system of reform and benevolent compliance with the wishes of his subjects, which, while it alarmed and offended the House of Hapsburg, opened a bright but delusive vista to the national party, and to Giusti among them, of regeneration, beginning at the very centre of Italian polity, of a Church renovating itself; of a Pontiff-patriot recognising the claims of humanity to freedom of thought and self-government, and inaugurating a golden era of unity and enlightenment for his country. True, the *a priori* theories of Gioberti, in his work on the *Primato*, had never found favour in Giusti's eyes; and one of his satires, *Il Papato di prete Pero*, had been composed expressly in ridicule of the pontifical Utopia of that philosopher. Nevertheless he, like others, was deluded by the commencement of Pio Nono's reign into a belief, that the right solution of the national difficulties was to be found in a Papal reform. Within three weeks of his accession, Pius, at the request of his people, granted an edict for the organization of a National Guard. This was the signal for the vigilance of Austria to rouse itself. The citizens of Ferrara were rejoicing over their newly acquired privileges, when a troop of German soldiers was suddenly sent to seize the city, under pretence of defending the Pope from the dangers his rash indulgence had brought upon himself. And now the Florentines felt it was time to look to their nearest interests. The liberty of the press was the point on which they joined issue with their rulers. There were three parties among the liberals: the two sections of the moderates, led respectively by Baron Ricasoli (afterwards Prime Minister to Victor Emmanuel), and by the Marquis Gino Capponi; and the more ardent reformers, led by the gifted but somewhat visionary Professor Montanelli and by Francesco Guerrazzi, a turbulent advocate, and writer of "sensation" romances, who wielded great influence over the lower orders at Leghorn, and subsequently at Florence. Government met the malcontents by a partial concession, which filled the good-humoured people with joy and gratitude. But it was not in the

nature of things that popular demands should stop here ; and about the end of August, the Florentines, following the example of the Romans, demanded a National Guard. This, too, was granted ; the police system, the stronghold of autocratic government, was abolished ; and as a further pledge of liberal intentions on the part of the Grand Duke, the Marquis Capponi was taken into the Ministry. To no one of his friends did Giusti look with such entire trust and adhesion in political matters, as he did to this wise, liberal, and large-hearted nobleman, who, happier in this respect than himself, still lives to witness the resuscitation of hopes which the events of 1848-49 were doomed for a time so bitterly to disappoint. The magnanimity with which Capponi devoted himself to the interests of his country was of a rare and exalted kind ; for he suffered from a calamity which would have held most men justified to the world and to their own conscience for preferring a life of ease and self-indulgence to the stormy sea of revolutionary politics. He was stone-blind. Early study had first injured his sight ; unskilful treatment in an operation had completed the mischief. " Believe me," said Giusti, writing of him in an ebullition of enthusiastic friendship, " believe me, the more you know this man the more you feel his value, and the pain of seeing him cut off and almost separated from himself. Born of a truly illustrious family, rich, learned, possessing a noble mind and a most noble heart, in excellent health, strong, handsome, in the flower of his age, you see him reduced to a struggle not to bend beneath the misfortunes which have rained upon him, and which would make him despair were he not the man he is. When we see such things, we have no longer a right to complain of our own trials. God knows best what he has ordered."

The 11th of September 1847 was a joyful day in Florence. Fifty thousand persons assembled in the Piazza Pitti to celebrate the institution of the National Guard, and to greet the Prince who, by inaugurating this popular measure, had given hopes that the days of Austrian supremacy were over. It was at this time that Giusti composed his poem entitled *Il Congresso dei Birri*, in which he supposes the members of the police force to meet and utter their lamentations over the encouragement rendered by their deluded master to the pestilence of free opinions. " Why," says one of these police agents, " why speak smooth words to a rabble who would fain play the master, or suppose that brute beasts can have right and reason ?"

" Lasciare un popolo
Che fa il padrone ?
Suppone in bestie
Dritto e ragione ?"

No ; the galley and the headsman are the true resource :

“ Ecco la massima
Spedita e vera ;
Galera e boia,
Boia e galera.”

Ah ! but this is not a time for violence, retorts another. Time was when the word Italy was only known to the learned few ; but now every nurse teaches it to her nursling. Watch—is the advice of this speaker—which side fortune seems likely to favour, and take part accordingly. A third then rises, and exhorts that above all things the Prince and the people should be kept from understanding each other, for should a reconciliation take place, farewell indeed to the golden age :—

“ Quando uno stato e sano e in armonia,
Che figura ci fa la Polizia ?”

Ten thousand copies of the *Congresso dei Birri* were sold in three days.

The Government moved with hesitation indeed ; and its popular measures were hampered by timid restrictions. Still it moved ; and on the 17th of February 1848, just before the outbreak at Paris, which resulted in the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, the Grand Duke, following the example of Naples and Piedmont, granted a representative constitution to Tuscany. A few weeks later he found himself compelled, in further compliance with the will of his people, to send troops in aid of the national cause to Lombardy, where the war had commenced between Sardinia and Austria ; and when Charles-Albert entered Peschiera in triumph, on the 1st of June, the culminating moment of his fortunes, Leopold with what grace he might, went with his ministers to return thanks publicly for the Austrian discomfiture in the Cathedral at Florence.

The Tuscan Parliament met at the end of that month. Giusti, in spite of himself, for he was weak in health, and distrustful of the hot-headed partisans of innovation, was elected as one of the deputies. But the times were growing too urgent for the indulgence of talk. Reverses began to attend the arms of Charles-Albert. The people waxed impatient. There was an agitation for deposing the reigning dynasty, and joining Tuscany to the Sardinian kingdom. Alexander Gavazzi, the demagogic priest, added fuel to the flame. The lawyer Guerrazzi, ever restless and revolutionary, was acquiring more and more influence both in Leghorn and Florence. At this moment the Marquis Gino Capponi consented, at the Grand Duke's request, to form a ministry : and the weight of his character, his high position and tried virtues, held the balance for a brief interval between the terrors of the reactionists and the impetuosity of

the democrats. For a brief interval only : for by the middle of October he was forced to give place to a levelling administration headed by Montanelli and Guerrazzi. The measure now demanded was a compliance with the summons issued by the Revolutionary Triumvirate, which had seized the reins of power at Rome, for a constituent assembly to meet in that metropolis, and decide as to a form of government adapted for the whole Peninsula. Leopold II. had yielded much, but here he resisted ; till at last, at his ministers' persuasions, he promised his signature and assent : having done which, he surreptitiously took flight with all his family, and repaired to the friendly shelter of Vienna. Montanelli and Guerrazzi, with an insignificant third, Mazzoni, now found themselves raised to a Triumvirate on which the whole direction of affairs devolved. Next followed a collision between Guerrazzi and the wandering prophet of " Young Italy," Giuseppe Mazzini. That notorious agitator arrived at Florence just as the Grand Duke had fled. He urged the union of Tuscany with Rome, and the immediate proclamation of a Republic. Montanelli and the man of straw, Mazzoni, were gained. Guerrazzi alone opposed the scheme, and urged that it should be left to the decision of the Constituent Assembly about to be held for all Italy. After some stormy discussions, Guerrazzi was appointed Dictator of Florence, while Montanelli consented to leave the city. And now, at the summit of his ambition, Guerrazzi set his sails to court the reactionary breeze, which was setting in from the Austrian heavens. His object was, as he said, to play the part of General Monk in Tuscany, and to restore the Grand Duke with guarantees for the preservation of the constitution.

But his schemes were frustrated by an accidental street-riot. The mob rose and demanded his life, under an impression that he was betraying them. He was placed in safe custody by those who wished to preserve him from extremities. Supported by Austrian troops, and styling himself an " Imperial Prince of the House of Austria," Leopold II. returned on July 28, 1849, having given his promise to maintain the constitutional form of government. Three years later he abolished that constitution by proclamation.

Giusti survived the Grand Duke's return by eight months only. The disappointment of the hopes he had entertained for his country precipitated the action of disease on his enfeebled frame. The sight of the Austrian uniforms in his native city almost broke his heart. " We have the Germans in Pescia," he wrote to Capponi. " They poured in unexpectedly this morning, numbering about 2000 ; and it appears they intend advancing upon Pistoia. I have neither heart nor health to bear the sight of them, and I stay at home in shame and sorrow."

Yet Giusti had long mistrusted the issue of the Revolution. To satisfy him, reform should have proceeded on a broader basis, and with more cautious steps. He honoured and trusted the genuine impulses of the people; but the theories of demagogues were his abhorrence and his dread. And demagogues distrusted him in turn, and branded his honest moderation as timidity or even worse. "He helped us to pull down," said Guerrazzi of him, "and then got frightened at the ruins." He said himself, with a juster sense of his own services to the national cause, "They have forgotten that at the time when I spoke out they all held their tongues." The cold looks of former political friends, the suspicion that he whose heart and voice had done so much to stir the wills of his fellow-countrymen was a renegade to the cause, was very bitter to him. Still, in anxiety for his country he thought little of himself. When the brief dream of liberty was at an end he still refused to despair. "Ten years hence," he said, in May 1849, "we shall know the truth." In just ten years from that time Tuscany became a province of free and united Italy.

True to the advice he had long ago given in his letter on education, Giusti sought and found his best consolation in study; and in that study which to a patriot's and a poet's heart was most congenial. He devoted his last months to the composition of a commentary on the *Divina Commedia*, and was so completely absorbed by his occupation, that he could speak of little else, and when confined to bed, would lie with books and manuscripts round him, burying his thoughts in the politics of the ancient Guelphs and Ghibellines, and realizing, by the light of his own experience, the motives which prompted the ardour and the scorn of Dante's verse. It was under the roof of his friend, Marquis Capponi, that he breathed his last. The conclusion of his life is related by Miss Horner with much simple pathos, and we cannot do better here than transcribe her words:—

"Faith in the goodness and wisdom of the Creator, had sustained Giusti in his hope for the renovation of his country, amidst scenes the most hopeless, the most discouraging; and the same faith did not fail him in the contemplation of his own approaching end. His time was not spent as if in the expectation that death would change his soul in an instant, either in being or in aim; or that in departing this life he was to enter upon a world alien to ours. As he lived, so he died, filled with the thought of all that is pure and great and good, and with that perfect Christian charity which, while teaching him to love his fellow-creatures whom he had seen, led him to love the Father whom he had not seen. Writing to the Marquis Capponi in 1845, he expressed sentiments which appear to have continued with him to the end of his life.

" 'I wish that reverence for that which is above us should be united

with reverence for great men. Faith in God and in our fellow-creatures go hand in hand ; and the atheist (if such there be, which I do not believe) is of necessity the first enemy of the human race and of himself. For this reason charity is the fruit of faith.'

"Such faith could only be attained by the wisdom of that true humility which confesses, in our disappointed expectations, the limits of human knowledge and foresight, and the immensity of that scheme of which it is only permitted to man to know a part."

Giusti's last poem was a prayer, of which we offer the following translation :—

"Opress'd with doubt and sorrow,
My soul thick shadows veil :
O Lord, send gracious succour,
Let Faith's bright beam prevail !

"Relieve it from the burden
That presseth it so low ;
O hear my groans and sighing,
I cast on thee my woe.

"Thou know'st my life is ebbing .
Full surely day by day ;
Like wax before the furnace,
Like snow in summer's ray.

"O to the soul that panteth
Safe in thine arms to be,
Break, Lord, the earthly fetter
That checks its flight to thee !"¹

"During the severe winter of 1850, Giusti was unable to leave the Capponi Palace. On the 25th of March, a friend who visited him describes him as calm and happy, speaking of his approaching end. Six days later, on the 31st of March, he was seized with a sudden rush of blood to the mouth, from the rupture of some vessel, and he had only time to throw himself on the bed, when he expired."

He was buried with public honours, though the Government made some difficulty about granting them, and a military guard was appointed to prevent any outburst of popular feeling on the occasion. The Church of San Miniato received his remains.

¹ "Alla mente confusa
Di dubbio e di dolore
Soccorri, o mio Signore
Col raggio della fè ;
Sollevalo dal peso
Che la declina al fango,
A te sospiro e piango,
Mi raccomando a te.

Sai che la vita mia
Si strugge a poco a poco,
Come la cera al foco,
Come la neve al sol :
All' anima che anela
Di ricovrarti in braccio,
Rompi, Signore, il laccio
Che le impedisce il vol."

ART. VII.—THE LATE JOHN RICHARDSON.

THE nineteenth century is fast drifting away from the intellectual glories of its commencement. We are already far advanced in its second epoch; and the generation which produced the giants—the generation which knew them, along with their achievements—is receding from contemporaneous to historical fame. The great men who led opinion, intellect, and taste in the earlier part of the century, are nearly all gone; and when we come to reckon up the catalogue of memories which have been carved on the nation's history by the hand of genius during this period, the brilliancy of the muster-roll is clouded by the recollection of how few survive to enjoy their own fame, or to recount that of their friends. Crabbe, Rogers, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Horner, Jeffrey, have all left the stage. They, and many a not unworthy associate, have departed, leaving scarcely one to tell us from his own knowledge after what sort these men of mark lived, conversed, and acted. One indeed remains, a venerable pine in the levelled forest, in the person of Brougham; but he stands mighty and alone.

One of the last of that generation has lately followed his distinguished contemporaries to the grave. In an article on Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1849, the reviewer, speaking of Thomas Campbell, said—

“While yet in real obscurity, he had knit a friendship, to be dissolved only by death, with John Richardson (of Fludyer Street), then a law-student, then, as now, a student of everything good and graceful, and who will go down with the singular distinction of having enjoyed confidential familiarity throughout life with three of the brightest of his age, Thomas Campbell, Walter Scott, and Joanna Baillie.”¹

This was true, and it was a high distinction; but far from being his only one. In taking as our theme our reminiscences and traditions of John Richardson, who died at his residence of Kirklands, in Roxburghshire, in the course of last month, in his eighty-fifth year, we are led to speak of one of the most interesting men of his time. Not that, in the comparatively unambitious lot in life which he selected, he achieved notoriety, although he commanded success. Of fame, perhaps, little remains behind him, excepting in the affectionate memories of a younger generation, and in the preserved records of the love and respect of his own. But it was his rare good-fortune—and good fortune of that kind never comes without rare desert—to have lived in the society and the confidence of the greatest men of that greatest brotherhood; so that, as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder said of

¹ *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv. No. 169, p. 47.

him, with literal truth, he was the personal friend "of Scott, and indeed of every really intellectual being that has existed, or that does exist, during his time."¹ A man full of present kindness and pleasant memories, with a singular appreciation of the intellectual and the beautiful, and one whose heart appeared to contain a responsive chord for every variety of genius. He was not an author, he was not a politician, he was not a philosopher; but authors, politicians, and philosophers deferred to his judgment, and courted his society. While the troubles and anxieties of genius or of ambition, left the calm serenity of his life undisturbed, he yet had the good fortune to "pursue the triumph and partake the gale" in the company of the most brilliant of the band. The devouring fire of personal vanity, or even of ambition, left him unscathed. He reaped the fruits of intellectual enjoyment without its tares; maintaining with dignity an unassuming equality with half a century of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

For this result, which was the delight and solace of his long life, he was indebted to qualities of no common order, both of head and heart. He was a man of clear vigorous intellect, as he evinced in the only field of active pursuit in which he ever cared to display it; and probably if he had possessed more of that tormenting and restless will, that never satisfied energy, which frequently accompany an intellectual temperament such as his, he would have been a more celebrated, and a less happy and contented man. He said of himself at school, that "little application being requisite to accomplish my daily tasks, I dwindled into a listless dreamer, and have never recovered." In this, however, he did himself injustice, for listlessness never was his failing. In business he was ardent, intent, and successful, and in his professional eminence, which was very high, did great service to the public, and he was ever busy on something when the daily toil was over. But he found, and used the gift wisely, that the faculty of pleasant dreams which kind nature had given him,—a rare and elegant fancy which surrounded his daily thoughts,—lent a greater charm to his social life, his home circle, and his intercourse with congenial minds, than the tearing anxieties of authorship, or the fretful chances of ambition could have brought him. It was a fancy the images of which were constantly tending outwards,—woven round his friends, their fortunes and their families, and creating in his heart, for their prosperity and success in things great and small, a genuine kindly interest which was a source of the purest pleasure.

Engaged as he was, down to a very late period of his long career, in the active pursuit of his profession as a Parliamentary Solicitor in London, and of a spirit gentle but manly, and as

¹ "Rivers of Scotland," *Tail's Magazine*, vol. xiv. p. 742.

independent as it was courteous, he could not have formed and retained the close relations in which he stood to so large and distinguished a circle of intellectual men, without the possession of high and uncommon qualities. A time-serving Atticus, no doubt, who never did anything to make his own name famous, comes down to posterity as the foil or the shadow of an immortal friend ; or a pliant Boswell, after trotting at the skirts of a great man's coat all his life, has the good fortune to be remembered in that position after death. But Richardson was no hunter of celebrities. Most of the abiding friendships which yielded so large a harvest of enjoyment in after life were formed when neither fame nor fortune had reached any of the circle ; and in subsequent years, while the public verdict on his companions hung in suspense, and the vicissitudes of life distracted them, Richardson was often the "guide, philosopher, and friend," the good-tempered but judicious critic, the sagacious adviser, the cool-headed arbiter, who restrained within the orbit of moderation and sense the erratic course of genius. No one, whatever his rank or fame, ever formed his friendship without finding it a source equally of pleasure and profit. "In saying, speak to nobody," says Scott in a letter to Campbell in 1816, about a project he wished kept private, "In saying, speak to nobody, I do not include our valuable friend, John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend of yours ;"¹ a kind of exception which was very frequently made.

Richardson was born at Gilmerton, in the county of Midlothian, on the 9th of May 1780. His father died when he was eight months old, and his mother some time afterwards removed to Leith, but she also died when he was in early childhood. He says that he remembers her but faintly, but that the form that haunts his memory is a very lovely one, and the plaintive songs which she used to sing rang in his ears and to his heart at a very distant day. By the father's side he was descended from an old Covenanting family. He has preserved, on the fly-leaf of an old family Bible, which was handed down to him from these worthies, an account of his family ; and it is so pleasant a little bit of pedigree that we owe no apology to our readers for giving it in his own words :—

"Roland Richardson was born in the year 1624. He was the eldest son of a large family, of the marriage between James Richardson, who was born in the year of King James the Sixth's accession to the throne of England, and Marion Paterson. Roland was possessed of considerable property in land and houses in the village of Gilmerton

¹ *Beattie's Life*, vol. ii. p. 317.

and its neighbourhood. He died in 1683, and was survived by his wife till nearly the end of the seventeenth century.

"Euphane, or Effie Elphinstone, according to traditions to which I listened when very young with deep interest, was a remarkable person. She was said to have been infected with the plague which raged in Scotland in the 17th century, and to have been shut up in an apartment which I have seen. She was daily supplied with food by a window. Its accumulation at one time led to the fear that all was over with Effie; but she shook off the disease, and in the confidence of not being a second time liable to the contagion, went about the country ministering to the infected, and rendering herself a blessing to the vicinity. I heard it also as a tradition from very old persons, connexions and servants of the family, long before I had any positive corroboration of its truth, that when her husband Roland, with three of his sons, had joined the party in arms for the Covenant in the west, in 1679, she went in search of them, taking with her an infant child; and having been seized by a party of Claverhouse's men, was exposed by them with her child on her shoulder as a mark and fired at, and that it was not till they had wounded the boy on the head that she was set at large. It was added that the boy lived to be a soldier, and to be rewarded for the Whig merits of his family by some military rank. The same traditional information related that, at the time of the affair of Bothwell Bridge, a great difference existed between Roland Richardson and that doughty personage, John Balfour of Burley (now so well known through the matchless story of *Old Mortality*), and long doggrel rhymes on the subject of their quarrel, were remembered to have been recited in the family. One narrator, Mrs. Simpson, widow of Mr. James Simpson, bookseller at y^e Cross, Edinburgh, who was a native of the parish of Libberton, where she spent her youth, and who died lately at the age of 91, recollected to have heard many verses repeated, but could only recall—

‘ Rin, Burley, rin,
Or Roland Richardson
Will flype your skin;’—

lines (if they may be so called) implying a degree of personal prowess in Roland of which no other record or indication now exists. These reports would perhaps not have been entitled to much credence, had they not in the more important parts been irresistibly corroborated by authentic documents. I discovered with great pleasure, in reading Wodrow's History of the Church of Scotland, that my ancestors had really borne a part in the rising of 1679. Talking of the Proclamation (see vol. i. p. 72 of the folio edition, Edinburgh) against those who had been in arms in the west, he says: 'Therein (*i.e.*, in the Royal Proclamation printed in the Appendix) the reader will see the names of the persons of most considerable note who were in the west country army.' On turning to that document, after the names of Captain Paton, Major Learmonth, Balfour of Kinloch (Burley), Hackston of Rathillet, the two Earlstones, and others, follows 'Roland Ritchison, fewer in Gilmerton, and his three sons.' Of these three sons, John was the

eldest, and was a tenant in the farm of Stenhouse in the parish of Libberton. I find him so described in a disposition (soon after that period) to him by Somerville of Drum, and in the instrument of sasine, both in my possession, along with his mother Euphane Elphinstone, of some property forming the boundary of the land disposed. John appears to have been taken after the defeat at Bothwell, and to have been examined upon some of the interrogatories then usually put to the insurgents, and he is ordered by the King's letter to be criminally prosecuted. 'John Richardson in Stenhouse being called in and examined, declares that he thinks that the last rising was not against the King, but for the truth of God,' (App. to vol. ii. p. 29). John was not called upon to answer regarding the murder of Archbishop Sharp, as all the others were. I have never learnt how he and the other members of the family escaped farther prosecution.

"That John had a brother William appears from various documents in my possession. John died in 1704, leaving his property to John his eldest son, who soon thereafter died, leaving an only daughter, and having executed a disposition of all his property to her, whom failing, to David Richardson, eldest son of his (John the disponent's) brother James. By the separate disposition of his movables, also in my possession, in favour of the same individuals, he appoints as one of the tutors to his daughter, *Captain* William Richardson, of the City Guard—a rank before the Union of considerably more importance than since. This William was the testator's uncle, the son of Roland said to have been wounded by Claverhouse's men. He is mentioned by De Foe in his history of the Union as having, during the riots in Edinburgh at that period, rescued Sir Patrick Johnstone from some peril. An order for the attendance of the Guard having been obtained, 'One Captain Richardson, who commanded, taking about thirty men with him, marched bravely up to them, and making his way with great resolution through the crowd, they flying, but throwing stones and hallooing at him and his men, he seized the foot of the staircase, and took six of the rabble in the very act, and so delivered the gentleman and his family.'"

From these sturdy heroes, some of whose adventures found their way into *Old Mortality*, was John Richardson descended. His father, who inherited the family acres in Midlothian, married Hope Gifford, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and the niece of Principal Robertson the historian; her mother, Jean Robertson, having been the daughter of the Reverend William Robertson, the Principal's father. William Robertson was himself a man of considerable mark, and the author of one or two of the most beautiful of the paraphrases in the collection now in use in Scotland. Another of his daughters married the Rev. Dr. Sym, and their only child married Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall, the father of the present Lord Brougham. There was thus between him and Lord Brougham a near relationship, which was strengthened into a close intimacy and friendship during the whole course of their lives.

Through the same channel he was connected with the families of Minto and Blairadam. Perhaps the greatest advantage, and the most prized, which his mother's relationship obtained for him, was the early love and kindly regard of Mrs. Brougham, Lord Brougham's mother. He never ceased to speak and write with the warmest affection of that venerable and most admirable lady, and to her, when he was a solitary lad, left almost alone in the world, he was indebted for an amount of wise counsel and tender solicitude, which he recalled with gratitude to the end of his life.

At an early age he was put to school at Dalkeith. Of the nature of this seminary we have no particulars, but it probably was of some repute, as we find in a passing note at a very late date, the mention of the death of a friend,—“the last of my Dalkeith schoolfellows, except Lord Reay.” Whatever may have been the pretensions of this seat of learning, Richardson seems to have learnt much more outside its walls than within them. The beautiful valley of the Esk, the woods of Melville, the smiling, sequestered village of Lasswade, Polton, Springfield, Roslin, classic Hawthornden, were the scenes in which he studied, and no vicinity was more likely to produce on the impressible temperament of an orphan lad the love of reverie, or of the delights of indulged fancy which clung to him during life.

In 1794, at the age of fourteen, he left Dalkeith, well versed, as he tells us, in Cecilia and Evelina, Tales of the Castle, Byron's narrative, and all the mute and vocal learning which the banks of the Esk could teach, and entered at the University of Edinburgh. But he does not give himself due credit for other qualities which he possessed,—a patient, enduring, resolute spirit, which curbed within well-meted bounds the more dreamy elements of his nature, and led him to the practical, however deeply he worshipped the ideal.

As in the case of all his contemporaries, the years in which his thoughts first began to expand, and his opinions and tastes to assume shape and colour, were the stormy years of the French Revolution. It may not always be easy to account for the alternation which is observable in epochs of national history; or to explain why one period produces so large a crop of genius, and another one so scanty. It would rather look as if Nature, in the intellectual as well as the natural field, required a rotation of husbandry to yield a reasonable average, and in return for one luxuriant harvest of ripe and waving grain, pays off the next generation with fallow, or green crop at the best. We shall not, however, be far wrong in attributing much of the brilliancy of the first half of this century to the effect of the great social and political convulsion of France. We suspect,

after all, that the somewhat prosaic principle of supply and demand finds its way into and governs even the domain of genius. The market, no doubt, which determines the demand, is not, exclusively at least, the sordid one of Plutus, although even that element has its own weight in the matter. But a man does not know what he can do until he tries; and he does not try until he has a reason for trying. Cromwell did not know he could command an army, or Scott that he could write a novel, until the age of forty; and but for the accidents of fate, either might have reached sixty before he made the discovery. Now, although we are sceptical as to the number of mute inglorious Miltons who people our villages, it is certain that genius, in the general case, requires to be evoked. Unless the spell be uttered, the potent spirit will not come forth. In the present day men's minds are quiescent, with little conflict of opinion to disturb them, with hardly

“An animated ‘No,’
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;”

or when the spirit of contradiction does arise, it generally takes the shape of the resurrection of a buried heresy, or some exploded speculation as to the beginning of all things, or some uncomplimentary genealogy for the species to which the controversialist belongs, or some new method of conversing with an unseen world, which persists in withholding from its visible contemporary all useful knowledge. No wonder, then, that amid the drowsy influences of such stagnant conflicts, men turn their minds to more practical objects, and pursue wealth, independence, comfort, and luxury, through more prosaic, though useful channels. But it was very different at the time of the French Revolution. Then opinion “rode on the whirlwind.” Men lived for opinion, quarrelled for opinion, fought for it, sold their hearts' blood, the best treasures of their intellect, and the best years of their lives for it. The rude shock of the French earthquake had thrown down the idols which the nations had so long worshipped, and had left opinion without a king, and its kingdom to be scrambled for by the many. The bonds were broken, and men's minds were set free, wandering hither and thither unrestrained, save by the encounters of rival explorers, with no other authority than their own.

This intense stirring of the waters of public sentiment in politics, philosophy, and morals, we can hardly at this day comprehend, although we are reaping the fruit of its results. But in John Richardson's college days, it was the potential element which swayed the minds of the coming generation—tilling the soil, breaking up uncultivated wastes, and calling into active

energy the undeveloped seeds of fertility. It had this effect all over Europe; but nowhere so much as in Britain. In France herself, the explosive energy took the direction, almost exclusively, of military renown. But in Germany and England it produced a rich intellectual harvest.

We may trace this in the history of most of the great men evolved by it. There was something attractive to the young and ardent mind in the defiant novelty of French opinions. So we know that Southey and Coleridge started in life with a devotion to the French school, by no means confined to abstract admiration, and that they had planned in earnest a colonizing expedition to happier lands in the Western Hemisphere, in which they might carry out their views of *pantocracy* without fear of a tyrannical Government or a besotted public opinion. It is true their theories melted away with wonderful celerity before a very vulgar solvent. Thirty guineas to Coleridge from a London bookseller, and fifty to Southey, are said to have effaced from their minds the first principles of the rights of man, and to have satisfied them of the advantage of things as they were; and in after life they fully atoned for the aberration of their youth. John Richardson was no exception to the general tendency. He says of himself, in a little memorandum (not meant for publication) from which we shall quote freely:—

“From the time I was seventeen I supposed myself a decided democrat and philanthropist of the new school. I read Condorcet, Volney, Southey, and Hugh Trevor, and occasionally associated with Irishmen under the ban of the law. I wrote some democratic songs (sad trash), which were printed and sent over to the refugees at Hamburg; and I think that with Campbell and James Grahame¹ I would readily have taken up a musket and followed a Republican standard had it been raised. Campbell nevertheless was afterwards a loyal volunteer in London, and the only memorable act of my own military career was burning the shoulder of Grahame's jacket when he stood my front-rank man in a similar character.”

The most distinguished and almost the only exception to the general fervour of the times, as far as our men of genius of that day were concerned, was Scott. His old feudal predilections led him into a path entirely dissimilar.

There was, however, another agency at work which, in this country, and especially in Scotland, cannot be overlooked in considering the causes of the intellectual vigour of the youth of 1800. It was one which doubtless the spirit of inquiry abroad—the impulse which had set the world thinking and unthinking—did much to develop. But still it was a great agency, and one which left its impress on the century; we mean the vigour

¹ Author of *The Sabbath*.

and efficiency of the Scottish Universities at that date, under the teaching of such men as John Millar in Glasgow, and Dugald Stewart in Edinburgh. On the English Universities the French Revolution had produced nothing but holy horror; a frenzy of consternation and wonder and hatred, of which nothing but the outraged Church of England mind was at that time capable. They drew and tightened their formularies around them, and denounced the outer reprobates from their folds. But the Universities of Scotland, at all times more elastic and usually more liberal than their English sisters, were sensibly impressed by the storm of opinion without. The turn for speculation which the spirit of the time encouraged, found full vent under these celebrated Professors, one filling the Chair of Law in Glasgow, the other that of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh. It was from Dugald Stewart's gymnasium that the great political gladiators came forth. Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey (the last well worthy to be named in such company, for he truly was the centre of the new and daring school of criticism and politics, which was destined ultimately to shake the time-honoured dust out of so many old abuses, and to leaven the whole social, literary, and political fabric),—these men and their comrades were taught at the feet of Dugald Stewart. There Lansdowne learned his constitutional wisdom, and thence Palmerston drew the sources of his administrative vigour. The whole world of thought in that seat of learning was set in motion round this centre; not politics only, but philosophy and literature also, gaining fresh blood and life from the fearless spirit of inquiry.

We find, accordingly, in the memoirs of the student life of the great men of the last half-century, a depth and precocity of which we suspect there are few examples in the present day. The earlier letters in *Horner's Memoirs* fill us with amazement; they exhibit study on so huge a scale and of so wide an area: not the poring over the mysteries of a Greek idiom, or hunting a particle over all the height of Parnassus, but real study of things worth knowing for their own sakes, modern as well as ancient. Richardson recounts that early in his college life he met Henry Brougham one morning on the South Bridge with a large quarto volume under his arm, and "on inquiring what the book was, I learned to my great admiration that it was a mathematical work in French, which he had borrowed at the College Library." Richardson was then fourteen, and Brougham not sixteen years of age.

There is in the manuscript we have referred to a very pleasing and affectionate description of Peter Brougham—he was killed in a duel when quite a young man—Henry Brougham's younger brother, who was Richardson's constant companion, and

over whose fate he never ceased to mourn. He says : " He was remarkably handsome in countenance, and of a most affectionate heart. I had a strong conviction that, if Heaven had spared him, he would, with his talents and ambition, have become a distinguished man." He quotes a letter from Peter Brougham to a mutual friend, in which a contrast is drawn between the writer and his brilliant brother. Peter Brougham says :—

" There is a perfect model of intellectual excellence equal to anything, and that too almost without an effort, whose genius, though so young, has for these four years at once adorned the sciences which it has contemplated, and gained him the admiration of the philosophers as well as the ignorant of his day,—I allude to my brother,—he only a few years older than myself, but in that I am burned up with envy ; a perpetual contrast, a maddening contrast, occupies my thoughts, and how is it to be wondered at, when such is the favoured, happy, manly vigorous Henry, and I the despicable, unsteady changeling whose gloomy imagination broods over his acquirements?"—

A tribute creditable to the brother who wrote it, and indicating very strongly the remarkable attainments of the brother of whom it was written. He also mentions an anecdote which is well known in the history of Lord Brougham, that when shortly after this time a paper on Porisms appeared in the *Philosophical Journal*, of which Henry Brougham was the author, letters were received at old Mr. Brougham's house in George Street, from old philosophers on the Continent, addressed to "the learned Brougham."

Richardson's life at this time, if not studious, seems to have been very happy. He studied French and the flute, and made solitary excursions to the Highlands, then little frequented, in one of which he encountered the celebrated Rowland Hill and the Rev. Mr. Simeon, and received from them a kindly welcome and much good advice. He studied chemistry, joining the class of the celebrated Black, only in time to attend his funeral, and sat delighted, as all hearers were, to listen to the lectures of Dugald Stewart. In 1796, he was bound apprentice to a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but continued his academical studies in winter, and his Highland rambles in summer. He gradually increased his circle of friends among men destined to fame. The late Lord Cockburn, who was about his own age, was one of the first, as well as one of the closest and firmest. To the day of Cockburn's death in 1854, they were as brothers, and exchanged joys and sorrows through more than half a century of vicissitudes, without a cloud or shadow on their intimacy. Thomas Campbell, Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and in 1800, Scott, were added to the circle. With the latter he maintained an unbroken intimacy till Scott's death in 1832, and

Lockhart mentions in his *Life*, that when Scott had returned from the Continent in 1832, and was on his deathbed in Jermyn Street in London, with the exception of Cadell the publisher, Richardson was the only one of his old friends whom he saw. The passage is touching, and worth quoting. Lockhart says:—

“I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends, except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice, and made an attempt to put forth his hand, but it dropped powerless, and he said, with a smile, ‘Excuse my hand.’ Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and after a moment got out something about Abbotsford and the wood, which he happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said, ‘How does Kirklands get on?’ Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called, on the Teviot, and Sir Walter had left him busy with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own meantime, in its vicinity. ‘Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man,’ said Sir Walter; ‘he is a man of whom one may request a favour, and that is saying a good deal for any one in these days.’ The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again.”¹

Such was the close; but the early part of their acquaintance had been bright and sunny in the highest degree. Richardson knew Scott before he had even become a poet, and long before he had become a novelist. He was at that time working at the Border Ballads, and hardly conscious of his own powers of poetical composition. Richardson has preserved a few anecdotes, which we believe have not previously appeared, and which may be interesting to our readers. It was about the year 1800 that he formed the acquaintance of Walter Scott and John Leyden, the latter a man of rare power and equal eccentricity, but who, probably, if he had not fallen an early victim to fever in the East, would have been one of the most remarkable men of his time. Leyden had come to Edinburgh in 1799, and he and Richardson were in the habit of walking out to visit Scott at Lasswade Cottage, in the vicinity, passing the day in the valley of the Esk, and walking in at night. Richardson says:—

“In one of our little excursions, Leyden, who was vain of his athletic powers, challenged me to a race, Scott being the judge, and the ground a level green on the Esk, below Heughal. I was victor in the course, and Leyden, though his serenity was for the time disturbed, regarded me with more respect ever after.”

“In Lockhart’s abridged *Life of Sir Walter Scott*,” says Richardson, “there is given, on the information of Scott of Gala, an anecdote of my piscatorial prowess, of which I cannot claim the glory. The story

¹ *Life*, vol. vii. p. 381.

probably arose in a fact which I yet remember with great pleasure and enjoyment. On a beautiful morning in September 1810, I started with Sir Walter from Ashestiel, where I was staying, for a day's fishing. We began nearly under the ruins of Elibank, and in sight of the Hanging Tree. I only had a rod, but Sir Walter walked by my side, now quoting Izaak Walton, as 'Fish me this stream by inches,' now delighting me with a profusion of Border stories, and especially in that locality, with the skirmish between the Scotts and Murrays, and the captivity of the winsome young Laird of Harden, which led to his marriage with Muckle-mouthed Meg, pouring out inexhaustible traditions and legends, with which his memory was so amply stored. After the capture of numerous fine trout, I hooked something greater and unseen, which powerfully ran out my line. Sir Walter got into a state of great excitement, exclaiming, 'It's a fish! it's a fish! hold up your rod, give him line,' and so on. The rod, which belonged to one of his boys, broke, and put us both into great alarm, but I contrived, by ascending the steep bank and holding down the rod, still to give play to the reel, till, after a good quarter of an hour's struggle, a trout, for so it turned out to be, was conducted round a little peninsula. Sir Walter jumped into the water, seized him, and threw him out on the grass. Tom Purdie came up a little time after, and was certainly rather discomposed at my success. 'It will be some sea-brute,' he observed; but he became satisfied that it was a fine river trout, and such as, he afterwards admitted, had not been killed in Tweed for twenty years; and when I moved down the water, he went, as Sir Walter afterwards observed, and gave it a kick on the head, exclaiming, 'To be ta'en by the like o' him, frae Lunnon!' The trout, which proved to be between six and seven pounds' weight, was dressed for dinner that day, and was much approved of by Lord Somerville and other neighbours who were Sir Walter's guests. My reputation as an angler was greatly raised, and Tom Purdie and I were very good friends for many years thereafter."

He thought Scott's mind deeply tinged with the superstitious. He says:—

"I think it is portrayed by himself, near the end of his *Life of Dryden*, where he describes Dryden's tendency to such a belief; and at Ashestiel he pointed out to me a spot overhanging the Tweed, where, looking out for his carts expected from Galashiels, he saw them, as he believed, turn the corner of the road no great way from home. Hours elapsed before they came; and had any evil fate befallen them, he would, he said, not have doubted their supposed appearance to have been a supernatural warning of the mishap."

The following anecdote, illustrative of Scott's memory, is very remarkable, although the event takes us a few years on in our biographical sketch. He says:—

"Scott, James Ballantyne the printer, and I, in February 1806, went out to dine at Sydenham with Tom Campbell the post. We

made sure of beds for ourselves at the 'Greyhound' in the village. Campbell had recently composed his Eastern story,¹ of which he was very full. It consists, I think, of eleven stanzas, of four lines each. He repeated it to us before dinner, when Scott was much pleased with it, and he asked him after dinner to recite it again. We left the poet about nine, and adjourned to the 'Greyhound,' where we had beef-steaks for supper and a liberal allowance of brandy-punch. We had a very merry night. Ballantyne sung all Sir Walter's favourite songs, in several of which, and the choruses, both Sir Walter and I joined. I don't recollect to have heard Sir Walter on any other occasion attempt to sing. After breakfasting with the poet, we walked over to Camberwell, Tom accompanying us. The two poets recited their verses to each other all the walk, and at Camberwell we resorted to the pot-house at which the Camberwell coaches stopped, and had bread and cheese and porter, and there, to the amazement of us all, Scott repeated the whole of the Eastern Lady without a fault. It was a surprising effort of memory, after the discipline of the night before. This was corroborated to me by a letter to Cockburn on the 21st February in that year, in which I detailed the adventure."

This anecdote is worthy of preservation, both for its merits and for the light that it throws upon the wonderful powers which Scott possessed. A memory which would enable him to accomplish that feat must have afforded him the means of storing up in his mind, without the fear of losing them by time, the words and incidents and passages of which he makes use in his writings of fiction.

A touching story is told by Lockhart in his *Life*, which may very fairly be a pendant to the preceding. In the year 1828 Scott met Mrs. Arkwright, with whose singing of her own music he was greatly charmed, and says in his Diary:—

"It is of the highest order; no forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words required. This is marrying music to immortal verse; most people place them on separate maintenance."

In a note to that passage Mr. Lockhart observes:—

"Among other songs, Mrs. Arkwright delighted Sir Walter with her own set of—

'Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you,
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.'

He was sitting by me, at some distance from the lady, and whispered, as she closed, 'Capital words! Whose are they? Byron's, I suppose: but I don't remember them.' He was astonished when I told him that they were in his own *Pirate*. He seemed pleased at the moment,

¹ " *Turkish Lady*."

but said next minute, 'You have distressed me; if memory goes, all is up with me, for that was always my strong point.'"¹

One other anecdote of Scott, related by Richardson, we may mention, the more so as he told it to Sir Robert Inglis, who requested that he would record it. It is melancholy, though striking. He says that he was on a visit to Abbotsford when Sir Walter's embarrassments began to be felt by him, although not divulged :—

"The house was full of company one of the evenings of my stay. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I walked out with Sir Walter to the terrace towards the Tweed. The thriving holly hung with the glistening of the moonbeams, and the library which we had left was gay with brilliant light and high and happy guests. Everything contributed to inspire me with a feeling of admiration at Sir Walter's efforts and success, and merited station and happiness, and I could not refrain from expressing that sentiment. I daresay I did so as fervently as I did it sincerely. I was thunderstruck when, instead of responsive acquiescence, he uttered a deep sigh, and said, 'I wish to God I had the means of providing adequately for poor Annie.' Knowing that his life was insured, I observed that that fund was ample. He made no explanation, and was silent, but I could not but feel, when his misfortunes were soon after disclosed, what a pang I must have inflicted; the fund I had alluded to, and all he had, being absorbed in so overwhelming a pecuniary ruin."

Richardson was from the first in the secret of the *Waverley* Novels, and excepting *Waverley*, received copies of all of them from Sir Walter himself. We have already mentioned that his anecdotes of his ancestor Roland, the hero of Bothwell Brig, had suggested to Scott several of the passages in *Old Mortality*. Most of our readers will recollect Callum Beg's assertion that Sunday never came above the Pass of Bally-Brough. Richardson gives us the origin of this story :—

"He did in part use the story which I repeated to him of the restoration by Rob Roy of the cattle to Mr. Graham of Mugdock, by adopting the phrase of 'Sunday never coming beyond the Pass of Ballamaha.' Graham paid Rob black-mail, but his cattle were nevertheless stolen. He proceeded with his son to Inversnaid to reclaim them and reproach Rob. Rob acknowledged the justice of his complaint, and at once ordered restoration of the cattle. A stout Highlander and Graham and his son started on their way to Mugdock on a Saturday of October. They were overtaken by a frosty night on the muir. The Highlander at once made dispositions for passing the night, by pulling and disposing of a quantity of heather for a bed, but he limited the indulgence of the bed to old Graham and himself, saying the young man might keep himself warm by walking about and

¹ *Life*, vol. vii. p. 129.

watching the cattle. The elders were accordingly arranged under the plaids, and the youth left to his colder fate. As the night and the cold and his fatigue grew, he ventured to lay himself down beside his father, and he appropriated a portion of the plaid to his shoulder. Luckily he was first awake, for when morning dawned the hirsute Highlander was discovered partially exposed, and his hairy limbs glittering with cran-reugh (hoar-frost), but on waking, all the moan he made, was to rub himself with his two hands, exclaiming, 'Oich ! oich !' They resumed their journey on the Sunday, and when in the course of the day a pack of black-cock crossed their path, the Highlander at once fired upon them, and made a prize of some of the birds. Old Graham turned upon him in great indignation, and asked how he dared so to profane the Sabbath-day, to which the Highlander's answer was, 'Hout, hout, Sabbath never comes ayont the Pass of Ballamaha.'"

We have extracted these anecdotes, which must be interesting to all readers, both from their intrinsic merit and as illustrative of the friendship between the men. Richardson recounts in another place how, on a visit to Abbotsford, Scott gave him the proof-sheets of the first volume of *Old Mortality* to read, and how he lost a night's sleep in the service. The last time that the friends met previously to the sad occasion to which we have already referred, was in 1830, when Sir Walter walked with his friend through his plantations at Kirklands, delighting him by his knowledge of woodcraft, and when he ended by presenting him with his own pruning-knife, which, after having had various *facsimiles* made for his friends, he preserved as a precious relic and an heirloom for his family.

With Campbell Mr. Richardson's relations were as enduring, and even more intimate ; and in Dr. Beattie's *Life of the Poet* many of his letters to Richardson are preserved. Dr. Beattie mentions at p. 229 of the first volume of Campbell's *Life* :—

"His intimacy with Mr. Richardson at this period (1811) was one of the fortunate circumstances of the poet's life. To its influence in cheering him under depression, in stimulating his literary industry, and in rendering faithful advice, and certainly under many difficult circumstances, frequent testimony is found in his letters. It is pleasing to add, that during the long period of forty-six years, the friendship between Campbell and Richardson suffered no interruption. It is recorded in the poet's first pilgrimage to Germany, and in his last correspondence from Algiers ; and Mr. Richardson was one of the few early friends who had the melancholy satisfaction of attending his remains to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey."

Scott was Richardson's senior by seven years, and was a mature man of nearly thirty when he first formed his friendship with the lad of twenty. With Campbell his intimacy was still closer, but their relative position was somewhat different.

Richardson was the stronger and more reliable of the two ; and throughout the whole, and too chequered career of the poet, Richardson was the anchor by which he moored his drifting ship.

How true this is appears from the correspondence contained in Dr. Beattie's three volumes. It is into Richardson's ears that he pours the intensity of his feelings, and the sorrows of his heart, from the time when he was in trouble from having kicked a priest in a Transylvanian convent, down to his last fatal illness. To him he confided his tribulations ; to him he read his poetry. His taste was the mirror by which he fashioned and judged his handiwork ere he trusted it to the public. Together they conned over the manuscript of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and Richardson even wrote two stanzas in introduction to the Third Canto, which the poet apparently had accepted, but to which Horner's taste demurred. Richardson came to be convinced that Horner was right, and says so in his MS. "Horner does not like them," he wrote to Campbell, "though he does Miss Ullin." They did not appear.

Nothing can be more admirable, nothing more creditable to the kindness of his affections and the strength of his character, than the part which he filled towards the poet throughout the whole of their long intercourse. They were very differently placed after a few years had gone over their heads. Campbell was famous, and usually in difficulties ; Richardson successful and easy, in the diligent, but unaspiring prosecution of his profession. Feted and flattered by the great, the lion of the most select circles of London, Campbell groaned under the *res angusta domi* ; the pressure of slender means and other domestic sorrows, pursued his brilliant reputation. Never, in all their intercourse, did his social success blunt the bright edge of the poet's affection to his early friend ; and as little did the engrossing cares of professional labour, or the perpetual and harassing discomforts of his correspondent, poured without intermission into his willing ear, wear out for a moment Richardson's constant and sunny sympathy, or produce the slightest infusion of impatience or fatigue. In sun or shade, in success and in adversity, Campbell always turned for encouragement and counsel to the friend of his college days, and found his heart as young, and his feelings as tender as ever.

The history of the friendship of Campbell and Richardson during five-and-forty years, would fill an interesting volume, and our limits will not admit of our even entering on so wide a field. The following anecdote, however, though it carries us on to a much later period, deserves to be recorded. In 1821, Richardson thus writes in his MS. :—

"T. Campbell came out to dine (by chance) with us at Hampstead. I was engaged to the Baillies (Joanna and her sister), and carried him with me. Crabbe was the only other guest. I was appointed to the foot of the table, and to do the hospitalities; and when the ladies went to the drawing-room I did the honours of the excellent wine, which the kind Dr. Baillie usually provided to his sisters, as became. Crabbe was delightful with his memories of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc., and made it a very happy afternoon. When we joined the ladies, we found Miss Hoare, our neighbour, had come to tea, and I recollect the surprise of all, when the near sound of a kiss was heard; it was T. C. kissing the hand of the older poet, calling him this 'dear old man.'"

We may here for a moment interrupt the circumstances of Richardson's relations with Campbell, to resume for a little the thread of our biographical account. Although, at least in his own modest description of his pursuits, study of the severer branches of literature was not the bent of his inclination, he too was a votary of the Muses; and although he says that he afterwards discovered that he was no poet, he was very nearly becoming one. A volume of Burns, which he had accidentally picked up, fired him with the love of song. This was at a date previous to the commencement of the century. For a time he devoted himself studiously to the prosecution of his newly-discovered gift, and indeed so far cultivated it with success, that he assisted George Thomson in his edition of the *Scottish Melodies*, and added stanzas to a good many of the songs. The few illustrations which we propose to give of his versifying powers are by no means intended to exalt him to any great poetical height. They probably do not rank higher than pleasing *vers de société*, according to the style and manners of these times. They indicate, however, the pensive and delicate fancy which was his great characteristic, a well-modulated ear for rhythm, and a genuine love of the art; and perhaps had Themis not claimed him as her disciple, he might ultimately have proved no unworthy votary of the Nine. The few occasional verses which he wrote are for the most part scattered among his friends in manuscript, little having been published by him. A poem on the Field of Grütli, contributed to Campbell's *New Monthly Magazine*; one or two sonnets, written in his later days, and printed in *Notes and Queries*; and the verses which he added in Thomson's Collection, being, as far as we know, all of his composition which ever appeared in print. Dr. Beattie mentions, at page 228 of the volume we have already referred to, that James Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*, Campbell, and Richardson happened, while walking with a party of ladies on Arthur Seat, to have a stanza of Richardson's in his pocket, and read it to the ladies, pretending it was by Burns, and

omitted by Dr. Currie in the bard's life,—a walk which was memorable for the subject of our Memoir, as it led to his introduction to his future wife, Miss Hill, who was a cousin of Campbell's. The stanza was one added by Richardson to the poem commencing—

“ Oh ! were my love yon lilac fair,”

the first stanza of which was by Burns, and the second ancient. The interjected stanza by Richardson is the following :—

“ Oh ! were my love yon violet sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
And I myself the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonnie leaves to play,
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noon-tide's scorching ray,
And sprinkle it with freshest dews
At morning dawn and parting day.”

This stanza was printed in George Thomson's Collection. There was, however, another one added by Richardson, as we find from a manuscript copy furnished by a friend, which was as follows :

“ And when the autumn's deadly blast
Should strew its withered leaflets round,
I'd bear them wi' a gentle breath
To some lone cave, sequestered ground ;
Where, though its lovely leaves were dead,
And ne'er again to spring could bloom,
Its sweet perfume might yet survive,
As Virtue blossoms in the tomb.”

Of these fugitive pieces the following is not without elegance, although similar ideas have sometimes occurred to other people :

I.

“ Her features speak the warmest heart.
But not for me its ardour glows,
In that soft blush I have no part
That mingles with her bosom's snows.

II.

“ In that dear drop I have no share,
That trembles in her melting eye ;
Nor is my love the tender care
That bids her heave that anxious sigh.

III.

“ Not fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture as divine
As the dear bliss which must await
The man whose soul is knit to thine.

IV.

“ But ah ! farewell this treacherous theme
Which, though 'tis misery to forego,
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.”

After fulfilling his time as a Writer to the Signet, he made an excursion to the Continent. It had been originally arranged that he and Campbell were to have gone together, but Campbell grew impatient and started by himself. This was in the year 1800. He found, however, the war and his solitude rendered his stay on the Danube uncomfortable, and he came to Hamburg, where there were a number of expatriated Irish, and there he wrote the poem of the “Exile of Erin,” and made the acquaintance of the “Exile” himself, which continued for many years. Richardson meanwhile had proceeded to London, and after remaining there for two months, embarked in June 1801 for Germany, and walked from Göttingen with Dr. Headlam through the Hartz Forest. If we may judge from an *ms.* Ode to his Flute, which has been preserved, his skill on that instrument had served to beguile and enliven that continental tour. We quote a few lines of it, more to illustrate the cast of thought and tone of mind which it indicates, than for the purpose of attributing to them any peculiar poetical merit. They are smooth, sweet, and pleasant :—

“ When through Hercynian forests deep I stray'd,
A dreary gloom of dark unmingled shade !
Oft with thy sound I charm'd my soul away
To happier scenes where once I loved to stray,
And as the chilly moonbeam linger'd o'er
Those glooms that fancy trembled to explore,
On Pentland's height far distant did I stand,
And raptur'd travell'd o'er my native land.
Yes ! doubly dear thy magic power I found
When far from home ; at thy creative sound
Started each scene of mine to pleasure dear,
And long-past griefs called forth afresh the tear.
How fair at sunset are the shores of Rhine
When brightly crimson'd all its waters shine,
The kindred cliffs a milder tint assume,
And golden vapour floods o'er all the gloom !
How soothing then to hear the vintage song
Borne from each echoing dell to dell along,
Softer the tones that from yon distant spire
Now faintly fill the ear and now expire !
While near its wall yon aged oaks between,
Waved on the breeze the nun's long veil is seen,

There hast thou join'd the merry pipe at e'en,
 When all the village sported on the green ;
 Or taught the echoes where yon ruins stand,
 The sweeter music of my native land."

The two stanzas which, as we have already remarked, were intended to be prefixed to the Third Canto of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which was published shortly after the death of Fox, have been preserved. Without questioning Horner's judgment on them, we give them to the reader, thinking it no discredit, even to a greater poet than Richardson, that they should not have been thought worthy of the place for which they were destined :—

"In vain, as with a comet's warning fire,
 Did Chatham's genius o'er his country burn,
 And thy prophetic lips did truth inspire ;
 In vain, oh thou for whom the people mourn,
 Whose light is gone, whose like shall ne'er return !
 Great Patriot, canonized whilst thou art,
 While yet the tear falls warm on Fox's urn,
 We shall not yet be slaves, nor from the heart
 Shall public love of truth and liberty depart.

"For thou wast made of truth ; the noblest light
 Of every muse was shed upon thy mind,
 That, like the diamond, gave it back more bright ;
 A soul, a voice, an intellect designed
 To think, and feel, and speak for human kind.
 Conciliation, mercy, peace he planned.
 Weep, Africa, for him that did unbind
 Thy bleeding limbs ; and raise thy sable hand
 To bless the chief that chased destruction from thy land."

The most ambitious, and, as we think, the best of his poems which has been preserved, is the sonnet on the Field of Grütli, already referred to. The lines are the following :—

THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

"Bright o'er Italia's land the sunbeams play,
 And lake, and plain, and palace float in light ;
 What scene is fairer than her close of day,
 What sky is brighter than her cloudless night ?
 Say,—who have seen the sun on Como's lake,
 In loveliest purple dye the unruffled wave,
 Have seen the midnight moon o'er Venice break,
 Silvering her domes, all silent as the grave.
 Yes ; I have seen : and on Benacus shore
 Have heard the night wave rippling to the land,
 And dreamt till Fancy from the Gulphs of yore
 Before me bid the lyric Roman stand ;

And I have seen from Jura's piny height
 The giant of the ancient world uprear
 His sun-gilt crest, when all around was night,
 Then shroud him in his ashy mantle drear ;
 But never feeling to my inmost soul
 So thrilled, as when the dark Waldstetter sea
 I felt beneath in waves tumultuous roll,
 Bearing to Grütli's field of liberty,
 To Grütli's field, where when the o'erhanging tower
 Of Salisberg at midnight still had flung
 To rock, and vale, and lake, the startling hour,
 So far that forkèd Mythen's echoes rung,—
 In former days, by midnight unappall'd,
 The gallant Schweitzer launch'd his silent bark,
 With muffled oar—and they of Unterwald
 And Uri's men—sought, guiding through the dark,
 The cynosure of freedom kindled there :
 And there, with pure devoted fearless heart,
 Did each stern patriot to his country swear
 Again its ancient freedom to impart ;
 And how they kept their vow, let the page tell
 Which registers the tyrant Gessler's death,
 The hosts that in Morgarten's valley fell,
 And Morat's blood-stain'd lake, and Laupen's crimson'd heath :
 No ; while my memory lasts, my life-pulse beats,
 No other scene can e'er again excite
 The emotion kindled by these wild retreats
 Of patriot-freemen,—or the deep delight
 With which I gazed, green Grütli, on thy shore,
 And those sublime and glacier'd peaks around,
 And the dark surge lashing the rock-base hoar,
 And drank of that pure rill which glads thy sacred ground."

On the continental tour to the Rhine, Richardson made the acquaintance of Charles, afterwards Sir Charles Vaughan, then travelling Fellow of All-Souls, and author of the *Siege of Zaragoza* : and with him visited Paris in 1801. He saw Bonaparte, then First Consul, pass through an anteroom in the Louvre on his way to a review in the Place Carousel, and the motion of the two Englishmen taking off their hats attracted the attention of the great man, who noticed them by a half-smile. He also mentions that on this visit to Paris he dined in the house of the Senator Barthélemy, nephew of the author of *Anacharsis*. "Lord Lansdowne was there. I sat next to B. Constant, who had studied in Edinburgh, and had been a visitor at Niddry."

Returning to Edinburgh in 1802, with the at that time rare recommendation of continental travel, he was at once admitted into the best and most intellectual society of Edinburgh. He

numbered among his friends, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Alison, Thomas Thomson, Henry Mackenzie, Horner, Murray, Clerk, Thomas Brown, Lord Webb Seymour, Sir James Hall, Sydney Smith; in short, he was made free of that notable fraternity, and being elected a member of the Friday Club, his ambition, as he says, was more than satisfied. Highland expeditions with Cockburn, the charms of a circle never surpassed in wit, conversation, or intellect, and moderate professional occupation, made his stream flow pleasantly and placidly, without wish for change.

It was at this time, when a frequenter of the great Temple sacred to Justice and Gossip, of which Edinburgh boasts—the Parliament House—that he composed a parody on Scott's *Helvellyn*, the fame of which has been embalmed in the hearts of the frequenters of the Outer House, and made his name distinguished among all its denizens for the time, from the President to the macers. Its allusions are too local for general readers; but Richardson's forensic fame in Edinburgh rested so much on the reputation of having been the author of this effusion, that for the benefit of the sons of the Caledonian Themis we give it in a note, with a commentary by a hand that our readers cannot fail to recognise.¹

Richardson had now been several years, and very happy years they seem to have been, engaged in the profession of a Writer to the Signet. Between the time he went to college and 1806, he had seen the germinating of those great abilities, the maturity of which was to bear such fruit, and at the end of the period the fruit itself was appearing. Scott had published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; Campbell had stormed the heights of poetical reputation by the *Pleasures of Hope*. Brougham and Horner had both commenced their career in London, and already were designated as men whose course was to be watched with interest and expectation. The *Edinburgh Review*, the work entirely of his college companions, had become a power in Europe. The knot of young men whose friendship he had so early secured by merit and congenial tastes, were in all directions raising a solid fabric of reputation, and shedding lustre on their country and their times.

Richardson seems to have thought his professional prospects in Edinburgh slender, and yielded not unwillingly to a suggestion of James Brougham that he should migrate to London, and try his fortune as a Parliamentary Solicitor. Thither Brougham, Horner, Allen, and Campbell had previously repaired, and thither also with a heavy heart he resolved to go. He had come to Edinburgh a comparatively solitary lad; he was now to leave

¹ See Note, page 495.

it, and to part with a circle of friends as distinguished and attached as man could wish to find. In January 1806, James Grahame, Cockburn, and Jeffrey accompanied him to Leith, and thence, with a sorrowful heart, he went by mail to London.

Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, thus chronicles Richardson's departure :—

“ John Richardson was the last of the association who was devoured by hungry London. This was in 1806. But he has been incorporated privately and publicly with all that is worthy in Edinburgh, and much that is worthy in London throughout his whole life. No Scotchman in London ever stood higher in personal or professional character. The few verses he has published, like almost all he has written, are in the style of simple and pensive elegance. His early and steady addiction to literary subjects and men, would certainly have made literature his vocation, had he not foreseen its tortures and precariousness when relied on for subsistence. But though drudging in the depths of the law, this toil has always been graced by the cultivation of letters, and by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished men of the age.”¹

Swallowed in the abyss of the metropolis, it was not for several years that he could reconcile himself to the change. One friend he had in whose sympathy he reckoned, and who had suffered similar expatriation, the late Sir Charles Bell ; nor did he reckon in vain. Charles Bell received him on his arrival, and could not restrain his merriment at the rueful countenance he presented. From that day forward they continued on terms of constant intimacy ; and for some time the companionship of this friend, and occasional visits to Campbell at Sydenham, were the chief distractions from his regrets. Gradually, however, although that in the large sphere of London was a slower process, he began again to form a circle of associates. Some offshoots of the Friday Club were to be found in London, comprising Hallam, William Murray, Brougham, Ward, Loch, and William Adam. He met Wordsworth more than once in 1807 ; on one occasion at breakfast, in company with Scott. He says of Wordsworth :—

“ His familiarity with the south of Scotland was remarkable, and he talked of it with great enthusiasm. He seemed imbued with all poetry, didactic and ballad. He repeated parts of ‘ Michael Bruce ’ with great feeling. Walter and he spouted and praised Hamilton of Bangour’s ‘ Braes of Yarrow ’ as one of the first of human compositions.”

The progress of his friends, Horner and Brougham, became to him, as it did to all their circle, a subject of the greatest interest. He seems to have seen much of the former, and to

¹ Cockburn’s *Memorials*, p. 182.

have regarded him with unmingled admiration. He writes to Cockburn in 1808:—"Horner rises daily in my mind. I never part from him without bearing away a deeper impression of his worth and excellence. If you were not my friend, I should envy Murray." He watched and noted down his progress year by year, and watched and noted too, with too just forebodings, his gradual decline.

The limits of this notice will not permit us to illustrate as we might, by further extracts, his musings on men and things during the first years of his London life. They were years of struggle; yet even in the course of them we find, in his memoranda, that he is more solicitous to record the progress of his friends than his own. That Horner has much business at Sessions; that Brougham is getting many briefs; that Cockburn's fee-book is larger this year than last; that Charles Bell's class is as good as ever: these, and such like notanda in his private journal exhibit the genial unselfish friendliness which marked him throughout life. Some ten years later, when his friends, from being struggling lawyers, had become the leaders of the Bar, we find him recording the triumphs of Cranstoun, Moncreiff, and Murray at the bar of the House of Lords as if they had been personal distinctions. "Proud," he says in one passage, "that the Lords should see what men we have in Scotland." Indeed, a friend from Scotland was ever sure of a welcome from John Richardson: his house was a certain anchorage in the wide sea of London, and a never-failing centre of hospitality. In the end, perseverance and courage had their reward. He succeeded, and in the year 1811, found himself in a position to offer his hand to Miss Elizabeth Hill, the cousin of Campbell, his first introduction to whom, by the poet, we have already mentioned. They were married by Sir Henry Moncreiff in 1811; and his friends Cockburn and Sir Charles Bell were also married in the course of that year. The union proved to Richardson one of the greatest felicity. His wife had a congenial taste for all his favourite pursuits, and no man was ever blessed with a happier home.

He took, soon after his marriage, a furnished house at Hampstead, close to the residence of Miss Joanna Baillie; his acquaintance with whom, which had commenced before, ripened into close and confidential friendship. Of this happy Hampstead home, he tells the following anecdote. Many years afterwards, when he had ceased to live there, he used to walk out to look at the scene of so many sunny recollections:--

"On one occasion, when I was looking wistfully over the gate, the then tenant, a respectable gentleman from the city, approached and said, You seem to take an interest in this place; would you choose to

walk in and look at it? I said I gladly would, for I had lived twenty pleasant years there, and if he would permit me, would walk round the garden with him. When he had proceeded a little way, I said, That (pointing to a bush) is from the garden of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* at Sydenham; that sweet-william, I said, is from the garden of Miss Joanna Baillie, your neighbour. He seemed agreeably excited. I then pointed out some beautiful Scotch roses from Lord Meadowbank; but when I said, 'This rose is from the garden of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford,' he was quite overpowered, and exclaimed cordially, 'Will you dine with me to-day, sir?' But I was engaged to Miss Joanna."

We find in the ms.: "1813.—Began a Hogmanay observance, the Bells having been with us to welcome in the year." What a "Hogmanay" is, doubtless the Saxon is ignorant. But let him, for his instruction, possess himself of Mr. Burton's two pleasant volumes called *The Scot Abroad*, and in these he will find, amid much other necessary information, a full pedigree of this un-English word, showing its undoubted origin from the French *Eguimené*, or other cognate root. Its vernacular meaning is the last day of the year, and so it is used in this memorandum.¹

These Hogmanay festivals were continued and commemorated for many years afterwards. The party were generally Joanna Baillie and her sister, and Sir Charles and Lady Bell, varied, however, as time went on, by other guests. The 1822 Hogmanay is "T. Campbell, the Baillies, and the Bells; I record it as a very happy meeting, and T. C. went off with the Baillies, who housed him for the night." 1824 found the Hogmanay guests, "Baillies, Bells, Lushingtons, Malthus." 1831, "Jeffrey, Joanna Baillie, Sir C. and Lady Bell, Bosanquet, and David Dundas." So passed the time, pleasantly and prosperously. As business increased, the memoranda become more curt and sometimes obscure; but we find new names creeping into the dinner parties. Thus, in 1840, "Jeffrey, Empson, Rogers, Mount Stuart Elphinston, David Dundas, and Austin," come to dinner. 1841 has this notice, "Read the *Maia Kalendæ*, and breakfasted with Rogers; Hope and Helen" (Richardson's daughters) "and Tom Moore being of the party. Rogers most affable, and walked home with the girls." Gradually the names change; 1847, "To dine with us on my birth-day, Loch, Rutherford, Lushington, David Dundas, Sir C. Vaughan, Lord and Lady Minto, and Lady Bell." 1848, "Macaulay, Hallam, and Lord Campbell dined with us." The same year, "After the outbreak in Paris Guizot came to us. I provided a quantity of books for him with a view to the history in hand." He became afterwards very intimate with Guizot, who visited him in Scotland.

¹ Richardson's own derivation of the word was "*Homme est nuit*."

In 1851 even these disjointed fragments stop. They had become, alas! as much an obituary of his friends as a record of his intercourse with them. Time had not failed to overshadow his lot with melancholy change. The first half of the century had closed. It found Richardson fresh, vigorous, and animated as ever; but too many of his compeers had departed. Horner was the first to drop, in 1817; his wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows, he lost in 1836; Charles Bell died in 1842; Campbell in 1844; Sydney Smith in 1846; Jeffrey in 1850. The next few years lost him Cockburn and Rutherford; and now the happy, light-hearted, brilliant band who had stood by each other through so many summers and winters of change is broken up. A new generation begin to surround the old man's genial table, not less than their predecessors charmed by his society, but all unequal to fill the eternal blank created by the want of the "old familiar faces."

The loss of Charles Bell was a sad bereavement to him. As even this hurried sketch shows, they were for many years inseparable, and during the whole period most affectionate comrades. In 1860, when the shadows were beginning to deepen, he writes to Lady Bell, "Kindest thanks to you for your kind letter. It sent me a-dreaming back to times which owed their chief happiness to you and Charlie, in combination with the enjoyments of home. It was a blessed life when we lived so much together, and for each other. It cannot return; but it needs not, for memory gives it back in all its truth. One can treasure up no such wealth as those happy remembrances." Sir Charles Bell was a man of originality and genius, fine taste, and the warmest of hearts. The brother-like relations on which they stood are evinced by the story told of them, that when out fishing, the boys who accompanied them used to call out, "Run, John, Charlie has caught a fish." Lady Bell has survived her husband and her friend, and continued to the last the old familiar companionship. There were none of all the circle who engaged a greater portion of his regard, or who contributed more to the solace of his later years.

Such is the touching record from which we have, for the most part, extracted this hurried sketch. One or two more passages, selected much at random, must conclude our drafts upon it. 1808, he says—

"I made my first and very pleasant visit to Finchley. Mr. Alexander told me that walking some thirty odd years ago in the Temple Gardens, wishing that he had £200 a year whereon to retire, instead of possessing his then gloomy prospects at the bar, he met his friend old Mr. Strachan, the printer, then worth £100,000, and a

member of Parliament, who, inquiring into his depression, bade him go and write down in his commonplace-book that he, Mr. Strachan, in the beginning of life, when without any pecuniary means, had a prospect of doing some business, and went to Scotland and solicited five rich relations to aid him by lending him £100 a-piece, which they all refused. He came back and struggled through without assistance, and you see (he added) what it has come to. There were two things Mr. Strachan said, which in those days I could never believe, that a man did not know how much money he had in his pocket, and was not hungry when he sat down to dinner. I always knew to a farthing what was in mine, and I never wanted a good appetite."

1813. He tells the following story of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses* :—

"In reference to the *Rejected Addresses* by the two Smiths, though they might be great lions, they despised the thing. Horace Twiss being asked to dine with a fashionable literary lady in the west end of the town, and knowing the Smiths well, endeavoured to enhance his own value with his entertainer, by undertaking to bring them to her party in the evening, and wrote to them accordingly, pressing them to come, and received an answer which he was fool enough at first to exhibit, to this effect, 'Dear Twiss, I am very sorry that we cannot have the honour of waiting upon Lady —, brother Jim being engaged to swallow fire at Bartholomew Fair, and I to roar at Bow.'

1815. "Playfair, Miss Barthes, and Alexander dined with us. The first remained the night. Betsy gave him porridge and peaches to supper, the former of which he attacked manfully, and he walked in with me next morning over Primrose Hill, with a step as vigorous as Cockburn's of old up Benledi,—a most delightful person."

Same year: "James Chalmers took me over to Highgate to call on old T. Coutts, then 82. He was very kind, and asked us to stay dinner, which we did not. He remembered the Rebellion in 1745 quite distinctly. He told us when at Rome he received from the Pretender a medal of himself as King of England, which he afterwards presented to George the Third at St. James's."

Same year: "I dined in company with Southey, who praised highly the publication *The Espagnol* and its author. Southey, a very poetical-looking man, full of knowledge about Spain and Portugal, spoke of the curious article in the then last *Quarterly*, about the colony of Pitcairn's Island, sprung from the mutineers against Bligh. To see Southey Poet-Laureate, and Stoddart writing in the *Times*, are curious facts in the history of men's opinion."

1822. "Within a few days of the first of the year, the Baillies, Dr. Lushington, Maria Edgeworth, and Barry Cornwall, dined with us. Mr. Proctor was very unwell, and sitting in our small room tended to increase his malady. Miss Edgeworth sat next to him. Dr. Lushington is always entertaining; but poor Proctor hardly spoke. When most of the guests were gone, I was seated beside Miss Edgeworth in

the drawing-room, and I asked her how she liked Barry Cornwall? 'Barry Cornwall!' she said, 'I never saw Barry Cornwall.' Yes, I said, you sat beside him at dinner to-day. 'And was that Barry Cornwall?' she said; 'and may I be split into seventy-nine pieces, if I did not take him for a dull lawyer.' It was Jeffrey brought him to Hampstead, and made him and us acquainted, and we liked him so far as we knew him, very much."

Miss Edgeworth was a friend and correspondent of Richardson. The following letter, though couched in jocular formality, may be interesting to our readers:—

"Miss Edgeworth's compliments to Mr. Richardson. She hears with much regret and shame from her friend Miss Wren that she is out of favour with Mr. R.'s sons, from having omitted to perform her promise to send them the Sequel to *Frank*. She has now ordered her bookseller to send the little books immediately; and she hopes that the young gentlemen will forgive her, and permit her to think they are again her young friends.

"There is something, after all, gratifying to human vanity in their being angry about it. If they did not care for her or her books, it would not have been so. If the father be not affronted for the sons, Miss E. hopes he will write to ease her mind, if he can, upon a subject on which she is seriously very anxious. Sir Walter Scott,—how much truth is there in these reports about Constable and his losses? She has not yet heard from any of her friends in Scotland on the subject. She entreats Mr. Richardson to write as soon as he can, and as fully. Miss Fanny and Miss Harriet Edgeworth beg to be very kindly remembered to Mrs. Richardson. So does Miss E., in all humility and contrition; for she is sure if she is out of favour with the sons, she must be with the mother. She is conscious, too, it is a terrible length of time since she has written to two other friends at Hampstead, who might have pleaded for her, and two friends whom she loves dearly nevertheless, and who could never plead in vain with Mr. Richardson. The box from the lantern of Westminster Abbey will live in their family long after Maria Edgeworth is no more.

"*Edgeworthstown, Feb. 12, 1826.*"

Many years afterwards, in 1849, she wrote to Miss Richardson, his daughter:—

"Thank you for proving to me, by the number of links of connexion you have counted and mentioned to me, how I have been hooked on and held to your kindly recollections. The Beauforts, Lockharts, and dear Charlotte, the Elliots, the Campbells, the Romillys, Lady Bell, and dear Joanna Baillie, Scotch and English, all our mutual friends, thank you for mentioning."

One letter from Joanna Baillie we extract a passage from. It is dated Hampstead, September 9, 1827. After congratulating Richardson on the birth of a son, addressing him as "My good friend and some time neighbour," she says:—

"To make some set-off against all this desertion, we have the interest of amusement of Sir Walter's *Napoleon*, which helps us out wonderfully. I am now reading the sixth volume, and shall be sorry, I believe, when I finish the ninth,—even I, who am no reader at all, and could pass my life without books nearly as well as any country-woman on the moors of Drumclog. The narrative is very clear, the spirit of the work is manly and impartial, and his remarks are excellent, to say nothing of his general views at his different halting-places, which are given, as far as I can judge, with great ability. The style certainly is very careless, and like a hurried task, and there are too many similes and metaphors, though generally very appropriate for my taste. But as these faults do not diminish my pleasure and profit in reading the while, I am little entitled to complain of him. If you see the author soon, thank him on my part for his last friendly letter, which I feel as I ought, though I respect his time and avocations too much to intrude upon him with an answer to it. He has really exerted himself like a Hercules for a noble purpose, private as well as public, and we ought to consider nothing but his ease and convenience."

Same year, 1827:—

"I dined at the Baillies with Mrs. Siddons, who told us all her anecdotes of Johnson and Sir Joshua, and read a large portion of *Othello*. It was a great feast. I told her that Cockburn and I squeezed into the pit of the small theatre in Edinburgh, for nine nights running, to see her."

The reader is not to suppose that the character we have attempted to sketch, though he was the friend of Scott as well as of Campbell, of Lockhart as well as of Jeffrey, was a meek assumer of things as they might happen to be: all things to all men, and nothing very definite in himself. He was greatly the reverse. He was a man of gentle manners and thoughts, but of firm, nay, fierce opinions. The old Covenanting blood which he inherited, developed itself in strong and firm views on all topics connected with personal or popular liberty. From the first he had cast in his lot with the remnant of Whiggery which had survived at the beginning of the century, and to it he had held without waver or misgiving throughout all its career in the shade. Roland Richardson would not have gone more cheerfully to the question before Lauderdale, than would his descendant have suffered martyrdom for his belief in Fox. He lived to see, and he had to live twenty-five years before it came, the true principles, as he held them, triumph at last. He saw Brougham Chancellor, Jeffrey Lord-Advocate, Cockburn Solicitor-General,—a large contribution from his individual circle. And he himself had his reward, if hard work, great responsibility, the consciousness of usefulness, and the absence of tinsel notoriety can constitute a public man's reward. He

became Crown-Agent for Scotland in London, as well in the ordinary public business as in peerages ; and for thirty years, with few intervals, he discharged that duty. He had, in the course of that period, the preparation of many of the great political measures affecting Scotland during those eventful and critical years ; and no one who only saw him in his happier hours, could have surmised with how much interest, industry, clear and perspicacious discrimination, and never-failing spirit he elaborated the Parliamentary measures relative to Scotland in his time. It was a pleasure to work with him, he was so patient, so clear, so thoroughly informed, so good-tempered, and so completely absorbed in his occupation. No dreaming then—no reveries ; worldly men and worldly cares, let them be poets, novelists, or who they might, were utterly shut out. The hard dry thing was to be done, and done it was ; and looked the less hard and dry in the doing of it. It is a kind of work for which the public is ungrateful, because it knows nothing of it ; but if the patriotic and successful legislator deserves well of his country, no one ever more fairly earned his laurels in that field than John Richardson.

As Crown adviser in Peerages, he was in an element very congenial to his habits. He had a genuine love of old books ; and great taste and knowledge in that captivating pursuit. He was a diligent antiquarian, and early in his London life had rummaged out and copied manuscripts in the British Museum. These habits, and the information so acquired, he brought to bear on the peerage questions in the House of Lords, in a way most useful for the public service. We believe that he became one of the most learned peerage lawyers of his day.

One trait more, without which the picture would be incomplete. He, like his friend Sir Charles Bell, was a most devoted brother of the angle. With his rod, and on the burn-side, he was "ower a' the ills o' life victorious ;" a deadly foe to the speckled tribe, and a most wily and skilled deceiver of them. There the love of nature, and the love of sport ; the love of dreaming and the love of action, found opportunity alike ; and though the long years in which he had broken himself to run in harness, quenched the wild promptings of the poetic heresy within him, and set himself, with strong resolution, to unremitting toil, he ever indulged the hope that he might spend the evening of his days beside some tumbling stream, in a retreat where he might converse with Nature, and realize some at least of his early dreams. In the following sonnet, which seems to us full of beauty and feeling, he pours out the aspirations of his heart. It was written in his dingy chambers in Fludyer Street, which looked out on the old

Foreign Office ; not an exhilarating or poetical prospect, as we can attest :—

“ Thirty long years and three in this dark street
 It has been, by Heaven's decree, my lot to toil,
 And oft by cock-crow, and by midnight oil,
 In winter's chilly day and summer's heat,
 I've strained with heart and hand for living meet,
 To save my age from all this anxious toil;
 And still, 'midst heaviest labour would I dream,
 And Heaven for some quiet refuge would implore,
 Embowered in shady wood, *by inland stream*,
 With tomes of god-like worthies in good store ;
 Where, in the mellow light of life's last beam,
 I might repose me, ere I left the shore.
 But fast the tide ebbs ; when the hope I clasp,
 The rainbow form flies far and farther from my grasp.”

In part, at least, his vision was fulfilled. He purchased in 1830 the little property of Kirklands, a beautiful spot on the river Ale in Roxburghshire, where the river winds round the knolls of Ancrum Park. The erection of his house, and the decoration of the pleasure-grounds, with pleasant fishing in the Ale, and pleasant visits to his Roxburghshire neighbours, formed the subjects of much thought, interest, and occupation of his later life. He bought the place on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott ; and as the letter written by Sir Walter about the purchase has been preserved, we give it entire :—

“ DEAR RICHARDSON,—I went over Kirklands yesterday, and really never saw a place lying more beautifully compact, or more entirely suited for your purpose. It consists of about 76 acres, lying bounded on one side by a long sweep of the Ale, and on the other by a good parish road, resembling bow and string, excepting about a score or two of yards at the upper or western extremity, where a brook divides it from the Duke of Roxburgh's farm of Hobtown. There is a bank of about three acres of wood along the Ale, thriving, and in high order. The soil is the best turnip land in Roxburghshire. There is another bank of about three acres also planted, but with larch only. The opposite side of the Ale lies partly in the Park of Ancrum, partly green craggy pasture, beautifully mingled with wood. There are several excellent situations for building. The whole scene is retired and yet cheerful. I own I feared the vicinity of Ancrum, the villagers having no good character. But it is about a mile off, and totally out of sight, and Mr. Sheriff says he never lost fruit but once, though his orchard is only surrounded by a broken hedge, and but 200 yards from the house. On the other hand, you will never want labourers ; and if you incline to set grass parks, being the best and safest mode of using the ground which you do not occupy, you will have plenty of

bidding for them among the feuars; also a ready market for potatoes and turnips, if you incline to keep a plough. I do not anticipate a single objection to the place, except the price, which must be high. I suspect from some indications that Sheriff found he could get more than Captain Stewart had agreed for, and so picked a hole in the bargain. I told him to send you a statement of the farm, with measurements, price, etc. It is certainly a most desirable place. The present house is execrable, but would do for a farmer's, with some repair, or might serve you as a bachelor well enough for a summer. A but and a ben, with two storeys, is the accommodation; the ceiling is not even plastered.

"I think if you come down and see the place you will be enchanted with it. Sheriff is a sharp, spare man, with a thin countenance, grey worldly eyes, and a d——d bargain-making look about him.

"If you come down I hope you will take quarters with us, as you can have all means of conveyance at command. I can get a valuation of the property from Brown of Rawflet, who has managed it on the part of Admiral Elliot and Miss Carnegie; but I am sure it will be lower than Sheriff will ask and probably get.

"I sincerely hope your dear patient is better; repose and affection does much in these cases. Charles came down loaded with rheumatism. Sophia is laid up with ditto. I have taken my wettings, which are almost daily, with impunity, taking care to change.—Yours in haste,

WALTER SCOTT."

"ABBOTSFORD, *September 8, 1829.*"

The inducements so urged, and painted by such a master, proved irresistible. Richardson became the master of Kirklands, and for thirty years he spent his autumn months in this picturesque retreat, surrounded by friends and visitors. It is in truth as pretty and picturesque a spot as his dreams could have imagined: the banks of the Ale, and the noble woods of Ancrum Park, forming the foreground of the landscape it commands, while Tweed and Teviot, within a couple of miles, hold out bright temptations to the angler. So far, the vision had come true, but something still remained, to shake off the weary harness—to escape from the tyranny of dust, parchment, and musty law, and raise the free spirit at length above them, in company with nature and his books. That, too, seemed within his reach. In his eightieth year he at length resolved to retire from active business; gave up his London residence; carried off his books to Kirklands; resolved there, in philosophic ease and literary relaxation, to spend what might be spared him of life. But, alas! for the vain hopes and aspirations of man. The end had been gained, but his reward was to be in the battle, not in the victory. Hardly had he established himself in his retreat, when the hand of sickness laid him on a bed from which he may be said never to have risen; and though

he survived for more than three years, he was entirely unable to derive any enjoyment from the realization of the long-cherished wishes of his heart. The "rainbow form" vanished, and melted in his grasp.

Lord Campbell's seat of Hartrigge was in the immediate vicinity of Kirklands, and he and Richardson had been long on intimate terms. One evening, after Richardson's illness had lasted for some time, Lord Campbell, conversing after a dinner party at his house in London, happened to speak of his friend at Kirklands, and he remarked that he thought the Church Service should contain a prayer for preservation from lingering sickness, rather than from sudden death. The conversation was prophetic. That night was the last of Lord Campbell's life; and he passed away, as he wished to do, in the fulness of vigour and usefulness. Richardson survived him for two years; and on the 4th of October last his gentle and affectionate spirit took its flight.

Such was John Richardson. We have endeavoured in faint lineaments to convey to those who did not know him an impression of what he was. Those who did, require no memorial to help them to retain his image in their recollection. We knew him chiefly after most of his companions had departed; but old age, while it brought with it all that should accompany it, had not blunted in him the sense of enjoyment in the refined or the beautiful; nor in associating with a younger generation had he lost any of those charms of manner, conversation, or heart, which had won his cotemporaries. When we recall the pleasant open smile, the never-failing courtesy, the kindly greeting, the playful humour, the unfeigned genuine solicitude, the cheerful interest in all which related to his friends; the ready, willing aid, never invoked in vain; the warm pulses of his heart, never appealed to without response, we sigh, as we take leave of our task, to think that all these things are gone for ever, and that we shall never look on his friendly face again.

NOTE.

11th April 1845.

"The verses were a parody on Scott's *Helvellyn*. They were published for the first time about two years ago, in a compilation called the *Court of Session Garland*. It is there stated in one place that the parody was the joint composition of Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, Lord Cockburn, and Mr. Richardson; and in another place this error is corrected by another, where it is said that except one line by Lord Jeffrey, it was all Richardson's. Both statements are inaccurate, and

the explanatory notes are meagre and incorrect. Neither Murray, nor Cranstoun, nor I wrote or suggested one word or idea of it. Jeffrey wrote most of the second stanza; all the rest, and the general idea even of this stanza, was Richardson's alone. The parody was written and privately shown in ms. within a few weeks of the appearance of the original, which, I think, was in 1804. Nobody was more diverted by it than Scott, between whom and Richardson there was always a cordial and unbroken friendship. Like all good men, Richardson has always been flirting with the Muses. Few laborious men of business, and certainly no Scotch London solicitor, have written more verse. Amiability and elegance are its character, and some of his songs are extremely beautiful. Ludicrous resemblance is generally the only object or pleasure of parody. This one has some greater interest from its graphic touches of the old Outer House, and of some of its old characters. It evokes men and scenes once far more talked of than more important things. So first here, for the sake of reference, come the lines :—

I.

“ I climbed the High Street as the ninth bell was ringing,
 The Macer to three of his roll had got on ;¹
 And eager each clerk to his counsel was springing,
 Save on thee, luckless lawyer, who fee had got none !²
 On the right, Nicodemus his leg was extending,³
 O'er the stone Johnny Wright his brown visage was bending ;⁴
 And a huge brainless Judge the fore-bar was ascending,⁵
 When I marked thee, poor Otho, stand briefless alone !⁶

II.

“ Dark-brown was the spot by thy love still distinguished,
 ’Twixt the stove and the side-bar, where oft thou didst stray,⁷
 Like the ghost of a lawyer, by hunger extinguished,
 Who walks a sad warning to crowds at bright day !
 Yet not quite deserted, though poorly attended,
 For see, Virgin Smith his right hand hath extended,⁸
 And Haggart's strong breath thy retreat hath defended,⁹
 And chased the vain wits and loud scoffers away !

III.

“ How eager thou look'st as the agents rush past thee !
 How oft as the macer bawls loud dost thou start ;⁹
 Alas ! thy thin wig not much longer will last thee,¹⁰
 And no fee will the hard-hearted writer impart.
 And oh ! is it meet that a student of Leyden
 Should hardly have whole coat or breeches to stride in ;¹¹
 While home-breds and blockheads their carriages ride in,
 Who can't tell where Leyden is placed on the chart !

IV.

“ When Balmuto or Banny the bench hath ascended,
 The former to bellow, the latter to sleep,¹²
 Or Hermand, as fierce as a tiger offended,
 Is mutt’ring his curses, not loudly but deep ;¹³
 Then are all the fee’d lawyers most anxiously waiting,
 Some ready to prose, and all ready for prating ;
 While some for delay are most nobly debating,¹⁴
 Lamenting a cause through their fingers should creep !

V.

“ But meeter for thee with old Thomas Macgrugar,¹⁵
 Thy heart’s dearest friend in condolence to sigh,
 And to some moral question in words sweet as sugar,
 To urge in soft answer a gentle reply ;
 Far meeter, I ween, than for gowns idly hoping,
 With the Corsican fairy thy way darkly groping,¹⁶
 To spend the gay hours in John Dowie’s deep toping,
 And sup on salt herring and hot penny pie ! ”¹⁷

And here comes what it’s all about :—

(1.) The Outer House met then, as now, at nine, and therefore as nine was still ringing, the macer, in calling out his list of causes, should not have been at No. 3. But this is a sneer at an abuse, then far from uncommon, arising from the practice of paying the Judges’ clerks partly by fees on enrolments. The more causes that were called in people’s absence, the better for the clerk, for it made a new enrolment necessary.

(2.) This “ *Luckless Lawyer, Poor Otho*,” was an advocate, who can’t, at least, be said to have made no figure at the Bar, because for about forty years he was an absolute target for Parliament House jokes. His familiar title was Otho Wemyss, which James Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*, used to enrage him by translating “ *O quamvis parvula puella*.” But his full and respectful address was Otho Herman Wemyss, for he had been sent to study Civil Law in his youth at Leyden, and testified his gratitude to his master, on coming away, by inserting his name between the two parts of his own, being the only fee that the learned Dutchman was supposed to have got. At his first appearance, Otho was thought intelligent and clever, and twice or thrice he certainly did write good papers, and he was always kindly. I have been told that he used even to be talked of as the probable rival of Cranstoun ; but this was when Cranstoun was scarcely a visible star. These predictions, however, were all vain. He was doomed always to be laughed at, and never to rise,—a fate sufficiently accounted for by his appearance and his pretension. An air of conscious gentility contrasted ludicrously with very poor though ambitious raiment, and a yellow, hungry look. His modest assumption of superiority from what he called foreign travel—which meant having been a year at Leyden—might, perhaps, have been offensive, if this had

not been avoided by the absurdity of his elegant and patronising politeness.

(3.) *Nicodemus* was Edward M'Cormick, advocate, why so nicknamed I do not know, unless it was that, being assessor to the town of Leith, he was "a ruler of the Jews." Large and stately; one leg, with a black silk stocking on it, and a huge foot, and a silver buckle at the end of it, was always projected before him; and there he stood, with his great bland countenance, as if for the world to worship. President Blair used to say, that if a man's intellectual power could be judged by mere look and air, Nicodemus would be the greatest of men.

(4.) *John Wright*, advocate, a curious species of man, if indeed he belonged to this genus. Short, stumpy, and as brown as deep-tanned leather; a large head, a huge mouth, which gaped to its utmost possible wideness whenever cogitation or liquor or wonder made the enormous chin drop. He must have sat to the framer of the first Dutch nut-cracker. There is a portrait of him in Kay's *Edinburgh Caricatures*, which, outrageous as it may appear, owes its only unlikeness to its being so little caricatured. The whole professional practice of a long life was said to have consisted of one cause, and it about a trunk. But he professed to teach Civil Law, a form for begging a guinea which several people gave him yearly for what he termed his course. No less a person than Francis Horner did so once. Horner told me that on first meeting, the class, consisting of seven or eight, sat round a table in what the learned lecturer announced as the parlour, a small smoky place down a close, and that Johnny seemed to be in the throes before he began, and took the cube-shaped *Corpus* between his hands, and squeezed, and turned, and dandled it affectionately, and then proceeded: "Gentlemen, this wee bit bookie conteens the hail Ceevil Law!" The first lecture generally closed the course. It was a worthy creature; miserably poor, in so much that it was fed and slaked at last almost entirely on charity; much addicted to golf, and not at all bigoted against strong drink; though in its general habits rather temperate and philosophical. The general sturdiness of its structure, and the slowness of its gait and speech, exposed it to many adventures. He was believed to have been once fired at for a seal when bathing. The first shot missed, because he had ducked; and on preparing for a second fire, the sportsman was petrified by hearing the fish grunt, as soon as its head was up, "Stop, sir! I'm a man, and not a beast!"

(5.) The "*huge brainless judge*" was not meant by Richardson as generic, but was intended to describe a good man, but huge and brainless certainly; in voice, stare, manner, and intellect, not much above an idiot, but respectable from bulk, good-nature, broad Scotch, and slow, grievous stupidity.

(6.) "*Twixt the stove and the side-bar.*"—This was a well-known spot, very accurately laid down in the parodist's geography. It was towards the south-west end of the Outer House. There were no *Permanent* Lords Ordinary in those days, only one Lord Ordinary for the week, whose throne was called the *Fore-bar*. The other Ordinaries

came out from the Inner House apparently according to no other rule or system except their own pleasure, and sat on what were termed *Side-bars*. Now there was a side-bar and a stove on the west side of the House, and between these two was this "*dark-brown spot*,"—a cosy, dingy recess of about a dozen of feet or so, which the junior counsel were too fine, and the senior too dignified to enter, but it was the favourite *howf* of some unemployed, middle-aged disreputables of the faculty.

(7.) "*Virgin Smith*" was John Smith, Esq. of Balquharron, advocate. He obtained and kept the title here given to him by his timid, blushing modesty. Downcast eyes, pink cheeks, a low voice, and retired air, perfect respectability, and comfortable circumstances, make him a good deal out of place in the company he here stands in. But the explanation is that he did sometimes do the very thing Richardson says, *extended his hand*, by way of disarming the coarse jeers of these fellows at his gentle diffidence. But he never did more. He was no member of their craft. I think I see him shrinking past the "*dark-brown spot*," detecting a gibe coming, for his trying to pass, pausing for an instant and deprecating it, sometimes successfully, by a momentary extension of the hand, and after shuddering at the recognition, pass on. His being obliged occasionally to shake their hands, is meant as a proof of the power of their free-masonry over weak sensitiveness.

(8.) "*Haggart's strong breath*."—John Haggart. He too was an advocate, and it may be doubted if so famous and peculiar a light ever shone at any other bar. He was the only one of the eminent lawyers here immortalized who got any fees. On one occasion, which I myself witnessed, when a rogue, who had never seen or employed him, but knew him by reputation, was suddenly ordered by the Court to be taken by the neck, he no sooner felt the macer's hand upon him than he exclaimed instinctively, "Gude God! where's Maister Haggart?"

(9.) "*The macer bawled loud*."—I wonder if there be any other Court where counsel, instead of being obliged to wait on for their causes within earshot of the judge, lounge as they list, being sure to be summoned by a brazen-throated herald, whose strong ringing voice makes their names resound wherever they may be lurking, so as to startle them in their own ears. It is a very gentleman-like institution, and greatly promotes legal ignorance, for no one need attend a moment longer than he pleases, and therefore, having the library and the Outer House at his command, the practice is for each barrister to be in Court when his own affair is under discussion, and never to listen to the proceedings merely for the sake of learning his profession. Hence we have more jokers and poets and philosophers than lawyers. I wish one of the poets would give us an ode on the first call after the long vacation. Jeffrey compared it to the first note of spring. It recalls in one moment all the associations of the place. A rush of counsel, like "*eagles to the prey*," to which Peter Peebles compared it, always follows the proclamation of each case. How many a good

talk have these proclamations dissipated! how many an anecdote interrupted! How often robbed us of Erskine's wit, of Scott's story, of Jeffrey's speculations!

(10.) "*The hard-hearted writer*," persisted in imparting no fee; but the "thin wig" survived its owner. It was a very curious article. He had bought it at second-hand, so that its original colour was lost in antiquity. But time and smoke (he lived in the Canongate) had made it a sandy yellow. It was certainly thin. The ground had been scourged till the subsoil was bare; yet such is the force of inborn elegance, it had really an air of gentility even in its dotage.

(11.) "*Should hardly have whole coat or breeches to stride in.*"—The "hardly" expresses the very thing. There were no slits or tatters in the worthy gentleman's integuments—a thing his feelings could not have endured. But the garments, though still entire, were so abraded, that it seemed as if one other rub would be dangerous; and a few auxiliary threads that had been added to close rivets up might be seen lurking in the confidence of retired nooks. Still gentility prevailed. I see him! There he goes! with the bright cobbled shoes, the brown gold-headed cane, the antique, often pawned ring, the black silk stockings, their frailties hid beneath faded gaiters, the snuff and dust of his session black or vacation brown suit, swept in visible streaks by a brush worn to the stump; an air of pensive, ill-fed, self-satisfied fashionableness,—the downward aspect as if of a poor gentleman thinking, but truly surveying the process of decay in his general man, and inwardly indignant at the world's neglect of talent and foreign travel.

(12.) "*Balmuto and Banny, the former to bellow, the latter to sleep.*"—These were two of the Judges; the first was Claude Boswell of Balmuto, a very worthy man; as huge and strong as a cart-horse; his language broad Scotch; an ogre to those who did not know his real kindness. The other was M'Leod Bannatyne, a nice, merry old Celtic gentleman, the greatest public sleeper, and the most successful compounder of incoherent interlocutors, that ever tried these arts. His judicial slumber was owing to an inhuman practice of rising at four or five in the morning; and he rose thus early, apparently for the sake of the nap on the Bench. The nodding used to set his wig awry, and nothing could be more ludicrous than his good-natured stare, when on awakening suddenly he found himself in Court, and everybody laughing; but he soon relieved himself by another nod, after which they might laugh as they pleased for him. His interlocutors were like the song by a person of quality. Cranstoun's imitation in his *Diamond Beetle* is no caricature. Nevertheless, Banny was a gentleman, and popular, with all the warmth of the Highland heart, and all the defects of the Highland understanding.

(13.) "*Hermand, as fierce as a tiger offended.*"—Lord Hermand. He was my uncle by affinity, and therefore I shall only say, that though he certainly had very often the appearance of being a tiger in public, he was never anything but a lamb in private. Richardson did not know him when he wrote these lines; they were great friends after-

wards, and the lines were retained just because they had been written.

(14.) "*And some for delay were most loudly debating.*"—In the old state of the Court, where almost nothing was peremptory, it is absolutely beyond belief how many hourly wrangles there were for a delay. The loudness of debate was never so conspicuous as in roaring for, or against, procrastination.

(15.) "*But meeter for thee with old Thomas Macgrugar.*"—Macgrugar was an advocate, and, except in elegance, the second self of Otho. They were alike in the indication of early talent and in subsequent failure, but most unlike in this, that after Macgrugar's death it was discovered, to everybody's surprise, that he was worth £3000 or £4000. While alive, he had the look and appearance and habits of a famished beggar. He was a good lawyer, and a skilful writing pleader, insomuch that some of the great guns of the profession got considerable praise for successful shots which Macgrugar had loaded and pointed for them.

(16.) "*The Corsican fairy.*"—Not Napoleon, but Mr. George Sandy. He was once secretary or something to the first Lord Minto, when that nobleman was something in Corsica, and got this title from his huge hairy grey bulk.

(17.) "*John Dowie's.*"—Fired at the sound! John was the last of his class in Edinburgh. He kept a mean but respectably conducted tavern in Forrester's Wynd. It was nearly empty till about nine at night, when crowds of parties, composed chiefly of young men belonging to some of the departments of the law, went to sup. There can be no doubt, since Richardson, who knew the haunt well, says so, that they got red-herrings and penny pies; but there can be just as little doubt that toasted cheese and ale were the staple."

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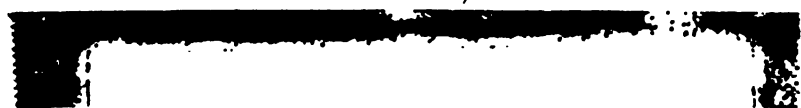
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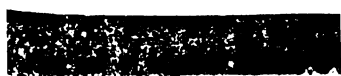
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